

CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

VOLUME IV

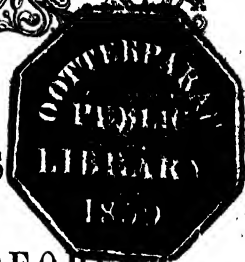
EDINBURGH
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

1850

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

CONTENTS.

	No.
THE BOURBON FAMILY,	25
CALIFORNIA,	26
THE BLACK POCKET-BOOK—A TALE,	27
PENELON,	28
EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE GREEKS,	29
LADY MARJORY ST JUST—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,	30
SCIENCE OF THE SUNBEAM,	31
SIR ROBERT PEEL,	32



CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE BOURBON FAMILY.

IF the moral portraiture of the founders and progenitors of distinguished families had been drawn with but moderate truthfulness and skill, the 'boast of ancestry' would long since have been seen to be, in the immense majority of cases, one of the silliest vaunts of vainglorious humanity, and really significant of nothing but the folly of the boaster. The 'Bourbon' especially is one of the most illustrious names—a sunbeam on the 'stream of time, if we are to believe the historiographers of the celebrated race. One of the most enthusiastic of these, M. Désormeaux, whose book was printed at the 'Imprimerie Royale,' Paris, in 1788—how brief a space before Santerre's drums drowned the voice of one of the best and gentlest of his line, vainly struggling in the grasp of masterful violence!—recounts in an ecstasy of loyal exultation, that from the parent stock of this great family there had already proceeded thirty-five kings of France, thirteen of Sicily, twenty-three of Portugal, eleven of Navarre, four of Spain, four of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia, seven emperors of Constantinople, one hundred dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, Anjou, Lorraine, Bourbon, and Brabant, besides crowned and ermined vassals of the royal house without number; an enumeration of thrones, principalities, and powers enough to take away the breath of any less enthusiastic man than the historian of the famous house, who had yet power to exclaim exultingly, as he concluded the glittering muster-roll, *Tu regere imperio populos, o Galle memento!* But, alas! the lettering and gilding of the Imprimerie Royale will not, carefully and elaborately as it is executed, bear exposure to the common light of day, much less rude and irreverent handling. The long list of high, dread, and puissant lords and princes, of serene and august ladies and

princesses, is one for the most part rather to blush for than exult over—to excite grief and indignation rather than reverence or respect. Yet not without pure and bright passages are the leaves which bear the impress of the fightings, victories, perjuries, massacres, by which the Bourbon race distinguished themselves in an age when such things were accounted glorious or venial. Let us not, while glancing over histories which record many acts at which humanity shudders, forget to bear in mind that the world made withal great and real progress during the period in which these men and women reigned—that wonderful results were achieved in their time upon which our own higher civilisation is mainly based and reared. To dwell only upon the vices and failings of governments without looking to discover if there is no bright side to the dark and troubled picture, is only less absurd and disingenuous than the practice of carefully enumerating the persecutions and cruelties perpetrated in the name of outraged Christianity, while the overwhelming balance on the other side—the multitude of broken hearts it has bound up, the tears it has wiped away, the hopes it has kindled and purified, the lives it has redeemed and exalted, and the deaths it has soothed and sanctified—is ignored or overlooked.

The towering fortunes of the Bourbon family, like those of most other royalties, arose out of the natural working of the feudal system—a system which, originating in the necessities of conquest, fell naturally before the advancement of the great body of the people in knowledge and its consequence, power. The kings, or rather military chieftains, who reigned in Europe after the destruction of the Roman Empire, chiefly owed their continually-disputed supremacy either to their actual fame and prowess as warriors, or to their individual possessions in land and command over vassals holding directly from them by the tenure of military service. Private war being permitted, though strictly confined to possessors of fiefs on knightly tenure—contests by the great feudatories, sometimes against the crown, but chiefly among themselves, in conjunction with alliances by marriage, alternately elevated or depressed the relative power of the sovereign and the individual barons. The state was rather, in France and Germany especially, an aggregation of petty sovereignties, a federation of essentially independent despotisms, than a homogeneous kingdom. Every gentleman who held a fief on knightly tenure legally exercised the right of pillaging and imprisoning whomsoever was not sufficiently powerful to resist his authority; and even that of ‘gallows tree,’ held in strict legality to be a jewel of the royal or imperial crown, he not unfrequently usurped and exercised. The people, where they had a choice, generally sided with the monarch against the tyranny whose name was legion; and it is curious to remark how mainly king and people were aided in putting an end to the grosser enormities of the feudal system by the introduction of such apparently-unpromising aids to civilisation as gunpowder and fire-arms. So long as knights and barons could issue from their castles, generally built in a naturally strong position, clothed in armour which the arrows of the serfs and common people could not penetrate, and their foray over, retire within their impregnable fastnesses, it seemed difficult to set limits to the duration of such knightly pastimes.

Combats of that period are recorded in which a few score knights routed and slew, without loss or danger to themselves, thousands of naked serfs and common people. But when the naked serf, possessing only the skill to point an iron tube, was placed upon a physical equality with the most redoubtable knight in Christendom, and cannon knocked the impregnable castles about the ancestral ears of the barons, it was time to think of other devices to secure or retain power, and of less violent means of livelihood; and, as Froissart pleasantly remarks, the baronage perforce ceased to rob on the highway ('*Cessèrent de voler sur le grand chemin*'). One of these great feudatories, with whom war was a pastime, and the attainment of extended power over the community an end which justified any and every species of fraud and violence, was Robert the Strong, Count of Paris, and Duke of France. He had gradually built up his ducal house till it overshadowed the dwarfed and sinking throne of the Merovingian kings of France; and Hugh Capet, his grandson, availing himself with skill and boldness of the feebleness and contempt into which the successors of Clovis had fallen, seized the crown, and by arms and policy so strengthened himself in his usurped seat, as not only to secure the regal authority to himself and immediate descendants, but to transmit it through the Valois and Bourbon branches of his house to our own time—the sceptre of France having been continuously wielded by his posterity, with the exception of less than a quarter of a century which elapsed between the death of Louis XVI. and the accession of Louis XVIII., till the Revolution of 1848. Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims on the 3d of July 987. The Valois line of his house succeeded to the throne on the 1st of April 1328; the eldest Bourbon branch on the 2d of August 1589; and the younger Bourbons on the 9th of August 1830.

Neither the race of kings in direct line from Hugh Capet, nor those of the Valois branch of the royal house, who descended from a brother of Philip the Fair, need detain us long. Their histories for the most part are chiefly records of fightings, treacheries, intrigues, of no possible interest to the present reader. One great name, however, gleams out of the crowd of mediocrities, and claims a passing notice. We, unimaginative peoples of the north, have, it is well known, a constitutional objection to saints, insisting upon their being strictly confined to the primitive age of the church; and this may perhaps be the reason why the name of St Louis has been so depreciatingly treated by certain English writers, for it cannot be seriously or justly denied that St Louis was in every sense a great monarch, and a wise, enlightened man, ruling his people with a courage, sagacity, firmness, and gentleness of which the world has seen but few examples. Louis XI., too, of whom Sir Walter Scott in his '*Quentin Durward*' has stamped so vivid and revolting an impression upon the reading world, however individually hateful or contemptible, was a great monarch: he governed France wisely and well; and spite of his *Plessis-les-Tours* atrocities, and his wretched superstitions, must ever be accounted one of the ablest, as unquestionably he was one of the most popular, kings that ever ruled the destinies of the French people. The nobles, it is true, detested him; for he curbed their insolence, and restrained and curtailed their privileges. Louis XI. not only disliked, and, as much as possible, avoided war, but refused to allow the seigneurs of France the unlimited right of chase over everybody's grounds,

to which they held themselves entitled by right of birth! 'A terrible state of things,' remarks Philip de Comines, 'for men who knew only how to hunt and fight.' No marvel the king should only esteem himself safe from such gentry within his castles, and surrounded by his Scottish guards! His life, amidst all his gloomy grandeur, was, as one might expect, a most unhappy one. 'I knew him,' writes Comines, 'and served him in the flower of his age, and in his great prosperity, yet never saw I him free from toil of body and trouble of mind.' It may be doubted if governing, to any man really capable of it, and of estimating its terrible responsibility, can be other than a burthen to him—his diadem but a crown of thorns, his life an unceasing, thankless martyrdom! Louis XI., on whom the title of 'Most Christian King' was first conferred by the Pope, was succeeded by Henry VIII., a boy so imbecile that his father declared he should be satisfied if his son could only attain such a degree of learning as would enable him to translate and rightly comprehend the Latin sentence, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*. Anne, the young king's eldest sister, and the wife of the Sire de Beaussu, who afterwards succeeded to the titles and estates of the Duke of Bourbon, governed the kingdom with remarkable ability during Henry's minority; not as regent, for the states-general, summoned to decide between her and Louis of Orleans, who had married Jeanne, Louis XI.'s youngest daughter, right to that office, did not confer the title on her; but 'Madame,' as she is called, remained possessed of, and exercised with great benefit to the people, the royal authority.

The chief efforts of the sovereigns of France, it may be briefly stated, were directed during many years to fuse the disjointed feudalities, duchies, of the realm, into one compact and harmonious whole. They gradually succeeded. Normandy was broken into subjection to the French crown, and ultimately all the independent jurisdictions of Brittany, Burgundy, Bourbon, and others, were annexed to the monarchy. The pretensions of the English kings to the diadem of France, spite of the dazzling efforts of our Edwards and Harries, the names of whose 'glorious' victories still survive in song, and the sacrifice of innumerable 'vulgar' lives, for whom Fame has no trumpet, not even a wooden one, were finally set at rest; and at the accession of Francis I., contemporary with our Henry VIII., Calais alone remained to England of all that had been so dearly purchased, and, as we now perceive, so fortunately lost. Very sacred and precious in the eyes of the English people seems to have been this slight trophy of persevering and stupendous folly; for it may be doubted if the persecutions of Mary, in whose reign it was regained to France, contributed to her unpopularity in any degree like the loss of that place—the gate of France, as it was called. So keenly did the impressionable heart of Mary feel the stroke, that she declared the name of Calais would at her death be found written on it!

The reign of Francis I. is mainly remarkable in the eyes of the observant student of history for the spectacle it exhibits of the almost total absorption of the feudal, by the process we have previously glanced at, in the monarchical power. Standing armies raised by the authority of the king now first constituted the chief force of the realm, instead of the more or less independent levies of the barons. Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, successfully pursued the same policy. Francis still

holds a somewhat conspicuous place in the galaxy of French kings; but warlike, rash, volatile, he left slight beneficial impress upon the nation he was called to govern. It was in this reign that the branch of the royal house with which in these pages we are more immediately concerned came into especial notice. This branch, that of Bourbon, was descended from Robert, Count de Clermont, sixth and youngest son of St Louis, who married Beatrice of Burgundy, heiress of John of Burgundy, Baron of Charalois, and Agnes, Lady of Bourbon, daughter of Archambault, Sire de Bourbon. The great accession of property acquired by this marriage, together with his appanage of Clermont, rendered him the most powerful feudatory in the kingdom. The family name of Bourbon he assumed as the patronymic of his race. Louis, the eldest son of Robert, was the first who bore the title of Duke of Bourbon, which figures so prominently in the annals of France. Peter, the sixth duke in descent from Louis, dying without male issue in 1503, the estates devolved, by virtue of the original entails, on Charles, Count de Montpensier, head of the collateral line of Bourbon-Montpensier, then only fourteen years old. It had been the object of the deceased duke to get these entails modified in favour of his daughter Susannah, who was betrothed to the Duke d'Alençon—a prince of the blood in close proximity to the throne; but after his death, to avoid the disputes that would have ensued from conflicting claims, his widow, Anne of France, gave Susannah in marriage to the young Montpensier, who immediately assumed the style and dignity of Duke of Bourbon. This is the celebrated Constable Bourbon, who, living in an age crowded with memorable events—the disruption of the papal power by Luther; the gigantic efforts of Charles V. to bring the continent of Europe under his sway—made himself heard and felt for a brief space amidst all the din and tumult of the world. His military talents were of a high order, and these were devoted to the service of France as long as its rulers sufficiently rewarded the devotion of the successful soldier. But when the king—instigated, as some have it, by his mother, the Duchess d'Angoulême, whom Bourbon, we are told, treated slightly—dismissed him from his command, and otherwise injured him, the celebrated hero turned his sword against his country, and helped Charles V. to win the battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. was made prisoner, suffering afterwards a long confinement at Madrid. But the action which shines with the greatest brilliancy of war-tinsel in this Constable of Bourbon's history, was his march through the Apennines upon Rome, at the head of a large army of ruffians of various nations—Germans, Italians, Spaniards ('Bourbon's Black Banditti')—after plundering and desolating other parts of Italy. Arrived before the walls of a city incapable of successful defence, and of which the weakness, if not its great memories, ought to shield from violence, the chivalrous Bourbon ordered an assault, which was successful, though himself was struck down by a musket-shot as he ascended a scaling-ladder. The instinct of conquest could only in him be extinguished with life; and fearing his soldiers might be dispirited if they heard of his fall, he ordered a cloak to be thrown over his body, so that his death might be concealed. Murder, pillage, every species of violence and outrage, followed the storming of the city of Rome—the last and greatest exploit of the 'renowned' and 'illustrious' Constable of Bourbon. The science of

proper names, there can be no doubt, is as yet in its infancy. Lord Byron in his 'Deformed Transformed' makes a hero of this Charles de Bourbon. One of the *dramatis personæ*, Arnold, says the Constable 'o'erlooked the world, and saw no equal;' while the devil, who, in the disguise of the deformed Cæsar, is another of the noble poet's personages, says 'Good-night, Lord Constable; thou wert a man!'—and one, we should think, very much after the speaker's own heart.

Of all the branches of the royal family, time had only respected those of Valois, Alençon, and Bourbon; and at the death of the great Constable, Charles, Duke of Vendôme, who had married one of the co-heiresses of the Duke d'Alençon, became the head of the House of Bourbon. From his eldest son, Antoine de Bourbon, descend the Bourbons of France, Spain, and Naples, including the Orleans branch; and from his youngest son Louis, first Prince of Condé, the now extinct line of Condé and Conti.

Antoine de Bourbon espoused Jeanne, daughter and heiress of Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and a Huguenot or Calvinist. A son was the issue of this marriage, who, after many years of desolating warfare, became, by the extinction of the male line of Valois, and his own solemn renunciation of the reformed faith in which he had been reared, Henry IV. of France, and the first of the Bourbon kings. The memory of this monarch, one can hardly tell why, is still held in some respect in France, and not solely by Legitimists. The present titular Henry V. invokes the memory of his ancestral namesake much more frequently than he does that of St Louis; and the famous air of the once national song, 'Vive Henri Quatre,' was greatly relied upon by the restored family to keep alive the tainting loyalty of the troops sent to oppose the advance of Napoleon on his return from Elba. The success of the exertions of the regimental bands was not, as we are all aware, commensurate with their zeal and industry. One verse of this same song gives the character of Henri Quatre very pithily—

'Ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être le vert galant!'

Of such stuff were the heroes made whom France, in the sixteenth century, delighted to honour. If, however, the life of this king was chiefly spent in drinking, fighting, and courting, he had the sagacity to discern and employ an able minister—the illustrious Sully—whose administration of the business of the kingdom was marked alike by moderation, energy, and prudence. For upwards of thirty years previous to Henry IV.'s accession in 1589, France had been the theatre and prey of anarchy and strife: Catholic and Protestant warred with each other in the desecrated name of One who ever returned cursing by blessing, and who never stretched forth His hand out to heal and save! This was the era of the war of the League—of the massacre of St Bartholomew, one of the darkest spots in the annals of France. The personages who stand out most prominently in the foreground of the hideous hurly-burly, are Catherine de Medicis, the Guises, the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., Coligny, and the Prince of Condé; and twice we discern the graceful form and beautiful face of Mary, Queen of Scots, flit across the troubled scene—once in her bridal robes as

THE BOURBON FAMILY.

Queen of France and spouse of Francis II.; next in the insignia of widowhood, on her return to Scotland, escorted by her uncles, the Guises. The king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were the chief leaders of the Huguenots; neither of them reflected any honour on a struggle for the rights of conscience. The monarch's character has been already sufficiently intimated; and Condé appears to have been a duodecimo edition, physically considered, of his stalwart sovereign and kinsman, both in his pursuits and in his popularity. A quatrain published at the time thus speaks of him—

‘ That little man so pleasant looks—
Always chatting, always joking,
And always kissing where he can.
God save from ill that little man ! ’

How lamentably a near view detracts from the brilliancy of the halo which at a distance appears to encircle such high-sounding names as Henri Quatre, Condé, and similar heroes! Those who love to dwell amid illusions should be careful not to disturb the ‘ awful hoar ’ which time, with charitable tenderness, strews over the memories of such men: they should leave them alone with their glory.

Jeanne d’Albret of Navarre, Henry IV.’s mother, appears to have been a woman of firmness and principle; and these qualities in such an age of venality and crime excuse the apparent bigotry with which they were associated. To the intreaties of Catherine de Medicis that, for her son’s sake, she would conform to the religion of the great majority of the French people, Jeanne replied: ‘ Madam, if I had my son and my kingdom in my hand, I would throw them both to the bottom of the sea sooner than go to mass!’ Her son, we have seen, was made of less determined stuff; but his solemn conformation to the Catholic church did not, it appears, efface from the minds of some of the more zealous fanatics of the communion he had hesitatingly joined the memory of his original heresy; and he was stabbed to the heart in his coach on the 14th of May 1610, by one Ravallac, who was instigated, it was said, to the crime by the Jesuits. Ravallac was put to death by the most frightful torments.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son Louis XIII., a boy of nine years of age, whose mother, Mary of Medicis, held the office of regent during his minority. During this reign France was governed for many years by the masterly genius and iron will of Cardinal Richelieu, who carried on the work commenced by Louis XI., of crushing the nobility into subjection to the crown, and establishing one great, overwhelming, irresponsible authority in France—that of the monarch. That Richelieu effected a great service in even partially trampling under foot baronial and knightly jurisdictions there can be little doubt; his error or his crime was, that he did not provide for the permanence and beneficial operation of his work by buckling the just authority of the crown and the liberties of the great body of the people with the power of a representative assembly, of which a sufficient model existed on this side of the Channel. The great cardinal did but half his work; and the *noblesse*, crowding into the antechambers of the king, soon regained by sycophancy and intrigue the power to oppress and dominate the people, which they had temporarily lost. This mistake of Richelieu—for there can be no question that he was sincerely devoted

to what he believed to be the glory and interest of France—proved ultimately as fatal to the monarchy and *noblesse* as to the people. The once-celebrated parliaments of Paris were reduced by the cardinal to worse than insignificance, for he coerced them into becoming the most contemptibly-servile adulators of the occupant of the throne it is possible to conceive. On the occasion of holding, 13th August 1631, a 'bed of justice,' as it was termed—that is, a sitting holden to register the royal decrees—the president of the parliament thus addressed his majesty: 'Sire, kings are the visible gods of men, as God is the invisible King of men! God is seated on high, to protect those who are below, and also to command them: His functions are identical with those of the kings of the earth!' In Richelieu, the cardinal of Rome was equally conspicuous as the minister of the French crown. The Huguenots were repressed with a stern, inexorable severity. The siege of Rochelle, their head-quarters, which the English Duke of Buckingham so disgracefully failed to relieve, was urged and concluded under the personal superintendence of the ubiquitous minister. Richelieu greatly embellished Paris—the Palais-Royal, so long the residence of the Orleans family, was built by him. He also founded the French Academy, with the view, it is asserted—but the motive appears to be as inadequate as it is preposterously contemptible and absurd—to elicit an adverse criticism on the *Cid*; Corneille having been heard to express a slighting opinion of a youthful dramatic folly of the cardinal. The infant printing-press during Richelieu's rule could only put forth its nascent powers under his guidance and direction; and to the last moment of his existence every faculty of his mind was exerted to curb and bend alike nobles and people under an unreasoning, haughty, irresponsible, but, as he understood it, paternal and beneficent despotism.

Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII., bore her husband a son in the twenty-third year of their marriage. This event, which the nation had ceased to hope for, was esteemed an especial favour of Divine Providence, and the child was greeted with the appellation of 'Dieu-Donné' ('God-Given'). This Heaven-born son succeeded to the throne in 1643, when only five years of age, under the title of Louis XIV. Anne of Austria's second son, born not long after her first child, was the progenitor of the present family of Orleans. The regency of the kingdom devolved during the minority of Louis XIV. on Anne his mother; but her authority was disputed, the country was again distracted by civil tumult, and the war of the Fronde—a blind, misdirected effort chiefly of the people of Paris to rid themselves of an unqualified and onerous despotism, which appeared to them to be incarnated in the person of the hated minister Condé—desolated a considerable portion of France. It was at last appeased. The chiefs made the best bargains for themselves they could; and all the people gained by the strife was a large addition to the hoarded elements of hate and vengeance slowly accumulating for a great and terrible day of final reckoning. This great Prince of Condé held his allegiance to his country as lightly as did the illustrious Constable Bourbon. In order to avenge real or supposed injuries and affronts offered him by the court, he made no scruple to ally himself with Spain, and make war upon France. He was forgiven—the French people whose relatives he had slain were of course not consulted—and he was employed with the famous Turenne to illustrate the glory of

France by making war upon her less powerful neighbours. He had the pleasure of seeing how Cromwell's veterans fought at the taking of Dunkirk, where about 4000 of those iron soldiers overthrew the then celebrated Spanish infantry almost without an effort, and carried at a run an entrenchment which the great Marshal Turenne had a few hours previously pronounced impregnable. This Dunkirk, Oliver, an entirely practical man, kept for the pains he had taken in its acquirement. Charles II. afterwards sold it for a certain number of pounds sterling. The unprincipled ambition of Louis XIV., seconded by the warlike energy of the French people, and the genius of his famous marshals, continued triumphantly in the ascendant for many desolating years; and it was not till Great Britain, under the leadership of Marlborough, entered resolutely into the contest, that the aggressive tide was effectually turned, and the haughty invader of other states was taught to tremble for the safety and integrity of his own. The victories of Malplaquet, Ramilies, and Blenheim, broke the military power of France; and it was only by a change of ministry in England, brought about by the agency of Abigail Masham, Queen Anne's waiting-woman, that Marlborough's apparition upon the heights of Montmartre was prevented. Louis obtained a peace much more favourable to France than her ruler had a right to expect; but the false glitter of his reign was effaced, and as the phantasm of glory faded from before the eyes of the French people, they awoke to a sense of the incalculable evils of a reign which, having endured seventy-two years, left the country, after all its prodigious expenditure of blood and treasure, in debt to the then almost fabulous amount of £140,000,000 sterling. Louis XIV., once so idolised, expired amidst the scarcely suppressed murmurs and execrations of his subjects, bequeathing an inheritance of danger and difficulty to his successor, which nothing but the wisest forethought, the most consummate prudence could hope to dissipate or overcome. These qualities were not found in his grandson Louis XV., and the throne of the Bourbons visibly tottered to its fall. Louis XIV. raised the permanent taxes of France to the enormous annual sum of 750,000,000 francs, or £30,000,000 sterling. He also organised and perfected the destructive system of constantly maintaining an immense military force, whereby a correspondingly onerous necessity is imposed on all surrounding states; so that since his time peace has been only an armed truce between nations—a policy well-nigh as injurious to the finances, and consequently to the prosperity and progress of a people, as actual war. This Louis is known in the histories of legitimate France as emphatically 'Le Grand Monarque.'

One of the motives which excited the hostility of Great Britain against the French monarch remains to be explained. The ceaseless craving for personal aggrandisement which characterised Louis XIV.—for France, in the arrogant king's opinion, was synonymous with himself—'L'Etat! C'est moi!'—induced him to aim at compassing by every art which unscrupulous rulers believe themselves privileged to employ for the furtherance of an ambitious purpose, the substitution of a Bourbon for an Austrian dynasty on the throne of Spain. This darling object was at last accomplished. The last king of Spain of the Austrian line nominated, by a will extorted from him by the menaces and cajoleries of Louis, and the solemn councils of the pope, the

Duke of Anjou, Louis XIV.'s grandson, to succeed him as king of Spain. The actual accession of the Duke of Anjou, under the title of Philip V., naturally aroused the fears and kindled the resentment of statesmen accustomed to look upon the conservation of the 'balance of power' in Europe as the best means of securing the independence of its several states. Louis XIV. gave colour to the fears which beset the minds of men who regarded the more or less intimate connection of royal families as an essential element in the union and friendship of nations, by a sentence in his speech to his grandson, when the new king of Spain took public leave of him: 'Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!'—('The Pyrenees no longer exist!') exclaimed the vain-glorious monarch; and war was eagerly waged to prevent the realisation, or to resent the utterance, of one of the silliest boasts that ever fell from the lips of self-glorifying vanity. The ultimate result was, that in the final treaty of peace it was solemnly agreed that one prince should not be at the same time king of France and Spain. Lord Palmerston, in his protests against the Spanish marriages, gives a wider signification to the conditions of the treaty. He insists that its essential intent and meaning was to forbid any future more intimate connection than what already existed between the French and Spanish Bourbons; and spite of M. Guizot's clever special pleading, there can be little doubt that the British minister is right. Whether it was worth while to discuss with so much heat and seriousness an incident which, in the present age of the world, could scarcely have any serious result, is of course another affair. M. Guizot certainly proclaimed at the French tribune that the marriage of M. de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta was the grandest thing France had, unaided, effected for many long years; but a less sagacious man than Lord Palmerston, one would suppose, might have contented himself with a quiet smile at such a vaunt instead of flying into a passion about it.

The ambition of the Bourbon family was not even satisfied by the acquisition of Spain. The crown of the Two Sicilies was obtained by war for Philip V.'s second son, Charles; so that France, Spain, and Naples had now become the dominion of this aspiring race! At the death of Ferdinand VI. without issue in 1759, the crown of Spain devolved on his brother, already king of the Two Sicilies. That monarch, setting aside his eldest son as imbecile, nominated his second, Charles, to succeed him in Spain, and bestowed the crown of Naples on Ferdinand, his third son. The treaty of Vienna had provided that the crowns of Spain and Naples should remain separate; and by that of Aix-la-Chapelle the duchies of Parma and Placentia were confirmed to another personage of the same fortunate family, Don Philip, who had espoused Marie, daughter of the duke of those petty territories. The Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons are therefore the lineal descendants of Louis XIV. through his grandson the Duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon king of Spain.

Louis XV. succeeded his grandfather on the French throne while still a child. The regency, during the king's minority, was conferred on Philip, Duke of Orleans, son of the late king's brother. The mask of outward decency which the superstitious instincts—they cannot be called religious sentiments—of Louis XIV., and the prudery of Madame de Maintenon, had obliged the court to wear during the latter years of the previous

reign, was during this regency cast contemptuously aside; and a spectacle of unblushing profligacy was exhibited, to which the annals of civilised society afford no parallel. This, too, was the era of Law's famous Mississippi juggle. A universal torrent of venality and corruption threatened to sweep away every vestige of nobleness and virtue, and to convert the palaces of the Most Christian King into haunts of the lowest, the most demoralising licentiousness and vice. We forbear even to recapitulate the names of the persons who, figured during this regency and the succeeding reign as the coroneted, diademed incarnations of the scandalous manners of the time. It is a spectacle from which we gladly avert our eyes; but in order to show those who may still be deceived by the ornate eloquence which has been employed to gild over the licentiousness of a state of society in which we are told 'vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness,' we supply a few passages from the 'Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.,' by the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the regent, published after her death. She thus speaks of the magnificent king himself, Louis the Great, as he is usually styled:—'Louis XIV., as all the rest of the family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. Neither the king nor Monsieur had been taught anything: they scarcely knew how to read or write. He (the king) had natural wit, but was extremely ignorant; and so much ashamed of it, that it became the fashion of his courtiers to turn learned men into ridicule.' The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a natural consequence of the superstitious bigotry of this great Bourbon. 'It is impossible,' writes the duchess, 'for a man to be more ignorant of religion than the king was. I cannot understand how his mother, the queen could have brought him up with so little knowledge on this subject. That old Maintenon and Père la Chaise had persuaded him that all the sins he had committed would be pardoned, if he persecuted and extirpated the professors of the reformed religion, and that this was the only path to Heaven. The poor king believed it fervently, and the persecution commenced. He was earnest enough himself, and it was not his fault that hypocrisy reigned at court.' One or two extracts will sufficiently illustrate the *refinement* of manners prevalent in the '*vielle cour*':—'The Duchess of Bourbon can drink very copiously without being affected: her daughters would fain imitate her, but they soon get tipsy, and cannot control themselves as their mother does. Madame de Montespan and her eldest daughter could drink a large quantity of wine without being affected by it. I have seen them drink six bumpers of strong Turin Rosa Solis, beside the wine they had taken before: I expected to see them fall under the table; but, on the contrary, it affected them no more than a draught of water.' 'Three years before her death the dauphiness changed greatly for the better: she played no more foolish tricks, and left off drinking to excess. Instead of that untameable manner which she had before, she became polite and sensible, kept up her dignity, and did not permit the younger ladies to be too familiar with her by dipping their fingers into her dish, rolling upon the bed, and similar elegancies.' Law, it appears from these memoirs, had submitted his scheme to Louis XIV.; but the tempting bait was rejected, not from any penetration of its impudent absurdity by the king, but, as his majesty himself assured the duchess, 'because Law was not a Roman

Catholic, and therefore he ought not to confide in him.' Mined and hollow as was the ground under the French court and aristocracy, the thin surface upon which they danced, frolicked, laughed away their lives, gave as yet no token of the volcano slumbering beneath. 'Mr Law,' says the Duchess of Orleans, 'has taken refuge in the Palais-Royal. The populace have done him no harm, but his coachman has been pelted on his return, and the carriage broken to pieces. I heard the people talking. They said nothing against my son, and bestowed benedictions on me.' If this be true, a more patient, long-suffering, charitable people than the French—of this period at least—could nowhere be found.

The reign of Louis XV. was one continued downward progress towards utter confusion and ruin in every department of the state. Imprisonments in the Bastille, and other of the king's castles—to use Mr Burke's respectful expression when writing regretfully of the violent destruction of that place of sighs—ordered by royal *lettres-de-cachet*, or sealed orders from the king, grew and multiplied: the use of these letters *ad libitum* was one of the most valued privileges of the favourite lady of the court. The noblesse, as in the rampant days of feudalism, claiming entire exemption from the burthens of the state, except military and naval service, the chief grades of which they monopolised, preyed upon the people, who bore all the public charges, without let or hindrance. Unfortunate people! so truly described in those days as one 'taillable et corvéable à merci et à miséricorde;' whose wives and daughters were to be frequently seen yoked like oxen to the plough, whilst the sons and daughters of idleness and vanity were trifling away their lives in the perfumed atmosphere of a corrupt and licentious court; and still more unfortunate, that there appeared to be no peaceful issue from the gulf of misery and degradation into which they were trampled; and that the only course left, if they would not remain plunged therein for ever, was, like that of Milton's Evil Spirit towards Paradise, through Chaos accompanied by Sin and Death!

This king was not without able advisers, who, had he listened to them, might perhaps have averted the ruin which all men clearly saw was swiftly gathering for the near future; but the Bourbon race seemed doomed—'Ephraim is given to idols—let him alone!' Choiseul, a sagacious man who had endured much, could not submit to the Dubarry domination, and threw up his employments in uncontrollable disgust. The catastrophe was at hand. The small-pox carried off Louis XV. after a brief illness: his body was hurried, without the slightest royal pomp or ceremonial, to the tomb; and his grandson, Louis XVI., encumbered and weighed down by the debts and sins of his predecessors—of the two last especially—ascended the Bourbon throne. A king more unsuited to the evil days on which he had fallen than this amiable, well-intentioned sovereign, never assumed the diadem. The necessities of his position required a man of inflexible will, of eagle discernment, of iron courage and resolution; and he, unfortunate prince! was plastic as wax, weak as infancy itself in the hands of those he esteemed and trusted—of his wife especially. And Marie Antoinette, with all her early foibles and vanities, if compared with those who had preceded her in that court—or indeed judged by any standard, for it is an insult to the memory of the royal and most unhappy wife and mother to suggest such a comparison—was a pure-hearted, high-

minded woman, upon whose memory, spite of the malignant industry of her calumniators, there rests no imputation save that of a thoughtless gaiety of speech and manners—very bitterly expiated!

We need not recount the steps which led swiftly and directly to the abyss. Cooler and wiser heads than those of Louis XVI. and his consort would have lost their balance amidst the tumultuous and hourly-increasing rage and fury of the at last uprisen people. Many causes have been assigned by ingenious commentators to account for this sudden frenzy, as they term it, of the French nation. The comedies of Beaumarchais, the mocking persiflage of Voltaire, the Contrat-Social of Rousseau, the speculations of the Encyclopedists, were, we are sometimes gravely told, the agencies which brought about the terrible convulsion. Without denying that these writings might have produced some effect upon those who read them, it seems difficult to comprehend how they could have stirred and inflamed the passions of the raging multitudes who *really* made the revolution, not one in a hundred of whom could read, or had ever heard of them! No—it was not irreverent persiflage, it was not dreamy speculations upon the origin of society, which kindled that consuming fire: it was the squalor of the ragged peasant in contrast with the effeminate splendour of the privileged noble—the pallid faces and wasted forms of the innumerable wretches who, according to the testimony of all impartial witnesses, prowled, famine and fever-stricken, through the highways and byways of the land—the hopeless, helpless degradation and poverty of the great body of the French people—the corruption and heartlessness of the mass of the privileged orders in both church and state—this was the burning irony, this the bitter writing traced in characters as huge as death and ruin, which the multitude read with flaming eyes, and sprang madly, blindly to their feet to revenge and to efface—

‘The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.’

Yet, except it were a crime in Louis XVI. that he was wanting in the energy and ability required to even partially atone for and repair the errors and follies of his race, *he* had done nothing worthy of bonds, much less of death. He had not, like Charles I. of England, made war upon his people, sought to destroy their liberties, endeavoured to convert a constitutional crown into an absolute one! But this is not the place to discuss the general question of the French Revolution: the personal fortunes of the Bourbon family mainly concern us in these pages. The trial of Louis, passively defending himself before the executioners of the Convention by a mild placidity and benevolence of aspect against which the epithets of ‘tyrant,’ ‘despot,’ strike blunt and innocuous, appears, viewed by itself, a sad and terrible position for the head of so illustrious a race to be placed in; but in comparison with that assumed by another Bourbon, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis-Philippe, who ascended the tribune of the hall of judgment, and with unfaltering voice said, ‘I vote for death!’ it is one to exult and glory in. Egalité would have added *reasons* for his judgment—did, it is said; but they were unheard amidst the abhorrent murmurs of an assembly who, albeit they sympathised with Marat and Maximilian Robes-

pierre, had hearts, many of them at least, that yet vibrated to *some* touch of human feeling.

The death of the king was followed by the still more utterly inexcusable and detestable execution of the queen; and then justice was done upon D'Orleans. His son, the young Duke of Chartres, involved somewhat in Dumouriez' intrigues, happily escaped; and the only Bourbon remaining in the power of the revolutionists was the youthful son of the slain monarch, and on him was inflicted their fullest measure of vengeance, by the hands of a ruffian whose mission it was to dwarf, debase, and crush the mind and spirit of the young prince: happily in the process the frail tenement of earth gave way, and the husk and shell of what had once been the heir of France alone remained in the power of the brutal jailor.

Upwards of twenty years of exile had passed over the heads of the expatriated Bourbons, when the reaction consequent upon the devouring ambition and unprincipled violence of Bonaparte drove that remorseless despot from the French throne, and replaced the Bourbons in the vacated chair. During the long interval that had elapsed since the execution of Louis XVI., only one incident in the fortunes of the French Bourbons requires notice in this place: this was the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, seized in the neutral territory of Baden by order of Bonaparte, and, by that potentate's directions, shot at the castle of Vincennes the night after his capture. For this atrocity not the slightest excuse of any worth has ever been offered by the Emperor's apologists; and in sooth it was scarcely worth while to attempt a defence; for what matters *one* spot more or less on the crimson imperial robe? This young prince—he was thirty-two years of age—is said to have been a very amiable person, and to have entertained in a high degree the admiration of the conquering exploits of the French ruler, which still faintly lingers in the world. With him the race of Condé became virtually extinct, although his father, the Duke of Bourbon, survived till 1830. The military council nominated by Murat, by whose immediate order he was slain, was presided over by one Guiton, a general of brigade. The chief accusation against the unfortunate young man, in support of which no evidence whatever, written or oral, was produced, was, that he had leagued himself with the English government—'enemy of France'—to assassinate Bonaparte, and to assist in the invasion of that country by the said government—'enemy of France.' This phrase varies in the act of accusation from the old style, which used to be, the English government as incarnated in Mr Pitt, 'enemy of the human race' (*ennemi du genre humain*). Its general inimity had, it seems, become localised. The Duke d'Enghien died in the twelfth year of the Republic, month Ventose—that is, March 1804.

'There is only one Frenchman the more!' said Louis XVIII., when he again found himself at the Tuileries; and truly, if to place *him* there had been the object of such gigantic effort and waste of gallant lives, an end less worthy of the means employed could scarcely be conceived. But in truth the replacement of the Bourbons on the throne of France formed no part of the policy of this country in the determined, immitigable war which it waged against Napoleon. The object of the war was *pithily* indicated in Lord Eldon's reply when asked what England had gained by the result

of the contest? 'England has gained,' replied the learned Lord, 'all that she has not lost.' It was not only an enormous indiscretion, therefore, but a puerile vanity in the Bourbons to represent the attack upon France as having been undertaken with no other purpose than to thrust *them* upon a reluctant people. Their succession was the incidental consequence of the expulsion of Bonaparte; but, assuredly, to reinvest them with the sovereignty of France formed no part of the war-policy of Great Britain. Being there, however, by the grace of circumstances, it behoved them, if they could, to maintain their position. Unfortunately, before Louis XVIII. had well settled himself in the unaccustomed seat, Napoleon returned, and the Bourbons were compelled to set out on their travels once more. Only one member of the family, the Duchess d'Angoulême—the sole man among them, Bonaparte used to say—made any courageous effort to withstand the torrent which was once more sweeping them into exile. The duchess—a daughter of Louis XVI.—harangued the troops at Bordeaux, and passionately invoked St Louis, Henri Quatre, and other glories of old France. It would not do: the days of chivalry were gone: no swords leaped from their scabbards in answer to her eloquent appeals, and the royal lady perforce embarked once more for England. But the eagle's flight, audacious as it seemed, was this time feeble and transitory. Waterloo, the grave and monument of the imperial fortunes, was lost and won; and Louis XVIII., the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berri, were once more in Paris. Louis XVIII. has the reputation—how acquired it would be difficult to say—of ability, or at least cleverness. At all events he was not quite so unteachable by experience as other members of his family, as the charter he promulgated (*la charte octroyée*) sufficiently testifies. The representative government established by that celebrated instrument was not so broadly based as might have been wished; still, it was an immense advance from the leaden chains and fetters of the imperial régime, gilded as they might be by the rays of a false and fantastic glory. In his foreign policy Louis showed himself to be as selfish and incorrigible as any of his race, and anxious rather to promote the power and splendour of his House than the interests, prosperity, and freedom of France. The Spanish people having, as they unquestionably had a right to do, improvised a new constitution, the French armies advanced into the Iberian peninsula in 1822 to the relief of Ferdinand the Beloved, monarch of that country, in whose opinion the new constitution was subversive of many of his royal Bourbon rights. The invading troops were commanded by the Duke d'Angoulême; and the hero of the Trocadero, besides emblazoning that great victory upon the roll which records the military triumphs of France, had the satisfaction of restoring his absolute crown to the Spanish Bourbon. This scandalous violation of national independence was defended and excused by the showy periods and shining sophisms of M. le Vicomte de Châteaubriand, at that time French minister for foreign affairs.

Previous to this military exploit two events occurred which alternately depressed with sorrow and elevated with joy the elder Bourbons and their partisans. The Duke de Berri, who married Caroline of Naples, sister to Maria Christina, the present queen-mother of Spain, had taken leave of his wife at the entrance of the Opera-House, which she had just left, and

was himself returning to his seat, when he was stabbed with a stiletto by a man of the name of Louvel. The unfortunate prince was carried into one of the saloons of the Opera-House, where he soon afterwards expired in great agony. This event occurred on the 14th February 1820. Louvel was secured, and subsequently executed. On the 29th of September in the same year the widow of the murdered prince gave birth to a male child, whose advent into the world was hailed with delirious joy by the Royalists, whose exultation took several extravagant forms of expression. Like Louis XIV., the infant was hailed as the especial 'Gift of God;' and at the baptismal font, in addition to his first name of Henri, he received the appellation of Dieu-Donné. His precise designation, as given by the orthodox Almanach de Saxe-Gotha, is Prince Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieu-Donné d'Artois, Duc de Bourdeaux. This event was nearly contemporaneous with the death of the ex-emperor at St Helena, and a number of the diplomatic body, in an address to his grandfather, afterwards Charles X., were pleased to style the young Duke of Bourdeaux the 'Child of Europe'—inasmuch as he was, in their judgment, a pledge of monarchical stability, and a guarantee against any future revolution in France. It will be long apparently before diplomatists cast aside the traditions of their craft which connect the peace and stability of states with the births, marriages, and deaths of princely families. The Royalists recorded their satisfaction in a very substantial and gratifying manner: they subscribed to purchase an estate for the infant prince, the name of which has lately supplied him with a convenient title—that of the Count de Chambord.

Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother Charles X. In the month of July 1830—after a protracted parliamentary struggle, initiated by the king's appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, at the head of which was the Prince Polignac—the famous ordinances appeared in the 'Moniteur,' by which the constitution granted by Louis XVIII. was revoked by a stroke of his successor's pen, and a government of pure, kingly *will* sought to be established in its stead. After three days' bloody but unavailing struggle in the streets of Paris, Charles X. with his family withdrew, escorted by the troops remaining faithful to him, to Rambouillet. The Parisians followed, and at first appeared anxious to attack him there. The king, to his honour be it said, refused to permit his troops to assault the people; feeling, doubtless, that no triumph he could achieve in such a combat could permanently win back his crown, and that it was useless to spill more blood in a vain effort. A negotiation ensued, and the de-throned king, who—with the sanction and concurrence of the Duke d'Angoulême, who declared that he renounced all worldly pomps and dignities at the foot of the cross—had previously abdicated in favour of the Duke de Bourdeaux, agreed to leave the country by stated marches in a given direction. He did so, leisurely and slowly. There is an air of dignity in this deliberate departure of the gray, disrowned king, holding his grandson by the hand, supported on the arm of the heroic daughter of Louis XVI., and escorted by his household troops, which contrasts favourably with a more recent royal flight. The young prince, only about ten years of age, it is minutely recorded, was greatly affected by the weight of the shadowy crown thus devolved upon him, shed a flood of tears, and did not during the entire day partake of any of his ordinary amuse-

ments. The captain of the guard received his orders, by the direction of Charles X., from the juvenile and imaginary sovereign, during the remainder of the journey.

The march was withal a very melancholy one. The contrast between the compelled adulation which had been offered not long before to the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, when journeying in royal state through the very portion of France they were now traversing with lingering steps and slow, with the always sullen, and not infrequently openly insulting, aversion manifested by the populace, surprised and saddened the duchess. 'Ah, mon Dieu!' she frequently exclaimed; 'quelle différence!' The lesson came too late.

The ex-king's escort took leave of him at the place of embarkation; and Charles, with his family and suite, proceeded to England, where he for a short time took up his abode at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, spontaneously placed at his disposal by the generous feeling of Mr Weld, an English Catholic gentleman. He did not remain there long, in consequence, it was said, of nervous apprehension lest—Lulworth Castle being so near the sea-coast—the youthful heir of France should be seized and spirited away. This morbid anxiety was not relieved, the 'Sherborne Journal' remarked, by the presence of a police officer, who had been latterly appointed to watch and counteract any project of the sort that might be entertained by the usurping government of France. The dethroned monarch, the Duke de Bordeaux, and suite, next embarked at Poole for Scotland, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where they resided in the palace of Holyrood for nearly two years. While sojourning in this northern capital, the young Duke de Bordeaux was constantly surrounded by a body of attendants, who, whenever he appeared abroad, clustered round him in real or affected dread of a design to assassinate him, charitably attributed to Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and then possessor of the recently-vacated throne of France, under the title of Louis-Philippe, the first King of the French.

The life of the remarkable personage who had thus, as it were, picked up the tarnished diadem of France from amidst the dust of the streets of Paris, had before this crowning event been one of considerable vicissitude. Trained in his boyhood by the unreal and sentimental formularies of Madame de Genlis, his youth found him gazing in terrified amazement, and reluctant, half-voluntary admiration at the volcanic outburst of the Revolution. Whether to flee from or attempt to make friends with the prodigy that had sprung up, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, would have puzzled—looking at the magnitude of the stake at issue—wiser heads than his father's or even his own. They both at length resolved to be friends with the monster; and doffing their coronets, stretched out trembling hands in token of friendship and esteem. Their advances were civilly received. Egalité, as he was self-entitled, entered the Convention, where we have seen him; the Duke de Chartres obtained a commission in the Republican army, and served with reputation at the cannonade of Valmy and the combat at Jemappes. The death by guillotine of his father warned the future King of the French that the air of France was dangerous to royalty, trick itself out as it might in the trappings of republicanism, and the prince wisely galloped across the frontier—his only present

resources a stout heart, a fair education, and habits of industry. In order to live till a supply of money could be obtained, the youthful Duke of Orleans taught mathematics in the college of the Grisons, Switzerland. From thence he was after a time driven by the jealousy of the French Directory. So it is said; but the probability is that he voluntarily discontinued teaching the instant he had received remittances from the wealthy and powerful members of his princely family, still seated on the thrones of Spain and Naples, and otherwise occupying splendid positions in the world. Louis-Philippe now set off on his much-talked-of travels; and here we must observe, for the encouragement of the sensitive reader, that there is nothing in the slightest degree alarming or dangerous in the youthful adventures of his majesty Louis-Philippe; and but for the rank of the wandering prince, nothing at all in them interesting, novel, or exciting. He visited Sweden, Denmark, Norway, looked at the famous Maelström, and reached in a northerly direction to within thirteen degrees of the pole. In 1796 he crossed over to the United States in company with his two younger brothers, and explored it in various directions. He saw and conversed with Washington, and paid a visit to the Duke of Kent at Halifax. He then returned to Europe, and took up his abode—a very pleasant one—at Twickenham in England. There is evidently nothing in all this to excite the tear of sensibility. It has, on the contrary, rather an inviting aspect, tempting those who have the means to go and do likewise. While residing in England, the Duke of Orleans sought and obtained an interview with Stanislas-Zavier, Count of Provence, then titular, and afterwards *de facto*, Louis XVIII. of France. This prince had taken up his abode at Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, after having been expelled, in consequence of the treaty of Tilsit, from the territory of the emperor of all the Russias, where he had resided at Mittau in Courland. In fact Great Britain was the sole refuge in those days left to persons distasteful to the French Emperor; and it is a proud boast that this country never, amid the compelled and general subserviency of Europe, stooped for an instant from her defiant, unquailing attitude—

‘Still, as in olden time,
Sheltering within her dreadless arms
Exiles of every clime’—

albeit that she stood alone and amid ruins. A curious and significant anecdote relative to this interview found its way a few days ago into the public prints. The ‘London Morning Chronicle’ of June 12 published the following extract from a memorandum purporting to have been written by the late Duke of Buckingham:—‘When Louis XVIII. was at Stowe, the then Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe), whom he had not admitted to his presence since the period of the Revolution, came to Stowe, and saw his uncle for the first time. My father and I were present at the meeting in the library. We, too, stood at the fireplace near the print-room. Louis and his nephew walked up and down the library conversing for some time. At length, just as they came opposite the table near the print-room door, we heard a clatter and noise, and turning round I saw the Duke of Orleans, on his knees before his uncle, seize his hand, and I heard him say, “Ah, *mon oncle!* I ask pardon of my king, of God, and man, for

having worn that accursed (*maudit*) national cockade." Louis XVIII. raised him up saying, "C'est bien mon neveu, c'est bien je te pardonne." I can point to the very spot on the floor where this happened.'

Lord Nugent, the brother of the late Duke of Buckingham, wrote on the following day to the 'Chronicle,' impugning the authenticity of the memorandum, chiefly on the very questionable ground that Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Orleans could never have addressed each other as uncle and nephew. True; but it does not therefore follow that the Duke of Buckingham, while accurately relating the substance of what occurred, might not have committed such a blunder. Lord Nugent, from his own recollection, gives another version of the interview. 'Louis XVIII.,' his lordship says, 'did not walk up and down the library with the Duke of Orleans; for at that time Louis was little able, from infirmity and corpulence, to walk farther than from one room to another, and that with difficulty and rarely. I remember perfectly that when the Duke of Orleans entered the room Louis rose from his chair, and the Duke of Orleans dropped on one knee to kiss his hand, in total silence. The king raised him, saying, "*Lever vous, mon cousin. Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout.*" Although I was in my boyhood when I was a witness to this scene, the whole of it, and especially the words used, remain fixed on my memory; so that I can now speak distinctly to the correctness of the statement I am now making. And what impresses above all on me the conviction that my brother could never have given this memorandum as a true narrative of what passed is, that often, and many years after, in talking over the scene with him, I found that we agreed entirely in the contrast we drew between the discretion of the Duke of Orleans in saying nothing, and the exceeding bad taste and feeling of Louis XVIII. in a phrase which implied that it was his misfortunes only that made him forgive his kinsman.'

There is no very important difference in the two versions. The cold dislike and aversion of Louis XVIII. for the Duke of Orleans is more apparent in his lordship's account than in that of the Duke of Buckingham; but one does not well see how the words '*Mes malheurs me font pardonner tout*' could have been addressed to a man who did *not* apologise for some real or supposed offence. Whether the duke really expressed *viva voce* his hatred of a symbol which must have been as detestable to himself as to the head of the elder House of Bourbon, is of slight moment. It was of course implied, whether spoken or not. At all events, the antipathy constantly manifested by Louis XVIII. to the astute chief of the younger branch of Bourbon was not, as his after-conduct very abundantly proved, in the slightest degree modified by this simulated reconciliation. The distaste of the unwieldy monarch for his comparatively youthful kinsman is by Louis-Philippe's friends stigmatised as an unreasonable prejudice; by the partisans of the elder house it is held to indicate a keen appreciation of character.

After a not very lengthened abode at Twickenham, the exiled duke removed to Malta, with the hope of prolonging the life of his surviving brother, who had been attacked by the fatal disease of consumption. This hope frustrated, he proceeded to Sicily, where his sister Adelaide was residing under the protection of the Neapolitan Bourbons. He there married, on the 25th of November 1809, his amiable consort, Amélie,

daughter of the king of Naples, and thenceforth chiefly resided at Palermo, which he did not finally leave till the overthrow of Bonaparte restored him to France, and placed in his possession the vast domains of his family, which fortunately had not been 'nationalised' during the Revolution.

Certain rather important passages in the life of this prince, while residing in Sicily, familiar to few English readers, have been held by persons not friendly to him to throw a strong and unfavourable light upon his character. The people of Sicily have been long accustomed to look towards Great Britain for ultimate deliverance from the yoke of the Neapolitan Bourbons, always submitted to with profound reluctance. The commercial intercourse between England and Sicily is very considerable; but the circumstance which has of course chiefly directed the attention of Sicilians anxious or actually struggling for freedom towards this country, is the geographical fact of Sicily being an island, and its independence and liberation being therefore to be effected by a serious word from the mistress of the seas—a consummation which no continental state, however powerful on land, could prevent. Various considerations—chiefly, we fear, selfish ones—have from time to time induced successive English ministries to favour this disposition of the Sicilian people; and especially during the terrific struggle with Bonaparte, against whose overwhelming power it was found necessary to sharpen every available weapon, was this not very honourable coquetting manifested. The patriotism of the Sicilians was stimulated, at the instance of Lord William Bentinck, by the promulgation of a constitution, after the approved British pattern of king, lords, and commons. There was of course a vehement struggle between the Absolutists, actively favoured by the court, and the Reformers, or Constitutionalists. Thanks, however, to the British influence, freely exerted by Lord William Bentinck, and especially to the active enthusiasm in the national cause of the Duke of Orleans, who from his position was so able to soften or remove difficulties, the popular cause triumphed. The exultation was unbounded, and in the first blush of it, it was proposed to increase the dowry of the Princess Amélie, then Duchess of Orleans, to nearly five times the amount usually bestowed in such cases—namely, from 5000 to 24,000 ounces, or 300,000 francs (£12,000) per annum. This enormous revenue from such a people was decreed almost unanimously. There were, however, dissentients to this policy amongst the liberal or constitutional party, who expressed themselves with great freedom upon the subject. 'You are the dupes,' they told their chiefs, 'of a liberalism assumed for the occasion (*libéralisme de circonstance*). The Duke of Orleans cares no more for the Sicilian charter than he does for that of China—if the Celestials have one—and has merely simulated devotion to the only party which could effectually help him to the coveted 300,000 francs per annum; and,' they added, 'to expect a Bourbon to be a real friend to liberty and charters is an absurdity.' All this was pronounced to be generous, and calumnious. A change was, however, at hand. The destruction of Napoleon's army in 1813 appearing to render the friendship of Great Britain no longer a question of life or death to the Bourbon royal family, the famous Caroline, queen of Naples and Sicily—her husband was a cipher in the government—directed her energies towards the destruction of the new order of things: a constitution being to her as hateful as

Bonaparte. This is the lady who, whilst her husband's council was sitting to deliberate upon Nelson's request to be permitted to revictual his fleet in the Neapolitan ports—which, from apprehension of the vengeance of the French republican government, towards whom such an act would be a defiance, they determined to refuse—gave Lady Hamilton the written order granting the admiral's request, which so much rejoiced Nelson, and but for which the battle of the Nile could not have been fought. This energetic princess, it is said—but we think erroneously, for she had sense and method in her rage—attempted to organise a plot for the assassination of the English garrison in Palermo, a sort of second edition of the Sicilian vespers, which was discovered and baffled by the English minister. That which is quite certain is, that by a series of well-got-up popular *émeutes*, or riots, she effectually put down the constitutional party, and abrogated the charter. As soon as the crisis became imminent, the chiefs of the liberal party naturally looked for assistance to the Duke of Orleans. They looked in vain; for, unfortunately, at that precise moment his royal highness determined on a voyage to the Ionian Islands. He embarked with his family in a British vessel, and did not return till all was thoroughly over. The comments of the Sicilians upon this inopportune departure were of course angry and vehement, possibly unjust. As to the English ministry—towards whom the Constitutionalists turned in their extremity for help—they also were not just then 'in the vein.' Lord Castlereagh announced that, albeit the British government wished well to Lord William Bentinck's Constitution, they could not undertake to guarantee or to enforce it. And thus the matter for the time ended.

The reputation the duke thus acquired, perhaps unmeritedly, for practical sagacity and aptitude for intrigue, did not cause Louis XVIII. to look less coldly upon him. He appears, however, to have given no tangible cause of offence till the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, which, by destroying his hope of succession to the crown through the failure of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, elicited an explosion of passion which but too clearly intimated that if his ambition apparently slept, it was not for that the less dangerous and virile. Statements, of which the source was sufficiently obvious, appeared simultaneously in several English and foreign journals; impugning the genuineness of the Duke de Bordeaux's birth, and quite enough transpired to keep alive the jealousy of a less suspicious man than the then king of France. However, the rumours on the subject gradually died away; and on the accession of Charles X. the Duke of Orleans reappeared at court, and maintained with that personally-amiable monarch the most friendly relations up to the day of his dethronement. The name of the Duke of Orleans soon became, whether with or without his sanction it is perhaps difficult to say positively, the rallying cry of the liberal party; and when the success of the resistance offered to Charles's despotic measures was assured and complete, the leaders of that party turned their regards instinctively and simultaneously towards his royal highness. The duke was first appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and a day or two afterwards he was called to the throne, under paper conditions, which Lafayette and others told the people would assure to them the best of all possible governments—namely, 'a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.'

The only active repugnance manifested in any part of France to the new authority was by a portion of La Vendée, and that was so speedily and thoroughly pacified with fire and sword by General Lamarque, that when the Duchess de Berri, entering some time afterwards that province in disguise, endeavoured to excite the peasantry to rise in favour of her son, she found them not at all disposed to renew a quarrel in which at all events *they* could be no gainers. The romantic enterprise of the duchess, as it was called—mad, or foolish, would be a better term—failed egregiously; and M. Thiers purchased the secret of the weak lady's retreat from a Jew, to whom it had been intrusted. Louis-Philippe locked up his royal kinswoman in the castle of Blaye, and General Bugeaud condescended to be her jailor. There she was kept till her frailty, concealable no longer, was confessed, and published by the king to the whole world. The duchess stated that she had been privately married to Count Luchessi Palli; and after such newspaper publicity had been given to the affair as to obliterate utterly any sentiment of chivalrous compassion which the struggle of a brave mother for what she believed the right of her son might have naturally produced, the duchess was sent home to her husband. Policy, we suppose, justifies such acts as these in the ruler of a state; but apart from policy a more ungenerous proceeding can scarcely be imagined.

The government of Louis-Philippe gradually acquired by its continued success in keeping down domestic faction, and maintaining the friendly relations of France with foreign powers, a high reputation for wisdom and firmness. The peace of Europe was supposed to be in the French king's hands; and men congratulated themselves that so vast and important a trust should be grasped by a monarch at once so able and so honest. The resources of France by the mere force of its internal and external tranquillity rapidly developed themselves, and the enterprise of the French people appeared to be at length directed to worthier and higher objects than triumphs, ruinous alike to the victor and the vanquished, in fields of strife. The epithets of 'Nestor,' 'Ulysses,' and other flattering designations, were liberally bestowed on the citizen-king by persons who, now that events have pronounced against their once much-extolled hero, seem disposed to deny him the possession of a fair average of common sense and judgment. It is useless complaining of this fickleness of opinion, for the world always has judged, and probably ever will judge, of ability by its apparent success; and it would be perhaps impossible to supply a better general test, albeit the exceptions to the rule are numerous and striking. That Louis-Philippe was an astute, sagacious ruler, it would be absurd to deny, but his sagacity unfortunately was of that order which in certain lights and circumstances looks very like *cunning*. His majesty was skilled in diplomatic craft; and it became notorious that the ostensible agents of his government were thwarted at foreign courts by persons who held their mission directly from the king. Louis-Philippe aspired to govern as well as reign; and, much worse than that, he was determined—we have the Duke de Joinville's word for it—that everybody should know and feel that he personally governed. This is a very dangerous course for a constitutional monarch to pursue, for it concentrates on his own head all the griefs, disappointments, and resentments, which would else dis-

charge themselves upon the ostensible and responsible government. A sovereign must ever exercise immense influence on the action of the executive; but the less that influence is flaunted in the eyes of the nation, the better for the peace and security of the monarch. It began also to be hinted that his majesty of France was much too clever; and such an adept, moreover, at the game of mystification, that the real policy of his government could in nowise be predicated from its expressed intentions. This feeling, shared by the representatives of all the great powers, led to the apparently rude exclusion of France from all participation in the forcible settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question—an exclusion which she so fiercely resented, and which at one time seemed likely to plunge Europe into a general war. M. Guizot, who was the ambassador of France at the English court at the time, declared afterwards in the Chamber of Deputies that nobody believed one word he said as to the intentions of the government he represented—gave no credit whatever to any assurance he offered in its name. ‘They heard me with politeness,’ said M. Guizot; ‘smiled, bowed, uttered words of course in acknowledgment, but I saw I was not believed.’ This general impression could only have been produced by a course of policy which, however clever it might seem, was certainly not wise. In affairs of state, as in ordinary life, a frank and simple honesty is of infinitely more worth than all the craft in the universe. Nevertheless, the throne of Louis-Philippe continued up to the moment of its fall to exhibit many of the external marks of firmness and durability. The suddenness, the completeness of that fall shook continental Europe to its centre; and the scorched and blackened soil still heaves and trembles with the shock. It has since become the fashion to assert and repeat that the government of the French king was overturned by a ‘surprise’—that if men could have had time to recover from the unaccountable panic with which they were seized, all would have been well. It will not be difficult to show that this view of the matter is anything but an exact or correct one. But previous to doing so, we must recur for a brief space to the Spanish Bourbons.

The descendants of Hugh Capet have not proved an unalloyed blessing to the people of Spain any more than to the people of France. There have been drawbacks in both countries. Ferdinand VII., remarkable for skill in petticoat embroidery, if for nothing else, married Maria Christina, sister to the present king of Naples, and of the Duchess de Berri. This lady, by her beauty and blandishments, prevailed on her royal husband, to whom she had borne two children, both females, to annul the Salique law, which prevailed in Spain as in France, and to bequeath his sceptre to his eldest daughter Isabella, and failing her, to her sister Dona Luisa the Infanta. This was done; and the ancient Cortes of the kingdom were summoned to recognise and swear fealty to the heiress of the throne. By the same instrument Maria Christina was appointed governing queen, or regent, in the event of Ferdinand dying before Isabella had attained her majority. The Cortes, a merely ceremonial body, possessing no deliberative functions whatever, gave a formal assent to the arrangement; and on the death of her husband Queen Christina assumed the direction of the government, which she successfully held—with the exception of the brief interval when

Espartero's star was in the ascendant—till her daughter, Isabella II., ascended the throne; and even to this day Christina, it is well understood, is the virtual sovereign of Spain. At the death of Ferdinand the queen-regent announced through her minister M. Zea Bermudez, that there would be no change in the form of government, and only such administrative reforms as prudence, enlightened by experience, called for and justified.

Christina in thus acting was only attempting to carry out the policy recommended and enforced by her deceased husband, all the more willingly, no doubt, that it was agreeable to her own keen sense and love of power; a quality which both she and her sisters appear to have inherited in unmitigated virulence from their mother. That paternal sovereign, in the swilled insolence of his despotic sway, had replied to the manifestations of feeling in some parts of Spain, excited by the success of the French people against Charles X., by a decree or proclamation of sheer, unchangeable absolutism. In this instrument, the arrogant monarch assured his vassals—his vassals, not subjects—that no change *should ever* take place in the legal form of the Spanish government, nor any chamber or similar institution, under whatever denomination, be permitted to be established! This pleasant assurance given, 'he was pleased to inform all the vassals of his dominions that he would treat them according to their deserts, putting in force the laws against those who infringed them, and protecting those who observed them.' So glibly did this Bourbon king babble of the omnipotence of a sceptre just departing from him, of the stability of an absolute throne mined in all directions beneath his tottering feet!

The pretensions of Don Carlos, the late king's nephew, who, by the Salique law of succession, was the rightful heir of the crown, soon compelled Christina to fortify her daughter's title with something of more potent validity than the will of Ferdinand. A 'royal statute,' drawn up by M. Martinez de la Rosa, was promulgated, by which two deliberative chambers were constituted—one hereditary, consisting of the peers of the kingdom; the other composed of deputies elected by the people. In the meantime Don Carlos, though hotly pursued by Christina's troops, had escaped in a British ship of war—the sure refuge of all political fugitives, whether fleeing from the tender mercies of mobs or monarchs—and landed safely in England. His banner had been triumphantly uplifted in the north of Spain by the famous Zumalacarreguy, and such progress did his partisans make, that Don Carlos withdrew quietly from England, and in company with the Baron de los Vallos passed through France safely in disguise, and joined his adherents. The queen-regent now found that she needed more efficient assistance to make effectual head against the Carlists—who were secretly but actively supported by the absolutist powers of Europe—than the liberals of Spain could render, who, though an intelligent, and, in the cities, influential body of men, are much less numerous than might be wished. Negotiations with France and England were commenced, and the result was the treaty of Quadruple Alliance, whereby France, England, Spain, and Portugal, bound themselves to each other to secure the throne of Spain to the female line of the Spanish Bourbons, to the exclusion of Don Carlos and his heirs; and that of Portugal to the female line of the House of Braganza, to the exclusion of Don Miguel and his

successors. The ultimate result of this alliance was the overthrow of Don Carlos, who escaped from Spain only to be made prisoner by his cousin the French king. He subsequently resigned his pretensions to his son, a younger Carlos, now called the Count de Montemolin; and he, as well as Don Miguel, is now located, we hope comfortably, in this island of refuge for all distressed notabilities. During the temporary ascendancy of Espartero as regent of Spain, Christina took refuge in Paris, and was courteously and respectfully received by the King of the French; a distinction by no means entirely due to her Bourbon blood. Her children, over whom she was known to have, and naturally, unbounded influence, were still the queen and Infanta of Spain, and Louis-Philippe was far too shrewd a personage to neglect showing civilities to a lady with whom the choice of husbands for those interesting young persons would be sure to rest. Christina was far from abandoning the struggle for power as hopeless. She published a long manifesto to the Spanish people, in which she expressed a very decided opinion upon her own merits, and very liberally rebuked the scandalous ingratitude with which traitors and incendiaries had treated so 'just and clement a queen,' and hinted that she should soon be recalled by acclamation. No one seems to have better read and understood the Spanish character than this princess. The power of Espartero melted away like snow before a summer's sun, and he owed it to the speed of his horse that he got safe on board a British ship of war at Cadiz. The return of Christina to Madrid was a prolonged triumph. A curious coincidence occurred on her entry into the capital. She was seated beside her two daughters, who had been to meet her as far as Aranjuez, when a funeral procession was seen to traverse the street at some distance, and for a moment checked the progress of the triumphal cortège. It was that of Arguelles, the 'divine Arguelles,' as the Liberals of Spain called him for his eloquence. He had been one of the queen-regent's most earnest opponents, and he held under Espartero's government the official guardianship of the royal children. His death was said to have been hastened by grief for the apprehended downfall of the constitutional cause, which, latterly, he had identified with Espartero. Christina, stooping forwards, inquired of one of the escort whose funeral it was. She was informed, and her hasty injunction to the officer, as the name struck her ear, is not only a eulogy on Arguelles, but a sufficient answer to the calumnies which imputed to Espartero and his subordinates a harsh and overbearing demeanour towards the young queen and her sister. 'Hush!' said the queen-mother; 'speak lower: the children loved him.'

The Spanish government became in some degree consolidated, and it was at length time to seek fitting matrimonial alliances for the youthful Queen and Infanta of Spain. It is needless to weary the reader by a repetition of the details of the intrigue which led to the much-talked-of Spanish marriages. The broad and salient facts of the case are these: Louis-Philippe and his minister Guizot agreed with Queen Victoria and Lord Aberdeen on the occasion of her Majesty's visit at Eu, that no attempt should be made to unite M. de Montpensier, Louis-Philippe's youngest son, with the Infanta of Spain, not only till after her sister's marriage, but till there appeared a prospect at least of a direct heir to the throne. This personal promise was broken: of this there can be no doubt after the perusal of the

excusatory letter addressed by Louis-Philippe to the Queen of England, a copy of which was found amongst the ex-king's papers, and published by the Provisional Government of the French Republic. Isabella II. was married to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, at the same time that M. de Montpensier espoused her sister the Infanta. M. Guizot himself, whose general honour and integrity are unquestioned and unquestionable, does not appear in a very advantageous light in this transaction. Perhaps, as he boasted the Spanish match to be the greatest thing France had for years effected by her unaided resources, the magnitude and splendour of the object to be gained dazzled and bewildered for a moment his perceptions of rectitude and honour. Any person knowing how celebrated M. Guizot is or has been as a philosophic historian, will scarcely believe his eyes as he reads that gentleman's triumphant gratulations on M. de Montpensier's nuptials. He must class them in charity with the many 'follies of the wise' which at various times have startled and amused the world. The natural desire of a father to connect his son advantageously pleads strongly in extenuation of the conduct of Louis-Philippe. The Infanta is said to be a very amiable and charming person, and her dowry, moreover, amounted to the magnificent sum of two millions of francs. This lady has already borne an heiress to the united honours of the French and Spanish Bourbons; and happily for the peace of mind of Lord Palmerston, Isabella is, it appears, likely to provide a direct successor to the throne.

Thus much for the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon. Its offshoot in Naples appears to be in a state of great contentment since the suppression of the insurrection in Sicily, and the restoration of government by executions there. King Ferdinand, Christina of Spain's brother, is, by virtue of the loyal devotion of his affectionate lazzaroni, as absolute a monarch as heart could wish, although he has not as yet, we are informed, put the paper constitution in the fire which the Paris insurrection of 1848 induced him to sign rather hastily. These twigs disposed of, we return to the mightier limb of the family tree in Paris.

The jubilations on the royal marriages over, and the snubbing of Great Britain as complete as could be desired, the French people suddenly found leisure to bethink themselves that a great government like theirs might turn its energies to better purposes than the adroit management of court intrigues: might, for instance, endeavour to devise means for safely, and in a really conservative spirit, widening the basis upon which the institutions of the country, so constantly and vehemently assailed, rested; might, furthermore, contrive to at least equalise the national expenditure and receipts, instead of contracting loan upon loan to make up for the annual deficit, and this in a time of profound peace and a greatly-increased revenue! Means, too, of extending the commerce of France with foreign nations, so contemptible in extent for a nation so rich in resources of natural wealth, industry, and talent might surely be attempted by a really able and patriotic government. These aspirations—it seems to us quite reasonable ones—were very moderately expressed. Progress was prayed for—progress in the right direction—not headlong haste and change. To all these representations and prayers Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot remained obstinately deaf, blind, silent. The actual electors for all France amounted to only about 80,000

persons; and the means in the hands of government of corrupting a majority of these were, it was urged, so enormous as to be utterly destructive of the principle of representation. Would the minister promise to take the subject into consideration? M. Guizot gave no sign, would make no promise! And herein we perceive the radical defect of this gentleman's character as a statesman. He is essentially a theorist, or rather, if we may use the phrase without offence—a system-monger. He studies, arranges, accepts a theory of legality, which, the premises admitted, is logically unassailable; and by that theory he will abide unswervingly to the death! That highest, most difficult art of government, which consists in knowing when and how to yield, M. Guizot never studied, or at all events has never learned. Probably he does not rank 'yielding' as an art; believes it, we daresay, to be a weakness, and nought else. He has also a remarkable theory upon the English revolutions of 1640-88, which, as he is not likely to be a minister of this country, is not of much interest to us, except as an illustration of logical fallacy. M. Guizot appears not to have understood the character of his own countrymen any better than he does that of ours. The slightest yielding, the merest minimum of reform, would have satisfied the enlightened, moderate—moderate because enlightened—citizens of France. These are the natural supports of a constitutional throne, and to indispose them towards the government is simply to place that government at the mercy of the first accident which may cross its path. M. Guizot and the king *did* by their unreasoning obstinacy—*firmness* they called it—alienate and indispose the natural supporters of the government; and the cry against it increased daily in energy and wrath: it was a government of corruption men said. A minister, M. Teste, it was proved, had received an enormous bribe to prostitute the powers of his office in favour of the briber; and a growing suspicion that corruption, rottenness, was at the heart of the administration, pervaded almost all classes of men. Then the dreadful tragedy of the Praslin family revived in the public mind the French instinct of dislike to a titled noblesse. It was a time of unquiet, suspicion, uneasiness. Still a word of concession, of conciliation, would, it is plain, have saved the government; but that word the government would not speak. Its attitude was silent, calm, observant—the calm, silent observance of resolute contempt which has counted its bayonets, and knows—or thinks it knows—how greatly it may dare with perfect safety; an attitude and expression the most irritating that can be imagined to a high-spirited, sensitive people like the French. The king and ministry believed the proposed Paris Reform Banquet to be illegal, though the law was admittedly doubtful; and the men of system prohibited it—Europe feels and knows with what result. And now, forsooth, the Orleans dynasty was overturned by a 'surprise!' Call it so if you will; but at the same time you must admit that all the obstacles to the success of such a surprise had been perseveringly, obstinately cast aside by the king and his ministers; and *that* conceded, as it must be, the 'surprise' appears marvelously to resemble a natural consequence! No; spite of all the special pleading that has been wasted upon the subject, this much is certain, that history will not acquit M. Guizot and Louis-Philippe of the charge of having rendered the Revolution of 1848 not only possible, but comparatively easy of accomplishment.

The personal conduct of the men of the House of Orleans who were in Paris at the outbreak was not of a very heroic character. Of the hasty flight of the aged king we will only say that all testimonies agree that Queen Amélie displayed a dignity and self-possession which her husband's example did not call forth. M. de Montpensier was, we believe, at Vincennes when the tumult began; but at all events he did not abandon the Infanta: they escaped together. M. and Madame de Nemours saved themselves each in the best possible manner, and were fortunately reunited in England. The widowed Duchess of Orleans appears alone to have displayed the heroic qualities supposed to be hereditary in illustrious families. Her appearance, holding her son by the hand in the Chamber of Deputies, amidst all that hideous uproar and commotion, standing unblenched there whilst ruffians levelled muskets at her—turned aside by French gentlemen, some of them of the humblest class—was a touching spectacle. It is wonderful how Lamartine, a poet, could, in the presence of that woman and child—weakness, innocence, and grace in their most affecting forms—have given his potential voice for a republic.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale were in Algeria. Many persons believe that had they been present the insurrection would have had another issue. However that might have been, it is certain that the numerous and popular family of Louis-Philippe were always regarded as the most efficient safeguards of his throne. His eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who married a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was, from his engaging and popular qualities, an especial favourite with the nation. Unfortunately a fatal accident terminated his life on the 13th July 1842. This much-lamented prince was returning from Neuilly, when the horses of his carriage took fright, and he, in a momentary panic, attempting to jump out, his foot caught either in his sword or his cloak, and he fell on his forehead in the road. Congestion of the brain resulted, and his death soon after. Two sons had been born to him—the first on the 24th of August 1838, whom Louis-Philippe created Count of Paris, reviving a pristine title of the family for the especial gratification of the Parisians. The second son, born in 1840, was created Duke of Chartres. They reside with their mother, the widowed duchess, to whom the French National Assembly have recently restored the revenue, with its arrears, apportioned to her by marriage settlement. Louis-Philippe and the Duc d'Aumale, we may also here mention, are again in the enjoyment of their vast properties. The Duke de Nemours, the second son of the King of the French, and the proposed future regent, should his majesty have died before the Count of Paris attained his majority, was perhaps the least popular of all the king's sons. He married a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, a cousin of Prince Albert, the consort of the Queen of England. The Prince de Joinville, admiral of the French navy, was a great favourite of all classes of the people. He is said to be an expert seaman, though one must suppose that the extreme deafness with which he is afflicted cannot but greatly impair his efficiency as a naval commander. His name a few years since acquired considerable notoriety in England in consequence of his pamphlet on the French Navy ('*Brochure sur la Marine*'), which was strangely represented by a portion of the English press, that certainly could not have

read it, as a glorification of the French war-navy at the expense of that of Great Britain, and an incitement to the French government to use their sea-force to burn the towns and villages on the English coasts. There could not be a more preposterous misrepresentation. The aim of the pamphlet was evidently to arouse the attention of the naval authorities of France to what De Joinville asserted to be the utter incapability of the French marine to contend, upon anything like equal terms, with that of Great Britain or of any other great maritime power. It should be read as a corrective of the Jeremiads published on our side of the water upon the weakness and inefficiency of the British navy. There is not a line in the *brochure* inciting to ill-will towards the British people, or, fairly taken with the context, provocative of jealous or angry feeling. De Joinville is married to a princess of Brazil, sister to the queen of Portugal; the Duke d'Aumale, who has succeeded to the estates of the now extinct Condé branch of the Bourbons, married a daughter of the Sicilian Prince of Salerno; the youngest son, M. de Montpensier, as we have already stated, is the husband of the Infanta of Spain. All these marriages have been fruitful in progeny, so that should France ever decree the restoration of the House of Orleans, there will be no lack of heirs to avail themselves of the invitation. The two surviving daughters of Louis-Philippe are married—one to the king of the Belgians; the other to Augustus, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Madame Adelaide, Louis-Philippe's tenderly-beloved and attached sister, whose counsels he is said to have greatly deferred to, died not long before the catastrophe of 1848.

The extinction of the celebrated line of Condé in the year 1830, by the death, without surviving issue, of Louis, Henry, Joseph de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, must not be omitted, in this brief glance at the history of the Bourbon race. He committed suicide at the Castle of St Leu, by hanging himself with his handkerchief in his bedroom on the 27th of August 1830, being then seventy-five years of age. There have been various causes assigned for the insanity which prompted the dreadful act. The prevalent opinion is, that his mind, never a very strong one, was harassed by the conflicting claims to his allegiance of the elder and junior branches of the Bourbons—whether he should swear fealty to the monarch *de facto*, Louis-Philippe, or follow the king, *de jure*, according to orthodox legitimacy, into exile. Incapable of deciding, he hanged himself. More than half a century before his death—in 1776—this prince fought a duel with the very Charles X. who had just been driven from the throne; and as an illustration of the princely manners of the time, it may be as well to subjoin an account of it. Charles, then Count D'Artois, was walking with a lady, both being masked. The Duchess of Bourbon, desirous, doubtless, of ascertaining the count's identity, pulled his mask by the beard; the strings broke, and he was discovered. Enraged at this, the Count d'Artois seized the duchess's mask, and broke it. The Duke of Bourbon, it appears, thought that the sex of the duchess ought to have shielded her from retaliation, and challenged the count to mortal combat. The combatants met in the Bois de Boulogne, where they fought with swords, till the Chevalier de Crussal, imagining that the count's sword passed under the arm of the duke, and that he was therefore wounded, stopped the fight; and the redoubtable knights, the honour of each of

them as free from wound or scratch as his body, left the ground. The will of the Duke of Bourbon testified to a weakness or aberration of intellect quite sufficient to account for his unhappy death. An Englishwoman, Sophia Dawes, once a bar-maid, but created Baroness de Feuchères, was living with him at the time of his death. To her he bequeathed 2,000,000 francs in money, and for life the château and park of Saint-Leu; the château and estate of Boisny with all their dependencies; the forest of Montmorency and dependencies; the château and estate of Morfontaine and dependencies; the Pavillon occupied by her and her servants at the Palais-Bourbon, as well as its dependencies; the furniture of said Pavillon, and the horses and carriages appertaining to the lady's establishment—all free from costs or expenses chargeable upon bequeathed property. The residuary legatee was the Duke d'Aumale. After some litigation, an arrangement was effected with Mrs Sophia Dawes, and the Duc d'Aumale now possesses the vast property.

Thus briefly, and, as we believe, faithfully, have we traced the rise, progress, and present condition of this remarkable family, which, it will have been observed, even in its present condition of comparative humility, still, in addition to enormous wealth, reckons crowns and coronets in considerable number divided among its members.

The dethroned monarch of the elder Bourbons, Charles X., has long since passed to his account; the Duke d'Angoulême has followed him; but the duchess, the widowed daughter of Louis XVI., still lingers in her earthly pilgrimage. She awaits her summons from this, to her doleful and unintelligible world at Froshdrof in Germany, where she dwells in strictest retirement. Early on the morning of each anniversary of her parents' execution this daughter of sorrows secludes herself in a chamber hung round with the insignia of death; and with the black silk vest in which Louis died, and other relics of the martyred king and queen before her, remains in solitary prayer and meditation till the midnight chimes announce that another anniversary of a fatal day has passed into eternity.

The Duke de Bordeaux, Count de Chambord, or whatever title may please him best, is now the cynosure of the legitimate eyes of France. This young prince, who is said to be very amiable and intelligent, married in 1846 a daughter of the late Duke of Modena. The lady was possessed of what is considered on the continent an immense fortune; but the union has not yet produced any possible successor to the regal honours of the elder line of Bourbon. The Duke de Bordeaux, nursed as he has been in the illusions of legitimacy, as it is very incorrectly termed, naturally regards all that is now passing in France as the phantasmagoria of a wild, but, as he trusts, passing hallucination, to be succeeded at no distant day by the solid reality of a Henry V., *Dei gratia, et cetera*. The Duke of Bordeaux has a sister a year older than himself, who is now the wife of the reigning Duke of Parma. She left pleasing impressions of her beauty and affability among many of the inhabitants of the Canongate, Edinburgh, when she resided there during the sojourn of the royal exiles at Holyrood.

The Bourbons shine in exile. Men differ as to the character and merits of King Louis-Philippe, but not the slightest diversity of opinion exists as to the amiability of disposition and dignified propriety of conduct

exhibited by the Comte de Neuilly and the distinguished family who now chiefly reside at Claremont. May the count—spite of the sinister forebodings for some time rife in the public ear—and his venerable consort yet live many happy, useful years, each as it flits diminishing their natural regrets for the loss of a crown! Their family cannot, we think, fail to read a lesson in what they witness here which, rightly pondered and laid to heart, will perhaps—for the unrolled scroll of futurity may have characters little now dreamed of engraved upon it—prove hereafter of inestimable service to them, or to some *one* among them. It is this: ‘That the safety of a throne consists not in the multitude of its armed and disciplined guards, nor in the astute devices of kingcraft, but in so reigning that no man shall feel a wish, a desire, to pull down or assail a crown which presents only towards the people an aspect of sympathy, kindness, and respect.’

It may be perhaps expected that we should offer an opinion upon the struggle still going on in France between the parties into which that great country is divided; and as to whether the Bourbons, and which branch of them, have, as we read the future, a chance of regaining authority over the French nation. We confess our utter inability to reply satisfactorily to questions so interesting. We do not profess prophecy; and in place of an unavailing attempt at prediction, beg to present the reader with an anecdote of fact, related by a French writer, Paul Louis Courier, Ancien Canonier à Cheval et Vigneron, as an illustration of the only infallible mode of acquiring a reputation for sound judgment in French politics; premising only that, not having the book at hand, we quote from memory:—

‘There was a village,’ says Courier, ‘in the wine districts of France, which, lying quite out of the high road of the great world, its inhabitants only came into contact with any considerable portions of it upon great occasions, and these were fortunately rare. These simple people had been accustomed, at all public displays where they chanced to find themselves, to shout “Vive le Roi!” It was an old respectable tradition this “Vive le Roi!” of which these quiet folk did not profess to penetrate the inner meaning, if it had one. Enough for them that their fathers and fathers’ fathers shouted as they shouted “Vive le Roi!” Well, it happened that all at once my country friends found themselves very roughly compelled to drop “Vive le Roi!” at a moment’s warning, and to commence learning quite a new creed—“Vive la République, une et indivisible!” This was difficult, for the phrase was long, and our primitive friends were no scholars. Still, being very docile, they set to work with a good heart, and were getting on very well, when—*halte!*—they were all wrong. They should, if they were honest citizens and good Frenchmen, cry “Vive le Premier Consul!” All this, you may depend upon it, was very perplexing; and I doubt if they ever quite understood the “Consul,” which was, they were informed in strictness, “one and tripartite;” a depth of mystery of which they did not attempt to skim the surface, much less to fathom the bottom. They were, however, beginning to get used even to consul, when another, and this time very peremptory injunction was issued, commanding all men to repeat, at all possible opportunities, the only orthodox confession of faith—namely, “Vive l’Empereur!” It was a long time before my friends, who, I confess, are rather slow—no wonder, poor fellows! living so far as they do from the capital

of civilisation—it was a long time, I say, before my friends got thoroughly broken into the new *refrain*; but it was accomplished at last, and charmingly they gave it, as if not the voice alone but the heart shouted! Well, this went on admirably, till one fine day a party of them had been to market, and being a little merry, roared out “Vive l’Empereur!” as they passed some gendarmes, with more than usual gusto and effect; and, to their unspeakable disgust, got knocked on the mazzard, and dragged to jail for uttering seditious cries! It was “Vive le Roi,” they were informed, that all respectable people who wished to avoid jails and gendarmes gave joyous utterance to! That same night a council of the old men was called, and after mature deliberation it was resolved, that “Seeing the extreme difficulty of knowing at what precise time either Vive le Roi, Vive la République, Vive l’Empereur, or Vive anything else, was quite appropriate (convenable), it would be advisable, till further notice, to abstain from shouting at all.” This decision gave great satisfaction; and being rigorously acted upon, acquired for the villagers,’ says Courier, ‘an immense reputation for solid sense and sound discernment, so that it was likely their example would soon be very generally followed.’

But whatever may be the form of government in France, whether Bourbonic, Bonapartist, Imperial, Royal, or Republican, we can answer for it that the people of this country wish their French neighbours God-speed in their endeavours to establish an enlightened, stable, and progressive system of polity. Both nations have too much earnest work calling, upon tremendous penalties, for immediate performance, to waste their time for ever in devising *modes* of government. That France, under whatever rule she may choose for herself, may enter earnestly and successfully upon the great domestic task lying before her—as before all other nations—must be the desire of all sensible Englishmen. A selfish aspiration after all; for it is impossible for England or France to be peaceful and prosperous without their neighbours participating in a more or less degree in that peace and prosperity.

CALIFORNIA.

VIEWS without reference to its immense and wonderful wealth of gold, California is a rich and interesting region. Its history is marked by many curious features, and the character of its aboriginal population, developed under the culture of several successive foreign possessors of the land, presents itself under a remarkable aspect. Until the late discoveries, which have attracted such heterogeneous crowds of population to its shores, the whole country had been for a long period abandoned to neglect by its nominal rulers. Now, however, that the golden treasures of the Sacramento Valley have been revealed, and it is known that—from whatever source supplied—the rivers of the lower districts teem with the precious dust, the attention of the world has been awakened, and we feel a lively interest in the region. Its history, geography, present condition, and prospects, concern us as well as the Americans; for the discoveries of gold must exert no inconsiderable influence in commerce both here and in the countries of the further West.

Alta California* forms the maritime border that on the south-west lies between the Pacific Ocean and the province of New Mexico. From Cape Mendocino and the territory of the Snake Indians to the north, as far as the Rio Gila on the south, it extends for nearly 800 miles, and thence the lower region projects into the sea in a narrow peninsula which outlies the coast of Mexico to an equal length. The whole resembles a hatchet with a comparatively short and slight handle. The old region joins the mainland at San Diego, the most ancient of the European settlements, and forms an extensive gulf once known as the Purple or Vermilion Sea. From the coast to the interior, the territory stretches as far as the north-east provinces of New Mexico, embracing a large area of land, of which the interior expanses remain imperfectly explored. It is our purpose at present to confine ourselves principally to the region known as Alta, or Upper California—the auriferous region which has attracted a universal tide of emigration from Europe, America, and the countries of the utmost East.

Separated from the ocean by a breadth of 150 miles, there runs along the whole of Upper California the range of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Moun-

* The name of the region indicates the nature of its climate, and is derived from two Spanish words, *Caliente Fornalla*—hot furnace.

tains. They intercept the moist, warm breezes of the Atlantic, deluge the coast provinces with dews and rains, and allow only dry freezing winds to pass over their summits to the wild and little explored deserts beyond. These form a basin 500 miles in diameter, framed in by lofty ridges, sprinkled with grassy oases, lakes, and woods of pine, and threaded with numerous streams which wind along its margin, and attract large hordes of the Indian population to dwell on their hospitable borders. Most of the rivers that water this great desert basin rise periodically from fountains in the sand. At certain seasons, small streams burst from the earth, increasing in volume until the summer begins to glow, when they shrink, and, as the heat increases, gradually dwindle and dry up, while the vegetation which they create and nourish vanishes with them, and is renewed with their reappearance. The central expanse of the interior region, so far as it has yet been explored, is covered with bleak and naked hills, with craggy peaks, with plains without a vestige of green, and with wide dismal valleys undecked by a single tree. A few of the loftier hills in this region are covered with forests whose shades afford retreat to the black deer, and flocks of mountain sheep, with a few wandering aboriginal families. On the banks of the lakes, scattered at wide intervals over this arid expanse, collect tribes of fishermen whose simple lives recall the picture of man's condition in the primitive ages of the world.

As the country was ages ago, it is now; but our present purpose being to describe the progress of the gold regions, we recross the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, and find ourselves in a new climate, with warm skies overhead, green lands around, and forests, lakes, and plains, valleys and hills blending their varied beauties in the landscape; busy towns and crowded seaports studding the shores, the blue Pacific beyond, and deeply-laden ships passing in and out of the harbours. At the northern extremity of Alta California the Rio Sacramento takes its rise among the Snowy Mountains, and pouring its fertilising waters along a wide valley for 250 miles, forms a junction with the San Joachim, which flows an equal distance from an opposite direction; and these two rivers, having thus irrigated an unbroken valley 500 miles in length, pour their united streams to San Francisco, and there roll into a harbour which, some writers say, would shelter the united fleets of Europe.

The valley, which during the course of the San Joachim is about 60 miles broad, widens as it borders the Sacramento. The eastern side is the most fertile. It is veined with numerous streams, and spreads in undulating slopes of land, wooded with the white oak, and occasionally encroached upon by the rounded spurs of the Sierra Nevada. In many parts of California are to be found landscapes of singular beauty. In one spot seven small oval lakes reflect the surrounding scenery, and are linked by narrow channels, bordered by rock and verdure, which wind through a dense shrubbery, and complete a picture full of variety and interest. The lands bordering the sea are as varied, but less verdant. The fertile expanses are broken by patches of arid and stony soil, especially where the sandy gullies and clusters of rock border the Sacramento, and receive in their hollows the deposits of gold that have for many ages annually floated from the hills unnoticed, to accumulate into a vast natural bank, whence at the present hour thousands are drawing fortune without

paying for it the price of long labour or ingenious industry. Small forests are scattered over the undulating surface of the ground, and the energy of settlers from Spain and America has added towns, hamlets, groves, gardens, and plantations to impart vivacity to a scene which even in the unbroken repose of nature would be exceedingly attractive. But the profuse graces of the earth are infinitely more delightful when blended with flocks, herds, cultivated fields and gardens, hamlets, and populous cities. The silence of the primeval earth was grand; but the mingled and multiplied sounds of industry form sweet music to the ear of those who delight in the growth of mankind in civilisation and consequent prosperity.

South of the San Joachim, lies a large tract of country, where a rich cultivation and several towns display the wealth of the region; but towards the interior, all is barbarous and wild, though formerly, in the flourishing days of the missions, vineyards and plantations were thickly scattered over all the southern parts of California. Since then wealth and energy have tended to the north, where settlers from the United States are multiplying with astonishing rapidity.

Numerous rivers pour down from among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento and San Joachim. Between these and the sea lies a broken range of less elevated hills, which cradle among their summits the sources of other streams that flow directly towards the shore, and discharge their tribute into the sea, at intervals along the whole coast. The region is therefore profusely watered, and the richness of the soil in some of the interior valleys is not surpassed by any in South America. The Sacramento, as we have already said, is bordered by fertile lands, adapted for the growth of wheat, oats, Indian corn, sugar-canes, and indigo, with numerous fruits and vegetables, whilst forests of cedar, pine, and oak, shade the lower slopes of the mountain. The occasional expanses of rough, rocky, and sandy ground are bare of vegetation, but in their naked aridity are more wealthy than the most luxuriant slopes of the valleys. The district of San Juan is known as the Garden of California, producing a great variety and abundance of grains, and affording pasture on its woody borders to flocks and herds, while among the forests swarm multitudes of animals whose skins once formed a material of considerable traffic. This branch of industry, with all others, had become almost wholly withered before the Americans arrived, though at one period numerous merchants traded on the coast. At San Francisco, a moderate commerce was carried on, and vessels from Europe were laden with hides, skins, tallow, wheat, dried salmon, and other productions, in exchange for cloths, cotton fabrics, velvets of bright colour, silks, brandies, wines, and teas. Monterey, San Diego, New Helvetia, San Gabriel, the City of Angels, and San Buenaventura were the other chief towns, and each of these, through the trade fostered by European energy, rose to a certain stage of prosperity.

The Reverend Father Friar Geronimo Boscana, the 'apostolic missionary' at San Francisco, wrote a historical account of the Indians of the Agachemen nation, who may be taken as the general type of the Californian aborigines. They sprang from the same stock as the widely-scattered family that was once the sole population of the West, both in its islands and continents. The manuscript is extremely curious, and has been

well translated by an American writer. It runs over the progress of the created world from the first dawn of light over the infant earth to the foundation of the mission. The Indian records furnish the basis of the earlier periods, and the whole of them are therefore lost in the obscurity of fantastic and incongruous fable. Nearer our own times we find the savages worshipping a strange god called Chinigchinich, whose representation—the image of an animal rudely carved in wood—was placed in each of the numerous temples of rough and primitive construction that were raised in the woods, among the rocks, and in the forests of Upper California. To him they paid reverence, and from him they sought protection. Owning the dominion of one great chief, they dwelt in separate communities, each subject to a captain; and this chief was elected by his tribe amid loud and general rejoicing. Scars won in battle, the barbarous trophies of savage warfare, or fame acquired by skill in hunting, or eloquence in the forest meetings, or supposed favour with the spirits—these were the circumstances that usually determined their choice. Subject to this social discipline, they lived in primitive simplicity, breaking the monotony of life by festivals, and peopling the woods, rocks, and caves, the air and the sea, with that host of preternatural agencies which the savage mind finds necessary to explain their phenomena.

The fashion of the aboriginal Indian's life was strange, and perhaps peculiar to California. Their villages were clusters of rudely-constructed huts, built with little care, and frequently burned on account of the vermin which infested them. However, their life was a happy one. They collected stores of provisions, and remained in their dwellings until these were exhausted, revelling in abundance, dancing, singing, and performing the strange ceremonies of their faith. When the granaries were empty, the captain proclaimed a hunt and a forage. He shared in the enterprise like the rest; for no compulsory tribute was exacted, although the generosity of his tribe generally supplied his wants to profusion. Labour was divided between the men and the women. Old and young of both sexes thronged into the plains and woods, leaving the village wholly deserted. The warriors manufactured bows and arrows, and hunted deer, rabbits, squirrels, and rats, whose flesh was dainty food, and whose skins were used as clothing. The old men fished with nets, manufactured domestic utensils, wove baskets, and carried light burthens; while the children devoted themselves to a thousand little employments, in which the offspring of the savage, nursed in necessity, become skilful and ready, each striving with an enthusiasm of emulation to surpass his companions. But upon the women fell the most laborious lot. The meanest and most harassing toil was always set apart for them. With capacious baskets strapped with rude thongs upon their shoulders, they were compelled to roam over the waste savannas in the damp morning to collect the seeds of the grass, supposed to be more fruitful when wet with dew. These were carefully rubbed into the baskets, and made into cakes or pottage. Others searched for herbs, or grubbed up roots, or plucked the ripe fruits from the trees—gathering, indeed, all the ready gifts which nature provides gratuitously in such regions for those whom knowledge has not taught to prize the earnings of industry.

The civilisation of a race may be measured by its treatment of women.

The lordly savage of California, plunged in the lowest barbarity, regarded his wife as his slave. Often when after a long day of toil she returned with the reappings of her industry, there was no fire to cook with, no wood to make one, and she was driven, tired and hungry, to search for the necessary fuel. The man lolled on his couch of leaves and clay, and the woman, after her daily labour, prepared the evening meal. She suffered in uncouth apathy, and was frequently condemned, as the reward of her constant devotion, to the most rigorous punishment, often to death, for the most trifling offence. Children were kindly treated. The ceremonies of marriage, as among most barbarians, were extremely elaborate, and the contracts made at an early age. These customs the Indians observed long after they became nominal converts to Christianity; and not thirty years ago the Father Geronimo married at St Juan Capistrano a most interesting couple. The bridegroom, when betrothed, was two years old, and the chosen wife of his bosom was an unweaned infant of nine months. But these occurrences are not frequent, for the Californians often left the conduct of the affair to the young persons themselves, in contradiction to the habitual practice of savages. The young man was conducted by a gay procession to the house of his betrothed, singing and praising the munificence of the bride's family. Then he led his wife to her home, whence she was enjoined by her friends to fly if not well treated. The interior of one of these dwellings presents a spectacle of much comfort. The walls rise two or three feet on either side, and then mingle with the broad, overarching roof, which is thickly thatched, and stoutly ribbed, and supported along the centre by one heavy beam resting on upright trunks of trees, with two or three branches left to increase the solidity of the whole. A fire is kindled on the hard floor of beaten clay, and the inmates sit around engaged in their several occupations, or dreaming in idle listlessness of the happy hunting-grounds. Among the Indians of one tribe—more savage than the rest—it was formerly the custom for the chiefs to marry men, who were selected for the purpose during infancy, clothed, instructed in all womanly practices, taught to dance, and fitted for 'the proper duties of a wife,' which the Indians interpreted to mean toil without ceasing, and endless service without honour or reward. The native state costume, in its original simplicity, was picturesque. It consisted of a coronet of feathers, and a short shirt formed of the broad plumes of certain large birds arranged in rows, and closely sewed one to another. They plucked out their beards with bivalve shells, and thus prepared and decorated, assembled to celebrate the feasts and dances that broke the monotony of their lives. Congregating at night on the summits of the hills, they lit fires, and revelled in uncouth orgies, with yells and clamour, until the dawn, and then throwing themselves on the ground, rested amid the smouldering embers of their bivouac, and slept on the scene of their tumultuous enjoyment.

When enmity arose between tribe and tribe, the captain summoned a secret council, gave orders that arms should be collected, provisions stored, and every arrangement made with the utmost secrecy, that the purpose of their preparation might not be noised abroad. The whole community then, assembled, the object of the expedition was explained, the column of attack was formed, the captain put himself at the head, the warriors ranged themselves in ranks behind, and the women, laden with stores,

brought up the rear with the children. The march was swift and stealthy, the attack was silent and sudden; and the enemy's village, surprised in the dead of night, was left desolate before morning, or strewn with the bodies of the invaders: No conflict was of long duration, one side or the other vanquished after a brief struggle; and the victors were again on the war-path exulting in the trophies of their triumph—scalps to adorn their feasts, and women and children as slaves. The influence of the missions on many of these wild tribes was complete; but numerous others mingled an infusion of Christianity with their original heathen practices. Many ascribed whatever misfortunes occurred to them after the arrival of the missionaries to their witchcraft, and this injurious belief took root, and spread widely among them. 'What I conceive is this,' says the good Father Geronimo, 'that the devil did it all, that but few should escape from his hands!'

The good monk paints the Indian character in sombre colours. They are idle, thievish, hypocritical, insolent, ungrateful, vindictive, selfish, improvident, faithless, treacherous, and malignant. They may be compared, he tells us, to a species of monkey. They excel only in copying the antics of the white men, and their eyes are never uplifted, but, like those of the swine, always cast to the earth. This universal reprobation of the whole Californian race should be received with reserve, since no nation is so utterly depraved, so entirely destitute of virtue, honour, and human feeling. It may be taken as an axiom, that when whole tribes are confounded in one general accusation, prejudice rather than knowledge signs its condemnation. Indeed the accounts of late travellers tend to show that there is much of good, as well as a great proportion of evil, in the Indian character. Dufot de Mofras, member of the French legation at Mexico, describes them as a people amiable by nature, but corrupted by intercourse with strangers, who have taught them to despise industry, to hate order, and to revel in the use of fiery liquors. The Californian, he tells us, is seldom seen without his flask of *eau de vie*. 'The bottle for a friend, and arms for an enemy,' is their maxim; and acting upon it they are hospitable, generous, and often frank, although the disposition to thief and defraud prevails widely among them.

But the immense stream of immigration which even then was flowing through different channels into the country, reduced the character of the population to the lowest ebb of morality. The indiscriminate mixture of outcasts, whether voluntary or not, in a country where each man is relinquished to the license of unbridled will, produces a state of society as corrupted, depraved, and debased as that which is the fruit of the worst extreme of tyranny. Racing, cock-fighting, bear and bull-baiting, with drunken revels, endless dances, and gambling associations, obliterated the taste for industry; commerce left the ports, vessels rarely appeared on the coasts, and the country sank in a rapid decay. The tribes that formerly roved in savage simplicity among woods and lakes, became addicted to gaudy dress and the pleasures of the appetite. That agriculture was neglected was a necessary adjunct to this state of affairs. Around the missions of former days wide circles of prosperity had spread, but when the tribes were again dispersed, the production of grain, the rearing of cattle, and the general culture of the soil, were weakly

CALIFORNIA.

and partially carried on. In 1841 so little corn was sown, that a large importation was necessary to ward off the approach of famine. Formerly numerous cargoes of wheat were shipped from the ports of Alta California, and formed a principal feature in its commerce. The fisheries were all abandoned, and the mines known for many ages to exist appeared to be forgotten. Besides the gold, rich silver ore is abundant in the mountains of the interior; lead and sulphur are plentiful; and valuable fields of coal have been discovered. Quicksilver, also, may be added to the list of materials that form the natural wealth of California. There is one mine near San José which is considered, in point of value, the third in the world. Its deposits are immensely rich. Two hundred tons of ore have at one time been piled to await the smelting process, and the cinnabar yields an average at least fifty per cent. of pure quicksilver. A few labourers, with two common iron kettles, extracted from this mine to the amount of 200,000 dollars. The mineral wealth of the region, however, in this as in other particulars, lies completely undeveloped.

The whole history of the country, from its discovery to this day, is a narrative of vicissitude and change. About the year 1530, Hernan Cortez, or his favourite pilot, discovered the extensive peninsula of Lower California. Its aspect was rough, mountainous, and sandy, with few indications of fertility, though, scattered over the more arid expanses, were several rich oases. The conquering navigator considered it an island, and resolved at once to attempt its subjugation. Numerous circumstances combined to defeat his enterprise, which completely failed; and it was nearly a hundred and fifty years before a Spanish admiral laid the foundation of his national authority in the country. Its unpromising aspect, the savage nature of its population, and above all, the other widening fields which then exhausted the energy of Europe, preserved the lower region from conquest. In 1541 Cabrillo discovered New California, which lay neglected for sixty years, until a Spanish expedition arrived to survey the coast. It was found to possess many commodious harbours, while the maritime provinces appeared fertile and full of promise. The settlement of San Diego was then established near the junction of the peninsula of Old, and the mainland of New California, and the conquest of the region was vigorously commenced and steadily pursued. To follow the track of Spanish enterprise would be to lead the reader through a labyrinth of details. The adventurous navigators of those days were not so skillful in subjugating as in exploring; but in all cases they took nominal possession of the countries they discovered. Drake visited the shores of California, and gave the name of New Albion to the whole region; but the claim he thus set up was never sought to be supported; though Pinkerton, in an account of his voyage, declares that he made discoveries precisely similar to those recently made on the banks of the Rio Sacramento. These he describes in the florid language of the time: 'the land is so rich in gold and silver, that upon the slightest turning it up with a spade or pickaxe, these rich metals plainly appear mixed with the mould.' In 1602 Sebastian Visconio by chance touched at the harbour of Monterey, and there proclaimed the neighbouring provinces to be Spanish territory; but these titles to possession were seldom recognised by rival powers; and

the nations that in those times held the supremacy of commerce, struggled for the possession of California, though with weakness and vacillation. At length it appeared as though the contending powers had exhausted their vigour, and with it abandoned their ambition. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the whole country was yielded to the Jesuits, who took possession of it with the design of extending their conquest by the easy, safe, and gradual means which, to their subtle discernment, appeared far better than the rough and speedy plan pursued by sailors and military navigators.

They carried no arms with them, they built no fortifications, and displayed none of those instruments of war with which civilised men have habitually sought to inspire with awe the minds of barbarian races. The subtlety of the Jesuits has passed into a proverb; and in no period of their history do we perceive this characteristic so deeply marked as in the policy they pursued during the period of their dominion in California. With gifts, promises, and soothing encouragements, they attracted the Indian's affection; with mysterious rites, with solemn pomp and grave discourse, they inspired him with respect; and thus with a soft hand drawing the aborigines within the circle of their influence, they held them there with an iron grasp until the whole country fell under their sway. They had sown the seed; it was now their pleasant task to reap the harvest. Missions were established, and around each of these a district was marked out, where the lands were put under cultivation, and the soil was speedily so productive, that the Jesuits had great reason to rejoice in their acquisition. A flourishing commerce was opened. Ships from the old world came to be laden with the riches of this favoured region, and gradually a lucrative trade was established and circulated through the magnificent harbours that abound along the coast. Valuable pearl banks were discovered, and the rich lands of Alta California, crowned with peace and plenty, well rewarded the skilful energy that was expended on them; though they still kept the secret of that exhaustless mine of wealth which would long ago, if known, have peopled California with an avaricious population of needy adventurers brought from the four quarters of the globe.

The Jesuits rose to prosperity in their Californian territories, and were little disposed to share the spoil with any rivals. To secure, therefore, the monopoly which was so profitable to them, they disseminated through Europe, by means of their industrious agents, accounts which represented California as a land of thirsty aridity, with an ungenial climate, a savage, intractable population, and a soil poor almost to utter barrenness. Those who circulated these reports were generally the masters of ships, that, deeply laden with the riches of California, sailed home by a circuitous route, and contained in their well-stored holds the substantial contradiction of such false assertions. Yet the Jesuits, while they laboured to monopolise the wealth of their territory, carried on at the same time a humanising process, which at least prepared the aboriginal population to receive the impress of a pure and enlightened civilisation. They wrought the soil, they sought for precious gums, and woods, and metals; but at the same time they taught the Indians: and under their influence the country was changed from a vast wilderness of rank vegetation to a fruitful, well-culti-

vated land; and the Indian tribes, allured from their savage haunts, became orderly, industrious communities—each gathered about a missionary establishment, and subject to the temporal and spiritual control of a Jesuit father. At length Lord Anson, in the course of one of his buccaneering cruises, made prize of a richly-freighted ship sailing from California. This capture revealed the hidden avarice of the Jesuits; and a series of circumstances originating in that incident led to their expulsion from the country. It was then by a revolution transferred into the possession of the Dominican monks of Mexico and the Franciscan friars, who shared authority between them, and working in fellowship, divided the reward.

Alta California had not progressed so well as the lower country, which already contained numerous villages; but from this period forward its superior fertility and attraction placed it first. Settlers multiplied, and the germs of small towns sprang up and grew rapidly. Before 1803 eighteen missions were planted, and to each of these was attached a tribe of Indians, sometimes of more than 1200 in number. They enrolled themselves under the protection of the monks, and laboured in the lands belonging to the mission. Sometimes a refractory Indian family was captured, compelled to adopt the name at least of servants, and forced to labour for the mission; but in return it was treated with hospitality and kindness. The neophytes increased in numbers, and as the reward of their industry, the monks clothed them well, fed them, and elevated their condition to a degree of comfort to which, through ignorance, they had never before aspired. It is not remarkable that they easily abandoned their independence for a servitude that was at once so easy and so profitable. Industry and population rise together. In eleven years from 1790, the number of inhabitants in Alta California rose from 7748 to 13,668; and in another year was increased by 2000. The wheat raised increased from 15,000 to 32,000 bushels, and the oxen from 25,000 to 60,000. From this it will be seen how thinly peopled the country originally was, and what a beneficent effect was produced by the exertions of these few European settlers. The process continued until 1835, when troubles broke out, and the form of government was changed. A council of administrators ruled the affairs of California; the priests, whose energies had been so productive of good, were permitted no longer to exercise any other than the functions of simple pastors; and the Indians, disgusted with the change, forsook the civilisation that no longer afforded them assistance or protection, or added to their comforts; and retreating once more into their native woods, became lost in a darker barbarism than ever. The savage once reclaimed and again degenerated is as far below the original level of untaught humanity as that level is below the elevation of civilised society. The reason lies on the surface. He abandons all the good, and clings to all the evil; for it appears impossible to teach barbarians the amenities of civilised life, without inspiring them with the love of those polished vices that corrupt us, even in the highest stages of our existence.

A war commenced between the Indians and the new conquerors of their land. The administrators were tyrannical in the true sense of the word. They plundered the country instead of developing the resources of its soil, and robbed the natives instead of profiting by their protected and productive industry. The Indians retaliated, making frequent and fierce incur-

sions into the mission lands, laying them waste, and cutting off whatever enemies they could surprise. To punish them, a body of Mexicans marched into their territory, wasted their valleys, burned their villages, massacred their old men, and bore away their women and children into a hard and hopeless servitude. California, from the shore to the Sierra Nevada, from Cape Mendocino to the point of the Lower Peninsula, was the theatre of a miserable and harassing contest, in which defeat was followed by no submission, and success acquired for neither party either honour or profit.

Mexico wanted either the ability or the will to pacify her subjects in California. The whole region relapsed into perfect anarchy; the missions that formerly stood in the midst of thriving and populous districts were now deserted and left tenantless, surrounded by solitary wastes; ruins covered the country, and the whole region was rapidly sinking into its original savage state. The United States, however, had long looked towards the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joachin as outlets for the enterprise of their energetic population; and from time to time bands of emigrants had proceeded over the Rocky Mountains, across the Desert Basin, and over the Sierra Nevada, into Alta California, where they settled and became wealthy on the improvement of the soil; felling timber, erecting mills, building storehouses, and clearing the lands. Others came round Cape Horn, or across the Isthmus of Panama; and the evidence of their activity was seen in small prosperous oases studding the country. The States were now at war with Mexico; and in the pursuit of their hostilities might have invaded the shores of her Californian territory, or sent a force to penetrate their mountainous ramparts on the east. But this, in the early years of the contest, was not the policy of the United States. There was a cool precaution in their proceedings which was marked by somewhat of Macchiavellian prudence. Two years before they actually took possession of the country, it was virtually subject to them. Mexico, in name, was supreme; but the united republic was in reality the chief authority. Towards the end of the summer of 1845, the enterprising traveller Fremont, after an exploration of the wild regions lying between the Rocky Range and the ridge of the Snowy Hills, suddenly encamped on a low green hill in the neighbourhood of Monterey. Its pleasant scenery tempted him to remain. The fields, the plantations, the well-built and brightly-painted houses, the church, and the groves that studded the meadow-lands in the neighbourhood, formed altogether a scene of peculiar charm.

Captain Fremont is a singular man. He has but one eye—a tall, spare figure, and bony limbs, and wears a costume as uncouth as the winter habit of a Laplander. His companions, the backwood trappers, belonged to what in America is called the *Loafer class*—gigantic men, attired in loose and shapeless coats of deer-skin, and mounted on horses whose prodigious power and strength made up for the absence of symmetry. This band of picturesque travellers galloping through Monterey attracted the attention of its inhabitants, who watched them until, after a very brief sojourn in the neighbourhood, they rode away, and re-entered the wilderness whence they had recently emerged. In a short time they again made their appearance, and located themselves on the slope of a shady hill; but their familiar appropriation of buffaloes and other provisions irritated the inhabitants,

who ordered them to quit the vicinity, and drove them to the hills of the interior. Fremont, however, was soon again in their neighbourhood. He arrived in a vessel from the United States, and anchored at Monterey, probably to take a secret survey of the harbour, for the Americans were now resolved to annex California to their immense dominions; and Mexico, weakened by a long struggle, had not the power to resist them effectually. Nor were the people of the country at all inimical to the change that threatened to pass over their destinies. Some of them openly professed themselves friendly to the United States, while others proposed to declare for independence; and a Mormon prophet endeavoured to rally round his rebellious standard a sufficient band of followers; but few indeed were those who were for clinging to Mexico. The Americans allowed no long time for consideration. Two vessels of war were despatched to the ports of San Francisco and Monterey; and in July 1846 the whole territory, by a bloodless conquest, was annexed to the possessions of the great North American republic.

Alta California, in fortune and prospect, was changed. The Indians once more ventured from their forest wilds; industry was again awake; old villages were re-tenanted: new ones were built; the wasted lands were covered with fresh cultivation; towns that had fallen to ruin, with grassy streets and harbours wholly silent, became full of active life; and indeed the entire region presented the appearance of a country reviving from a long and lethargic apathy to new energy and prosperity. The industry of a numerous class was devoted to the culture of wheat, maize, and rye, the valuable fisheries on the coast were actively prosecuted, and the pasture lands were again crowded with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen.

We have said that during a considerable time North America had been linked to California by a chain of immigration, slender but continuous, that ran through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. The intercommunication between the countries beyond the Mississippi and the valley of Alta California was now increased to a high degree, and greatly developed a system of intercourse which may be regarded as one of the most curious features of the civilisation which it served to quicken to a more vigorous growth. Between the city of Independence, in the state of Missouri, and the city of Angelo, on the coast of Upper California, near the foot of the peninsula, circulated a constant flow of intercourse, which originated about forty-five years ago in the enterprise of James Pursley, a private adventurer, who travelled much through the wilder provinces—then far wilder than now—that border the banks of the beautiful Mississippi. Near the waters of the Platte River a party of Indians received him as the companion of their wanderings. With them he went to Santa Fé, a trading station on the western slope of the Rocky Range, and is supposed to have bartered some American commodities with the people of that place. Although a French Creole, it is said, had already carried on a secret commerce between America and California, James Pursley opened the regular system of intercourse; but his desultory enterprises led at first to results of little importance. It was sixteen years before a regular caravan started from the Missouri, and travelled to Santa Fé. The journey was one of uncertainty and danger. It led through a savage region, peopled by wild

tribes; and when, in 1822, a company of traders was formed, their commercial adventures were much restrained by the perils that beset their way. Roaming bands of Indians hung on the line of march, committing murders on the straggling travellers, and plundering any vehicles that might linger behind. Numerous graves soon dotted the borders of the trail, and frequent conflicts occurred.

In 1824 eighty merchants, with a large train of wagons and mules, set out from the city of Independence, with commodities amounting in value to 30,000 dollars; and the successive caravans that issued year after year, and crossed the same solitary plains and desolate country, were constantly attacked by bands of Indians that lay in ambush to rush out as the head of the wagon trains appeared in sight. At first the traders went armed, and defended their own property, often repulsing their assailants with considerable vigour and success; but in the course of five years the value of the intercourse was so great, and had attracted so many marauders to infest the trail, that it was found necessary to send bodies of mounted riflemen to protect the caravan during a part of its progress.

The merchants in several parts of America transport their merchandise to the banks of the Missouri, embark them in the river craft, sail with them to the city of Independence, where they are collected as in a *dépôt*, and at the proper season stored in the wagon or packed on the backs of mules. In the early part of May the town assumes an appearance of unusual activity. From all quarters the inhabitants hurry to the open space outside the suburbs, where the vast caravan is marshalled for its journey. The wagons are drawn sometimes by four, sometimes by fifteen, yokes of oxen, and perhaps a hundred of these colossal canvas-covered machines are stored with every description of merchandise. The drivers, with enormously long whips, are ready in their places, cracking their lashes, and by an ingenious variety of shouts encouraging the animals to exertion. Swarming about the lines of motionless vehicles are droves of cattle, and behind are long trains of loaded mules, with a company of merchants on horseback, and guards of soldiers to convoy the precious cargo. Uncouthly attired, and varied in character as they are, the individuals who accompany this expedition form not the least characteristic feature in this original and striking scene.

All is prepared; the wagons are arranged; the cattle are counted, and the mules marked. The leader has all the details of the merchandise in his book, and the signal is given, when, with a simultaneous movement, the vast train slowly sets itself in motion. The wagons with their white canvas tops, the droves crowding on either side, and the sober mules behind, leave the city in a broken but extended train; and long after the caravan has started the townspeople may catch glimpses of it as it winds over an upward sloping plain, or appears in view through a break in the mountains.

The trail lies across a varied and interesting country. Sometimes it creeps over a stony and barren plain; sometimes through a level grassy savanna, monotonous as the sea, where it is bordered at intervals by groups of the cotton-tree, among the branches of which are placed the bodies of the dead, shrouded in cotton cloths. They do not decompose, but dry rapidly, and add a melancholy feature to the landscape, reminding us of the ancient custom of Scythia, and the still more curious practices

prevailing among some of the islanders of the Indian Archipelago. Sometimes the caravan enters a plain richly clad with the wild but brilliant Californian poppy, of a golden colour, and intermingled with purple lilies, the white and yellow primrose that blooms only in the evening, and numerous crimson flowers, besides blossoming shrubs, that render the plains, when glowing in the light of sunset, one of the most gorgeous scenes in nature. Salt lakes crusted with a delicate efflorescence, and capacious valleys completely covered with a tall growth of the wild mustard, with small woods and rivers, add other features to the panorama. From these scenes the caravan enters the pass of the Rocky Mountains, where savage precipices and dismal deep defiles appear in contrast with the pleasing landscapes left behind. Traversing these, it descends on the more fertile slopes, and through a richly-cultivated valley to Santa Fé, a town with 4000 or 5000 inhabitants, who live in mud-built houses one storey high. The whole place is awakened to lively activity by the arrival of the caravan, which is indeed its main support. It stands in a clear valley, and the traveller is surprised to see constantly coming down from the surrounding hills long trains of laden asses. They belong to the woodcutters who supply Santa Fé with fuel. The caravan forms a camp close to the town until October, when a portion is detached to visit the city of Angelo, on the coast of Alta California. No wagons proceed thither, as the way lies over a rugged country, but two hundred horsemen, with numerous well-laden mules, accomplish the journey, and carry with them cotton, linen, and woollen clothes to be bartered for horses and mules. For one of these animals the common price is two pieces of cloth. Seventy-five days are usually occupied on the road from Santa Fé to the city of Angelo; and before the recent change in the affairs of California, nothing could be more melancholy than the landscapes that bordered the trail. It was one universal scene of waste and desolation; the ruins of prosperity and the relics of industry altogether gone. Plantations and gardens, farms and villages, neglected and abandoned, continued to cover the country until it fell under the sway of the American republic, when an immediate change passed over the condition of the whole territory. We now reach that point in the history of California to which future generations will turn as the most salient feature in its annals—the discovery, by accident, of the golden treasures which fill the valley of the Sacramento. We must therefore describe the settlement of Captain Sutter in California, the discovery of the gold, the changes it immediately produced, and the rapid advance of California under the influence of this most potent spell.

About twelve years ago, Captain Sutter, when the Mexican government was exerting itself to sweep away the last remnant of the missions, received a grant of land of sixty miles in length by sixteen in width. From his birth an adventurer, he had retired to this place as to a harbour of refuge from the commotions of public life. He had served as a lieutenant in the infantry of Charles X., and when the Swiss corps was disbanded, had become a citizen of the American republic, employing himself in various occupations, until, after many vicissitudes of fortune, he emigrated to California. There he established himself, and before his acquisition of land, had built up an influence so firm, that the Mexican government, too weak to overthrow,

was compelled to conciliate him, and granted the territory. The whole of this vast estate, when it came into his possession, was overgrown with tall rank grass, and a few oaks or pines. It was situated on the border of the American river, above the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joachim; and the new owner, who was the first white man that settled in that spot, immediately busied himself with clearing and cultivating the land, and preparing for a long and prosperous settlement. He at once erected a small house, surrounded by a stockade, and with his few companions prepared to construct a fort. Two howitzers formed his armament; but these were little needed. The Indian hordes, though they at first carried off horses and cattle, only ventured once upon a direct attack, and then the harmless explosion of a shell above their heads inspired them with so much respect for the white man's weapons, that they thereafter left him in peace. By conciliation he attracted them to him. They consented to labour for reward, made and baked the bricks for the fort, dug the ditches to divide the fields and prevent the cattle straying, and worked at all the branches of industry to which he taught them to apply themselves. By way of precaution, he was very careful to trust few of them with arms and ammunition. They were easily brought to complete submission, for they were without pride; and the scene which took place at their breakfast hour every morning sufficiently showed that they had lost the high spirit which has been the characteristic of some of the Indian races. Three hundred men were marshalled within the walls, long troughs were filled with a mess of boiled wheat-bran, and kneeling in ranks before these, like so many horses at the manger, they fed themselves with their hands.

By degrees were procured fourteen pieces of artillery to fortify his walls; but these became gradually without use, except to fire a salute on days of rejoicing. With his wife and daughter and his Indian labourers, the captain lived very much like an independent chief among a barbarous tribe, and at length brought 1700 acres of land under good culture. Ultimately the discovery was made which at once gave a sudden impulse to his own fortune, and raised California from neglect to an almost universal attention. The story of it was at first painted in a variety of colours, and strange versions found belief among the Mexicans as well as the Indians. Some said the Mormons, directed by a miraculous revelation, had found the gold. Another tale was, that Sutter had presented to a friendly chief a certain rifle, with which the Indian hastened to lead an attack on the Pawnees among the Rocky Hills. On the way, he was trampled to death by a buffalo, and shortly afterwards his spirit appeared to the captain in a dream, directing him to dig in a certain spot, and buy with the proceeds a shipload of rifles, to be distributed among the tribe thus deprived of its chief. From his own account, we learn that in September 1847 he erected a water-mill in a spot more than a thousand feet above the level of the lower valley. His friend, Mr Marshall, was engaged in superintending an alteration in it, and Captain Sutter was sitting one afternoon in his own room writing. Suddenly Marshall rushed in with such excitement in his face, that his friend confesses to have cast an anxious eye at his rifle. His sudden appearance was sufficiently curious; but Sutter thought him mad when he cried out that he had made a discovery which would pour into their coffers millions and millions of dollars with little labour. 'I frankly

own,' he says, 'that when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck.' It was explained that, while widening the channel that had been made too narrow to allow the mill-wheel to work properly, a mass of sand and gravel was thrown up by the excavators. Glittering in this Mr Marshall noticed what he thought to be an opal—a clear transparent stone common in California. This was a scale of pure gold, and the first idea of the discoverer was, that some Indian tribe or ancient possessors of the land had buried a treasure. Examination, however, showed the whole soil to teem with the precious metal; and then mounting a horse, he rode down to carry the intelligence to his partner. To none but him did he tell the story of his discovery, and they two agreed to maintain secret the rich reward. Proceeding together to the spot, they picked up a quantity of the scales; and with nothing but a small knife, Captain Sutter extracted from a little hollow in the rock a solid mass of gold weighing an ounce and a-half. But the attempt to conceal this valuable revelation was not successful. An artful Kentuckian labourer observing the eager looks of the two searchers, followed and imitated them, picking up several flakes of gold. Gradually the report spread, and as the would-be monopolists returned towards the mill, a crowd met them holding out flakes of gold, and shouting with joy. Mr Marshall sought to laugh them out of the idea, and pretended the metal was of little value; but an Indian who had long worked elsewhere in a mine of the costly metal cried 'Oro! oro!' and 'Gold! gold!' was shouted in a lively chorus by the delighted multitude. This is the account we have from Captain Sutter himself. In other narratives, the history of the discovery assumes many different forms and colours. A squatter constructing a shanty found gold in the stones employed to build it; a traveller traversing a stream fell into the water, and the precious dust glittered in the mud, adhering to his clothes; a hunter in chase of the elk lay down to sleep in a cavern shining on all sides with scales of gold—these and other accounts have been promulgated; but we have adopted the narrative of Captain Sutter, related by himself to a recent adventurer among the miners in Alta California. On his own part he declares that the tales of his secret working of the mines for years before the discovery became general, are idle rumours arising in mere fancy, and blown about the world like other empty fabrications, to add something of mystery to what was already a marvel.

The rumour was spread abroad, and the people of San Francisco began to leave the town, and swarm to the 'diggings.' A large body of Mormon emigrants had just entered Alta California through the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; they immediately encamped near Sutter's Mill, and within a few days more than 1200 men were at work, with buckets, baskets, shovels, spades, and sheets of canvas, seeking for gold in the sand of the south fork of the Rio des los Americanos. The first plan was to spread the sand on canvas, and blow away with a reed all but the gold. In the first impulse of a selfish heart the discoverer sought to monopolise his knowledge; but as the dawn of every day revealed new stores of the metal, this feeling died away, for the wealth of the region seemed so great, that the cupidity of the world could not exhaust it.

Perhaps in no other country, at any period of its history, has so sudden and wonderful a revolution taken place as that which followed the discovery of the gold in the American fork. Alta California, between the Snowy Mountains and the sea, was then peopled by about twenty-five thousand inhabitants—of whom more than half were baptised natives, a third Spanish-Americans, and the remainder a motley collection of settlers from all parts of the world. The knowledge of its auriferous soil immediately attracted to California several currents of emigration; and as well over the Rocky Mountains as by sea, ceaseless arrivals from all quarters of the globe swelled the population. The towns on the coast were soon almost wholly deserted, and the few residents that remained made ample fortunes by levying exorbitant sums for the entertainment and supply of the travellers who came to the port. Vessels in the harbour were deserted; the harvest was at first unreaped; and the industry of the country suddenly stopped, as though struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population contracted and poured into the valley of the Sacramento. The gold region as yet discovered is 500 or 600 miles in length by 100 or 150 wide. Small patches only, however, have been completely explored. The tributaries of the Sacramento are the richest streams hitherto discovered.

Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely-erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground. Still, hundreds slept in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried to the United States more glowing accounts of the gold. It would be easy to present a scene of the most characteristic novelty, which would yet fall short of the reality—the vast scattered camps, the multitudes swarming in the river-bed and among the ravines, the trains of wagons winding towards the scene, the tumult and confusion of day, and the bivouac fires by night—all these and a thousand other elements might be blended in a living landscape of rare originality and interest; but it will be more profitable, and little less pleasant, to sketch in sober colours the present social condition of the region, and describe the aspect under which that curious community appears influenced by the irresistible power of gold. A few instances of the incidental features of society after the spread of the mania among the adventurers in search of wealth may neither be out of place nor unentertaining.

In May 1848 the negro waiter at the San Francisco Hotel, before the mania had reached its greatest height, refused to serve his master at the rate of less than ten dollars, or about two pounds a day—which is regarded here as a respectable income for a professional man. But the universal rage was so strong, that the 'mineral yellow fever,' as it was termed, left San Francisco at first almost wholly deserted; and at the same season a large fleet of merchant vessels lay helpless and abandoned, some partially, others wholly deserted. One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another the captain started with all his crew, replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to plunder, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The 'Star' and 'Californian' newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had gone •

to dig for gold; and among the most active workers in the valley was the ‘attorney-general to the king of the Sandwich Islands.’ The influence of this wonderful excitement extended all over the world, but was felt most powerfully in the neighbouring regions of Oregon and Mexico. There, during the early period of the excitement, the public roads—and especially the nearest way over the hills—were crowded with anxious travellers, each face bent towards the ridges of hills dividing their adopted country from the gold regions. Whole towns and villages may be seen peopled by scarcely any other than women, while the men are devoutly on the pilgrims’ path to the shrine of mighty Mammon. Two peculiar results have been produced in America. The unmarried population is becoming thinner month after month, so that wedding chimes are far less frequent than of yore; while hypochondriacal patients, whom no sensible friends could persuade of their healthy condition, have forgotten their affected ills, and encountered all the weariness and perils of the journey between their sick-chambers and a canvas tent in the valley of the Sacramento.

These were incidents which took place early after the discovery. Others followed still more curious. The population that was suddenly gathered together in the valley of the Sacramento was among the most motley and heterogeneous ever collected in any spot on the surface of the globe. Californian Indians, with their gay costume in gaudy mimicry of the old nobility of Castile; rough American adventurers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, artisans, professional men, and mechanics of all descriptions, thronged into the scene. Among them were conspicuous a few ancient Spanish dons in embroidered blue and crimson clothes, that in their own country have been out of fashion for forty years. A few gentlemen, and numbers of women, were among the delvers; while, after some months had elapsed, even China opened her gates to let out some adventurous house-builders, who took junks at Canton, sailed across ten thousand miles of sea, arrived at San Francisco, and there betook themselves to their calling, and made large fortunes by the construction of light portable buildings for the use of the gold finders in the hot and populous valley.

Within eighteen months 100,000 men arrived in Alta California from the United States, and settled temporarily in the valley, though, after a short period, the return steamers were as well laden with life as the others. Nine thousand immense wagons came through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, with an average of five persons to each vehicle; 4000 emigrants rode on horseback through the same route; and of the others, many crossed the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers have sometimes been so impatient, that the government packets have been pressed into their service, and compelled to start on their voyage before the arrival of the mails. Others made the sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round the head of Cape Horn; and multitudes of these have intrusted themselves, during the passage of the turbulent world of waters heaving round the head of this gloomy promontory, to leaky and shattered barques, resembling that in which Columbus made his last voyage from the New World to Spain. The American steam-ship *California* was the first that ever doubled that cape into the Pacific. In a New York paper sixty sail of ships were advertised to sail for the Gold Region in one day. An analysis of the multitudes that poured, and still pour, into the Gold Region, leads to a

curious result, since it shows what classes are most ready to leave their habitual employments to flock round the altar of Mammon, with the chance of acquiring sudden fortune and the risk of a ruin equally speedy. One-third of them are calculated as belonging to the tillers of the soil, an equal number are drawn from among the shopkeepers and artisans, and the remainder is made up of persons engaged in commerce, professional men, and that large and indescribable class which, for want of a more distinct term, we must comprehend under the title of adventurers.

The waters lying between the coast of California and the Isthmus, and further round Cape Horn to New York, were never before converted into such a crowded highway. Vessels were constantly passing to and fro, and all of them were peopled either by sanguine adventurers with the hot fever of desire upon them, or disappointed men who were returning remorsefully to their homes, moralising in philosophic vein over the theory of the far-famed fable—that industry alone is the genius that possesses the power to turn all things to gold.

The sea-passage, however, is often comparatively easy and convenient; for in spite of the famous story of the Quaker,* the Pacific Ocean, at least during certain seasons, deserves its name. An American traveller, who sailed 3500 miles between Cape Horn and the coast, declares that an open whale-boat might safely have rowed in the vessel's wake during the whole distance, and that boats frequently make the voyage from the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco without any danger from mountainous waves or vexing winds. Nowhere does a large vessel appear so majestic than when making her way over a sea so tranquil. However, the route by the emigrant trail was at first one of the utmost weariness and peril. The road, rough and broken as it was, was thronged with an almost perpetual stream of caravans; whole armies appeared to be marching to the Gold Regions; and each of these, as it passed, opened an easier way to its successor by levelling the mounds, throwing bridges across the water chasms, filling up ravines, and hewing shorter routes through the woods. Yet numbers fell by the way, and died of hunger, or thirst, or sheer fatigue, though many were relieved at the settlement of the fanatic Mormon saints, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. An anecdote will illustrate the poignant sufferings of some who undertook this fatiguing journey. An emigrant from America, travelling in a solitary wagon, found himself without food, and was compelled to eat scraps of buckskin and similar indigestible substances. He constantly climbed the rocks, and wandered through the mountain valleys, in search of game; and one day having wandered far from the trail in search of a buck, espied a moving form, which in the dusky twilight appeared to be an animal. It was, however, an Indian; but the emigrant, when he perceived this, did not give up the chase. Hungry and disheartened, the idea of a cannibal feast entered his mind; and he was bitterly disappointed when the poor savage escaped. 'For, sir,' said he to the American traveller who tells the story, 'had I caught him, I should have slain and eaten him as soon as if he had been a deer.' The Mexicans published proclamations, assuring safe passage to those

* During a great storm on this sea a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, 'Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?'

who crossed their territories without committing violence or pillage; and altogether the pilgrims in search of gold would have got on well in their journey, had not their vast numbers consumed the resources of the country through which their route lay. How many families in America and other parts of the world were thus broken up it is impossible to calculate; nor is it easy to ascertain the rate of impetus given to industry by the sudden requirements of so many emigrants called away from their habitation, and preparing for the journey by land or sea, to the Gold Region of California.

Arrived there, their first care was to provide themselves, if not already prepared, with implements—pots, kettles, crowbars, cullenders, baskets, and cradles. These and other instruments, various and multiplied, constituted the wealth of the gold-seeker. The towns on the coast were in a continual bustle; every remnant of their population was engaged in working at high rates of remuneration to supply the wants of new-comers. Captains were compelled to handcuff their men, to prevent their yielding to the attraction of the magnetic mineral lying in the valley; yet numerous sailors escaped, and found lucrative employments on shore, where for a long period, and probably up to this time, the demand for labour rose far above the supply. The scenes that occur along the broad line of beach which frames the superb harbour of San Francisco are sufficiently characteristic. Merchandise piled in large heaps awaits transportation in the warehouses; and among these loiter and loiter emigrants from every land in Europe, with discharged convicts from New South Wales: Mexicans, Kanakas, Peruvians—who leave their own region, rich as it is, for one not so much exhausted—Chilians, Chinese, and others, though we have not yet heard of the Phœnicians of the eastern seas being in the field, the Bugis traders from the Indian archipelago. Probably, however, these will soon commence a series of adventures to California, since this is the first time they were outrun in energy by the merchants of the Celestial Empire. The Turks also are making pilgrimages, as devout as those to Mecca, to the shores of this attractive country, which is now a Babel of languages, costumes, manners, and creeds.

We frequently remark the dry and poverty-stricken appearance of the rooms in which our merchants carry on transactions involving tens of thousands sterling in a single exchange; but the buildings in which the wealthy speculators in California transact their business are still more humble, though their owners are no less millionaires. A few timbers, with some rough planks nailed across, and sheets of coarse brown cotton or calico strained over the whole, form the counting-houses; and under these frail roofs are engaged men as wealthy as any on the New York Exchange—the standard by which the Americans measure pecuniary riches. Entering one of these, the scene presented is curious: broad slabs of wood, planed on the upper surface, are used as counters, and these are sprinkled with the precious grains, while clerks stand behind them, weighing the gold in capacious balances. It is most commonly found in light scales, like those of the salmon, though frequently small lumps are found, and one solid mass of eighty-one ounces was seen by Mr Johnson, an adventurer from the United States. The metal, except when discovered in very large pieces, is too pure to be used unalloyed for

jewellery or coinage; and we have ourselves seen a lump, eleven ounces in weight, of as rich virgin gold as could be obtained. Bushels of the costly ore are piled in each counting-house; and yet in these slight tenements, as in the tents in the valley, recent accounts describe the accumulations of treasure to be as safe from robbery as though trebly locked in a banker's iron chest. The improvised laws of the community at first produced this result, and the code of regulations, now gradually introduced by the United States, are resolving society in Alta California from its chaos into order and social decency. But before these were established, severe rules were laid down and passed current by general consent: the thief, when not immediately stabbed by his detector, was hurried before a court, condemned by acclamation, and punished by a brand on the cheek and mutilation of the ears. In San Francisco the laws are less rude, but equally harsh, though no fetters are imposed upon trade, men being at liberty to sell their time, their labour, and their commodities at any rate they can obtain.

During the first fever of excitement the aspect of things was still more strange than at present. Labourers could only be induced to remain with their employers for a week or two at ten dollars a day; carpenters and blacksmiths—the only mechanics in demand—were paid with a daily ounce of pure gold; laundresses received about thirty-five shillings for every dozen of articles they washed; cooks commanded thirty guineas a month; and houses recently bought for a barrel of 'strong water,' sold for 20,000 dollars. One speculator spent £45,000 on the erection of a three-storey frame hotel, and immediately found a tenant, who paid him 20 per cent. on the outlay, and let some of the rooms, each at the rate of 400 dollars a month, for gambling purposes. A recent letter from the valley of the Sacramento says that physicians' fees are so high, that 'you can hardly get through a fever for less than a thousand dollars.' The whole place was a theatre of excitement, and in the delirium of the mania persons even far removed from the scene of enthusiasm committed acts of the utmost folly. They shipped whole cargoes of fine calicoes and rich silks to a land where there was hardly a female population at all; they transported immense consignments of costly furniture to towns where the habitations were mere mud hovels or timber-frames; they brought in one mass tobacco enough for several years' consumption; paper, which, as the Americans said, 'the stupendous wastefulness and extravagance of all the Congresses since the Union could not have consumed since the Declaration;' and a number of magnificent pianofortes, which sold for their value as *cupboards*!

Yet the prices paid for merchandise and commodities really wanted were extraordinary: blankets at eight guineas each, fresh water at a shilling a bucket. Wines and liquors were consumed in profusion, though to be procured only for extravagant sums. Gold-dust, doubloons, and dollars, were the only money accepted; and a traveller has declared that many of the miners flung away showers of small coins rather than be troubled with the possession of them! But this feverish fit, like all other paroxysms, was temporary, though, while it lasted, San Francisco was worthy to be the capital of a gold region. In the cafés you might procure a small slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee, for twelve shillings, and all other pro-

visions sold at equal rates. Powder was very costly, and yet intoxicated men rushed through the streets discharging guns, pistols, and revolvers, through mere recklessness; while others, mounted on horses hired at several guineas a day, galloped wildly without purpose along the beach. The whole town was a Babel, and in its outskirts the scene was no less confused, and still more picturesque. A vast camp stretched around it, and along the shore, to a considerable distance on either side. Tents of all sizes, shapes, and colours, crowded the mist-covered hills, and piles of merchandise obstructed the passages between. Immense fires burned in all directions, and uncouth groups were busy round them engaged in the various processes of cooking or preparing their clothes, arms, implements, or equipage for the journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Such is a sketch of the gateway of this region as it appeared under its new aspect in 1848. We now take the route that guides us to the gold country, when, after noticing a few facts by the way, we may enter the scene of the main operations, and observe the improvised social economy of this suddenly-gathered community of gold-finders.

The journey may be performed either up the river in a small sailing vessel, or over a series of rolling undulations, where the road winds upwards through plentiful valleys and green expanses, thickly starred with flowers of the brightest hues. We pass numerous encampments where parties of emigrants are bivouacking under the trees, engaged in soaking American pilot-bread, frying pork, or boiling coffee in the tin pails afterwards to be employed in washing the sands. Along the line of the stream, and discerned at intervals through its borders of trees, are numerous vessels lying at anchor, or making their way along its winding course; while trains of wagons continually pass up and down, some full of expectant newcomers, others with complacent individuals who have been fortunate, and are prudently returning to their homes, and others laden with disappointment and regret. Whichever way proceeding, these vehicles are sources of wealth to their owners. One man, plying his wheels between San Francisco and the gold district, declared that the income he derived from this calling was equal to that of the second officer of state in the American Republic. A few deserted Indian villages of rude construction occur on the road, and here and there settlers from the United States have marked out the sites of future hamlets and towns.

We reach Suttersville or Sacramento city at the junction of the Rio des los Americanos with that river. It is built on the verge of a beautiful plain, covered with grass, and enclosed on three sides by belts of the sycamore and the white oak. The fort is a plain but substantial structure, which is said to have cost a number of dollars equal to that of the sun-dried bricks employed in its erection, for Indian labour was not easily procured at that time. Captain Sutter's house stands near; close to it are other buildings, and near them are the tents. Around them stretches the hilly country, still sloping upwards towards the summit of the range that lies between the great valley and the sea. Through many such scenes of nature and art we pass, and at length reach the ridge of the Californian hills, whence the view may range over the valley, which appears like a vast track, of unequal width, lying between immense rugged embank-

ments overgrown with verdure, sprinkled with rocky patches, and crowned on one side with forests, on the other with snow. Scattered over the slopes are groves of the white oak, alternating with open expanses profusely watered by running brooks and rivers. Below lies the level but uneven bottom of the Sacramento Valley, with the river meandering through its mazy length, now expanding into wide shallow lakes, and now contracting between rocky and tortuous channels. The green lands are divided by arid and sandy patches, and the level is broken by masses of rough, low hills, intersected by deep ravines, which, where they touch on the stream, receive its precious tribute of sand. On all sides narrow passes open between the hills and slope down to the valley; and from the Rocky Mountains on one side, and through the Californian range on the other, streams of wagons and laden mules are winding over the slopes towards the river; while along the stream sluggishly creep small, heavily-freighted vessels from San Francisco.

But the scene at the bottom of the valley, and in the ravines and 'placers' above, where the first discovery was made, is more difficult of description. Multitudes of arbours formed of branches, with tents, wagons, rough sheds, and portable frame-houses, dot the ground in particular spots; and at intervals throughout the gold region a vast population of gold-hunters is at work seeking for the precious metal, and all literally bending their forms, as though in adoration, at the shrine of Mammon. It will first be proper to describe the implements employed before we touch upon the various groups that are blended in this strange community.

The gold flakes are found impregnating the sand or shingle either actually below water, or left dry by the absorption or diversion of some current from the hills, though in the gullies and ravines large lumps have been plentifully discovered in the crevices of rocks, in cracks in the ground, or among the roots of trees. The sand in the streams has been estimated as worth, in the gross, from one to two shillings a pound's weight. An examination of the soil shows it to be composed largely of gravel, full of small stones like jasper, fragments of slate, and chips of basalt, evidently washed down from the mountains. At first the simplest method was employed to collect it. Tubs, pails, and tin pans were filled with mud and water, which was rapidly stirred, allowed to settle for a moment, and then poured off, leaving the heavy portion precipitated to the bottom. This was found a tedious and incomplete process. Sieves of woven willow-twigs were next tried, and for the same reason abandoned by all who could procure more serviceable utensils. Some ingenious miner invented the 'rocker,' a wooden cradle raised more at one end than at the other, and thus forming an incline. Across the bottom are nailed some broad lathes, and over the top is placed a grating or perforated plate of tin. Some are small, and worked by one man, who first piles the auriferous earth on the upper tray, and then with one hand rocks the machine, while with the other he balances water into it with a tin pan. Some of them, however, occupy four men, whose division of labour is complete: one with a suitable spade shovels the earth into his pans, the next carries it to the cradle, and flings it heavily on the close grating, the third rocks the machine, and the fourth continually pours water upon the mass inside. A heavy sediment, rich in gold, is left at the bottom, while all the light

substances are washed away. A small stream is generally dammed across, whilst the current of a large one is broken by embankments and flanks, so that an accumulation of sand renders the toil lighter, and its reward more certain. In the upper districts the gold is principally found in the bed or dry beds of mountain torrents, between rocky and precipitous channels, in a yellowish-red soil. The finer dust is found in the lower region, the rough lumps in the more elevated. Massive pieces are discovered only in the upper country, a fact which leads us to the inference, that the real source is among the mountains of the Snowy Range. But no mine has yet been found. All the wealth hitherto drawn from Alta California consists of mere washings from the spots where the metal may be presumed to lie in large masses imbedded in the earth, and carried away in small quantities by the constant action of water. The fervid and gold-fevered imagination of the Americans has pictured rocks of pure ore abounding among the peaks of the mountains.

The scenes presented in the gold region by the busy multitude toiling in it are among the most singular that can be imagined. In one spot may be seen a party of newly-arrived emigrants, each armed with a shovel, a tin pan, a sieve, or a cullender, and all standing in the water scooping up the sand into buckets, stirring the contents with their bare arms, and watching the result with glistening eyes, as the water is poured off, and the precious sediment revealed; in another, men are busy in collecting the gold-dust, after passing through the first rough process of cleansing, in small, closely-woven baskets of Indian manufacture, which are arranged on the ground in the full glare of the sun; in another, a large party is labouring with the immense rockers—or gold-panoes, as the Indians term them—gravely, as though accustomed to their task; in another, scattered individuals are groping with knives, crowbars, and even common sticks, in the dry ravines, expecting by this desultory labour to earn more by picking up small masses of pure ore than by industriously toiling amid the sands; in another, the miners are spreading their shining stores to dry on pieces of canvas; while everywhere multitudes of men, in all varieties of costume, and collected from all quarters of the world, maintain an incessant motion and hum, suggesting the idea of some colony of gigantic ants engaged in collecting the materials for their dwellings. Every man is in a stooping posture; all eyes are bent to the earth; and in every hand some instrument is employed with the universal design of extracting from the earth that metal which, by the common consent of mankind, has in all times and among almost all nations been made the standard of value.

These occupations employ the multitude during the day, though the whole of the temporary settlers in the gold region are not employed in the actual search for the metal. Some of the shrewd immigrants leave this laborious task to the many, upon whose necessities they thrive. At intervals among the little villages of tents, bowers, and sheds that are sprinkled over the valley, we find stores erected, and traders disposing of their merchandise to the gold-finders. Some adventurers from the United States who arrived in Alta California in the spring of 1849, carried on a system of traffic which may be taken as the type of that pursued by the society of the place. They pitched their tent in the Coloma Valley, near Sutter's saw-mill, and piled within its canvas walls a large store of merchandise, brought in

wagons from San Francisco. In front was placed a large awning, with a barrel set upright at each corner. Four broad planks formed convenient counters on each side, and on these were displayed the articles for sale. The prices demanded and given were most exorbitant, though not so high as at one other season. An ordinary rifle was sold for a hundred dollars; a pair of small belt pistols for from thirty-two to forty-eight; clasp, sheath, and bowie knives for as much as four guineas each; powder for four or five shillings an ounce; percussion-caps nearly ten shillings a hundred; and cigars more cheaply at four-and-sixpence a dozen. At these prices the commodities sold freely. The miners, clad in greasy, deer-skin pantaloons, and red hunting-shirts—the common costume in the diggings—came to the store, and produced from the folds of a sash or handkerchief leathern pouches full of gold scales, which they shook into the balance to the amount demanded. Some of the dust often fell on the board, and our Americans volunteered to return it; but unless it was a large quantity, the general answer was, 'No; keep it: there's plenty more where that came from.' One man came to them for a bottle of brandy, and bought it for half an ounce of gold-powder, inviting the Americans to drink with him. They declined; he insisted, and they still refused, when he dashed the bottle to shivers against a tree, and went on with other purchases. Having dropped by accident a lump of gold worth some dollars, the trader picked it up, and offered it to him; but with contemptuous surprise the Kentuckian surveyed him from head to foot, and then said, in that drawling nasal tone peculiar to his countrymen, 'Well, stranger, you are a curiosity: I guess you hain't been in the diggings long, and better keep that for a sample!' Finally, with his companions, he purchased a barrel of ale at the rate of twelve shillings a quart, and some sardines for about two guineas a box; carrying off the prizes, and forcing every one he encountered to participate in the consumption of them.

Though breakfast and supper stand prominently forward in the category of the gold-gatherer's daily duties, the intervening meals are irregular, and sometimes quite forgotten. Places of public refreshment, however, have been established, and among the curious features which characterise the villages that dot the level valley of the Sacramento, not the least remarkable are the fires where 'lobscouse' is prepared for distribution to the miners at the rate of a dollar per pint—or nearly thirty-four shillings a gallon. Three poles are set up, and from them is suspended a pot, kept continually boiling by a large well-fed fire. Potatoes, cabbages, bread, and meat, with other edible miscellanea, are mingled to form something between a soup and a stew, doled out by handsome Californian damsels to the hungry and wealthy gold-seekers. These Indian Hebes also serve fire-water to the miners, and charge for it a price of imperial exorbitance.

The gains amassed by the miners were regulated partly by the shrewdness of the individual in the choice of his locality, and partly by accident. Some collected gold at the rate of half an ounce, others of an ounce, a day. One of the American reporters saw a man at San Francisco who amassed 500 dollars in eight days; and this person himself, on the first day of his arrival in the gold region, collected twenty-three dollars' worth, and each of his companions still more; while, after a little experi-

ence, the party working in concert, reaped a harvest of about 230 dollars a day. Some have gained at the rate of five-and-twenty guineas a day; one individual realised a thousand dollars in a single morning; another collected to the amount of five thousand pounds, and then promised himself a fortune of nearly three times the amount within a few months; while a lieutenant in the American service toiled so successfully, that he became weary of the profitable labour, and declared he was troubled with the amount of his accumulated riches. Instances might be multiplied of even far greater success than this. Some individuals made large fortunes, and counted their dollars by myriads after the labours of a single season; but there is another side to the picture, which takes away much of its attractive nature.

From the toil and the gains of the day we now pass to the pleasures, the use, and the waste of the evening and the night. It is then that this population of gold-hunters betake themselves to enjoyments that may compensate for the weariness of that day, and prepare them for the labour of the next. In the canvas and leafy cities raised as though by magic in the gold regions of California by the votaries of wealth, we find immense tents set up as places of worship, with missionaries from the New England States preaching to large congregations fresh from the search for gold. But these spectacles are not common; and the general scenes presented towards nightfall by this strange community is one of degrading debauch, though some quiet groups may be observed with their tents pitched under the trees, engaged over large fires in the dressing of meat and bread, and the preparation of coffee--the beverage to which the sober traveller in so many countries seems to fly as the most certain and safe means of exhilaration.

Next to these, however, we perhaps see a crowd of liberated convicts from our Australian settlements. Their costume, their appearance, and their manners, mark them out from among the rest. They wear coarse scarlet shirts, red flannel caps, bound about with a greasy leathern belt, whence depends the wooden-handled knife, revolving easily in its sheath, and ready to be drawn for its accustomed use. They spend their vacant hours in drinking, feasting, and dancing in uncouth figures around the fires of their bivouac; and seen at night by the dusky glare, more resemble demons than men. Numbers of them betook themselves to the gold region immediately on the discovery of its wealth.

Some of the miners are accustomed to toil incessantly for a long period, and then, assembling near some well-provided store, to spend most of their gains in one extravagant fit of luxury, when they return to their labour, to renew the feast as soon as new treasure has been accumulated. They spread an awning overhead, supply themselves with brandy, champagne, and choice provisions, eat and drink to repletion, and when satiated with the costly indulgence, rush out among the tents with brandished knives or rifles, shooting at any mark they fancy. Others gallop on horseback from place to place in the wildest delirium of intoxication. Fraternal in their previous inebriation, they often band together to commit crimes of fearful atrocity; and an instance is related that will show the condition of society in this envied El Dorado. A number of men, amassing great gains in one of the mines among the hills, descended into the valley to enjoy a

revel in the neighbourhood of a brandy store, and while they were feasting, were joined by an individual disagreeably notorious for insolent and insulting manners. One of the banqueters, unperceived, emptied his canteen of pure alcohol on the head of the unfortunate wretch, and immediately kindled the spirit. 'The man's hair was instantly in a blaze. 'Man on fire—man on fire!—I'll put him out—put him out!' was the general shout; and, says the narrator of the incident, put him out they did with a vengeance, many embracing that opportunity to pay off old scores. The scene has been described by an American writer, who, speaking of the oaths and curses continually in the mouths of these men, says the rocks refused to echo them. They lavish their gains in the most reckless profuseness, and reply to the remonstrances of their more prudent companions, that they know where abundance of gold exists, and they will get it when they want it. Men have been seen sleeping in holes helpless from excess, and surrounded by accumulations of their industry to an enormous amount, either piled in bags, or strapped about their persons. One individual, after collecting gold-dust to the value of 23,000 dollars, expended 19,000 of them in a three-days' revel. Others are more provident; and the mails from San Francisco to New York are burdened with gold sent in letters. Husbands and sons send the precious dust, secured in treble envelopes, to their wives and mothers. One delivery in the autumn of 1849 was of 23,000 letters, many of them containing an ounce or two ounces of the flakes.

The post, however, brought far more substantial testimonies to the wealth of California than consignments of actual gold-dust. Draughts on the bankers—single slips of paper folded up by the labourer's hard hand—converted cottages into mansions; and, like the fairy's wand in the fable, attired beggars in purpled robes, and changed coarse ware into silver-plate. It is a remarkable fact, but one which is confirmed by experience, that instances of sudden fortune acquired in the golden region of California have been by far most frequent among the poor, who have been accustomed to labour, and inured to a life of comparative privation and fatigue. The reason is obvious, for the gold-seeker's toil is hard and wearying. Many have been the humble mechanics who have sent fortunes home to their families, with the announcement of their speedy return loaded with wealth. Men have sent to their wives draughts for 10,000 dollars as a trifle, in earnest of further remittances; and the keeper of a grog-store in New York is mentioned, who flung his whole stock into the street in a frenzy of liberality, excited by the news of an ample gathering of gold in California. Kegs of the precious dust astonish the eyes of people who were accustomed to look backwards over an experience of hardship, and forwards to a future of the humblest content. Children have been snatched up to affluence from the street-crossing; men have been arrested on the brink of ruin; and hands that have only become familiar with cents and occasional dollars, have plunged into barrels of gold, and signed away thousands in the purchase of grand houses and estates with the nonchalance of those to whom the clink of gold is daily and familiar music. While dwelling on these light points, however, we must repeat the truth, that the picture has a darker side, and that thousands have found ruin, many thousands a couch of illness, and many their graves, in the pursuit of the precious prize on the banks of the Sacramento.

CALIFORNIA.

To illustrate the condition of society prevalent in the early period of this era in Californian history, the following anecdote is related. Five emigrants from Oregon, in the spring of 1848, arrived in the gold region, and proceeding towards the Sierra Nevada, struck off through a wild pass among the rocks towards a lovely valley, said to be rich in deposits of the envied metal. They possessed among them one rifle; and having pitched their tent, left their only weapon in it, and wandered away in search of a convenient placer. At some distance from their bivouac a spot was found, and they commenced operations, when suddenly a band of forty or fifty wild Indians descended from the elevated rim of the valley between the gold-hunters and their tent, and immediately sent a flight of arrows from their powerful short, leather-lined bows. Three of the diggers, pierced with the shafts, fell, after a vain attempt to drive off the enemy with stones, and the other two succeeded in escaping to some distance, but were pursued, and also murdered. One of the Indians engaged in the massacre was afterwards captured, and to save his life, he promised to betray the retreat of his tribe; and sixteen men mounted, and armed with rifles and Spanish knives, set out to pursue the assassins.

In a short time the expedition returned; several of the white men brought scalps with them, and led prisoners a body of sixty Californians—men, women, and children. A fierce battle had taken place in the forest, and numbers of Indians belonging to the guilty tribe had been killed; but now, when a festival of triumph was held, it was resolved to release all the prisoners except seven of the highest rank. Nothing could be brought forward to implicate them in the murder; but their judges decided that they were 'bad-looking, and strong warriors,' and therefore most probably participators in the crime. At sunset, therefore, the seven condemned men were brought forth, when one of them giving a signal, burst from his captors, followed by the rest; and they fled for life towards the woody borders of the valley. The Oregon trappers pursued them with rifles, shot five dead on the spot, and mortally wounded another, while one escaped unscathed by a rapid flight into the forests, and over the mountains in the rear. They saw him afterwards standing on a distant peak to look back upon the valley where his six comrades had been slaughtered. This species of Lynch-law was practised among the gold-hunters, and while the innocent frequently suffered, the guilty as often escaped. Numbers of men walk at liberty along the banks of the Sacramento, against whom society has shut its gates on account of their horrid and repeated crimes. There is especially one man of education, intelligence, and fortune, who murdered one of his companions after a quarrel. He was arrested, tried with the forms of Lynch law, but acquitted, in consequence of a disagreement among the two juries empanelled to try him. He was set free; but is known among the miners by his miserable countenance, pale and emaciated, and deeply lined with the traces of a guilty conscience.

Perhaps no condition of things can be conceived more demoralising and more miserable than that of this immense region, literally full of gold, with a population lastly raked together from all parts of the globe, and composed altogether of adventurers—not hardy and industrious emigrants, but men seeking to quench the hot thirst for wealth by a sudden and intoxicating draught of fortune. Among so many, success must be dis-

tributed in unequal shares. Here was a source of disorganization. The unfortunate envied the prosperous, and these suspected all others. Partnerships were formed in sanguine hope, and broken off in bitter distrust. One party of respectable men leagued together, and by their combined industry amassed a large quantity of gold dust. Two were deputed to bear it to San Francisco. On the way they encountered a band of Indians, who robbed them, and murdered one. The other made his way back to the little valley in the interior, where a rich soil had been discovered; and the first feeling that his story awakened, was a suspicion among the oldest friends that he was at once a thief and a murderer. Gold must indeed be the *summum bonum*, if it be worth acquiring at the cost of all confidence, all mutual trust, all affection and honour!

But the great stain which takes from this El Dorado the prestige of its romance, and destroys its alluring aspect, is the sickness that in the hot season spreads among the gold-finders. In the hot months the air is dry and burning, in the cold weather the rains convert the whole surface into a marsh. Yet the climate, though unpleasant, is not necessarily unhealthy to those who adhere to the rules laid down by experience; although, immediately on the advent of the immigrant swarms, a disease broke out among them—the land scurvy—which has been most fatal. The miners, on their overland journey, and in the gold region, make use of little or nothing but fried bacon or fat pork, with flour made into baked cakes, and fried in the fat; while strong coffee, brandy and whisky, wine, and other liquors, are swallowed in the scorching heat; and this diet has sent hundreds to their graves, while they have driven from the country, with disappointment and regret, thousands who ascribed to the inevitable course of circumstances that for which they were themselves only to blame.

In the United States several writers have published in the journals an account of their fortunes among the gold-finders in Alta California. To trace the changes of their minds from the commencement to the close of these daily-written narratives is interesting and instructive. They open with a fervent account of the hopes, the dreams, and the exaggerated ideas that possess the sanguine mind in its approach to a task full of deceptive promise; and they conclude, in a tone of angry disappointment, with advice to those who possess sufficient comfort at home to be contented with it, and seek no addition to their wealth in the valleys of the Sacramento and its tributary streams. Their picture of the region is sufficiently discouraging. The whole of its heterogeneous society was, within a short period of its formation, plunged into confusion. Quarrels, outrages, and crimes became frequent. No device could be invented to infuse the element of order into the population of the valley and the surrounding wilds that swarmed with gold hunters. Nevertheless, as we have said, a species of law was improvised, and certain rules of honourable conduct were at once recognised among the miners, in the absence of any organized system of administration. On one occasion a number of these men, exploring a dry ravine, came upon a spot glittering with the flakes of gold in unusual abundance. Every man threw himself upon the ground, and each claimed so much of it as was covered by his body. The right was admitted, and the agreement adhered to. Each in the course of a few hours gained at

least to the value of sixty pounds sterling. There was no authority, however, to enforce these rules: vessels of war sent to patrol the coast were deserted by their crews, barracks were abandoned by the troops, and officials appointed by the United States for the promotion of order, found their duty too weak to hold them back from a flight to the alluring occupation of digging for gold on the banks of the Sacramento.

The United States, however, soon began seriously to make arrangements for giving California a constitution, and a regular form of government, although this must necessarily work weakly for some time. A country like the gold region is not, under the circumstances we have described, easily reduced to order. A legislative convention meets at Monterey to settle affairs of a fiscal nature, taxes, and imposts; and this town, in consequence, has become the great rival of San Francisco, especially as a gold deposit has been discovered near it, where every hundred-weight of the stony earth yields eight ounces of the pure metal. A few seasons will begin to regulate the value of property, and when the fever has abated, society will advance towards consolidation. But San Francisco, whose population is now double that of the whole of Alta California before Sutter's discovery, continues to present an appearance as extraordinary as that of any place on the surface of the earth. A number of brightly-painted and ornamental Chinese houses are sprinkled among the old mud buildings, together with the substantial American erections that promise to replace the latter altogether. One hotel with two hundred rooms has been constructed, and large streets are rapidly rising, though numbers still live in tents and canvas-covered frame erections. A large part of the town was recently burnt, but soon rose from its ashes. In spite, however, of all disadvantages, the whole region wears an appearance of prosperity. The population, by the latest accounts, amounts to at least 200,000; steamers ply between the harbour and the valley, bearing passengers to and fro, at the rate of about four guineas each person for a day's journey. To supply the numbers of these vessels that will shortly crowd to the harbour, a large bed of coal has been discovered in the interior, which cannot fail greatly to assist in developing the mineral resources of the country.

The position of California at present is that of a community settling in the confusion of incoherent elements. Daily murders, and still more frequent suicides, occur; and though the number of outrages is decreasing, it must be long before society, under such influences, settles into a permanent and natural form. Meanwhile, it is curious to observe how various are the colours in which the different writers from the spot sketch their experience. Some write in a tone of hilarity and hope, exhausting language and fancy in depicting the glowing features of this golden region. Others describe Alta California as a melancholy delusion, where disappointment is the sure fruit of endeavour: one person, recently writing from San Francisco, amused us by a doleful description of a young officer who had come out, just after enjoying a presentation at court, and was now selling eggs to the townspeople at thirty shillings a dozen; another gentleman of some position hawked ready-made clothes from door to door for a livelihood; and others felled wood in the forests—the only means of supporting the profuse expenditure required by even a short stay in this rising city.

The means of communication between Alta California and America, and Europe, remain as yet very undeveloped, though the short period that has elapsed since the discovery of the gold has been fertile in projects. Of these some have already been carried into practice. Lines of steamers ply between New York and San Francisco; a company has been chartered to construct a railway across the Isthmus of Panama; the Nicaragua Canal is expected to be undertaken, and the bold enterprise of the Americans has projected a railway from the United States through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. This is not the place to discuss these plans, nor do we look for their complete development before a considerable period has elapsed; but if Alta California continue to attract, as appearances lead us to expect, a continuous tide of population to her golden valleys, the streams of immigration will certainly wear for themselves channels even through the most difficult routes. A population almost wholly composed of adventurers, brought together by the idolatry of gold, is an anomalous social phenomenon; and into what form such a society may ultimately mould itself, or be moulded by the pressure of external influences, it is impossible to say. One thing is superior in probability to all others—that the government of the United States will succeed in setting the impress of order on its new acquisition, and that from its present condition of anarchy Alta California will ultimately settle down into a quiet and prosperous member of the North American Union.

A curious proposal has been made of a design for the arms of California. It originated with Lieutenant Revere of the United States army, and he has submitted it for consideration. Whether or not it will be accepted is uncertain; but as it is characteristic and interesting, we present it to the reader. An elaborate wood-cut is thus subscribed:—

DESIGN FOR THE ARMS OF CALIFORNIA.

SHIELD:

A new star rising, in a field of azure, over the Snowy Mountains of California to join the constellation of the United States, and its rays reflected in the Pacific Ocean, delineated on the lower part of the shield, and in which a whale—emblematic of the whaling interest—is sporting; while a ship enters between two headlands, on one of which the gigantic pine of California is represented.

SUPPORTERS:

A wild horse on the right, and a wild bull on the left of the shield—emblematic of the peculiar interests and animals of California. The lower part is adorned with grapes and wheat ears—emblematic of the productions of the country; and the motto of three words from Horace: '*Posteri crescam laude*'—'I shall flourish in the future.'

CREST:

A rampant grizzly bear bearing the American flag furled, to denote peace; with a bowie knife, and the motto, '*Tuefür*'—'I will defend.'

Thirteen millions of dollars are calculated to have flowed from the gold region into the United States; some hundreds of thousands have reached England; considerable amounts have been distributed over the rest of Europe and the countries of the farther East; while our settlement of Sydney in South Australia has received 100,000 dollars' worth of Californian gold. The circulation of bullion has therefore been increased by the

opening of this new source, but by all writers it is admitted that the actual mining has not yet commenced. If the mines supposed to be situated among the Snowy Mountains are in reality discovered and wrought, it is impossible to estimate the influence they will exert upon the commercial world. It is said that already in some of the smaller states of the continent, the question has been raised, whether the gold coinage should not be abandoned; but these speculations must refer to a time still far distant.* There is no doubt that immense deposits of the precious dust have been washed down the eastern slope of the Snowy Range as well as the western; but it must be a vast accession, indeed, of bullion that will derange the balance of trading operations with regard to this great standard of value. Alta California, however, is still an almost unknown region. Its surface has never yet been submitted to a geographical survey; our knowledge of its resources is very incomplete; the quality of its soil and climate are debated; and of its general capabilities as a field for colonisation, for agriculture, and for cattle-rearing, our information is but limited. The interest of the subject, however, will lead to a knowledge of it; and when this flush of excitement has passed, and America steadily goes on with the task of consolidating the gold region among her states, we may look for an account, at once accurate and interesting, of its general conditions and resources.

* It may be well to mention, for the information of those who rush to such alarming conclusions, that gold occurs in greater or less abundance in almost every quarter of the globe, and is obtained either in the native state, from alluvial sands and gravels, or in mineral veins in combination with silver, and often mixed with metallic sulphurets and arseniurets. In the native state it occurs in small crystals, in threads or granular fragments, which, when of a certain magnitude, are called by the name of *pepitas*. The largest known pepita is said to have been found in Peru, its weight being about 26½ lbs. *avoirdupois*: the masses which have been reported from the province of Quito weighing 50 and 60 lbs., and the still more marvellous 'mountains of gold' in the Sierra Nevada, must, in the absence of authentic evidence, be regarded as mere exaggerated fictions.

The geological formations in which gold occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks, the compact transition strata, the trachytic and trap rocks, and alluvial grounds of the current era. In the three former sources, the ores of the metal are *in situ*; in the latter, it is a travelled or transported product, being carried thither, from the rocks in which it was originally formed, by streams and rivers. In the former case, it is obtained by the difficult and dangerous process of mining; in the latter, the soil or gravel is merely turned over, and the metallic portions (the *gold-dust* of commerce) separated by hand-picking, washings, and sifting. It is thus obtained from *mines* in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, Carolina, Hungary, Transylvania, and the Uralian Mountains; and from *sands* from the Peruvian, Mexican, and Brazilian rivers, the valleys of California, several of the rivers of Africa, from the Rhine, Rhone, and Danube, in continental Europe, and in small quantities from Wicklow in Ireland, from Cornwall, and from the Leadhill district in Scotland. With the exception of iron, perhaps there is no metal more generally disseminated than gold; but in comparatively few localities is it sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of mining and collecting. In fine, if experience and the deductions of geology are to be held as of any weight, there need be little apprehension of anything like a permanent derangement of value being caused by the 'diggings' in California. These will by and by become exhausted, and matters will return very much to their former position, when the gold-seeker is driven to the laborious, expensive, and uncertain processes of mining, stamping, and amalgamating, among the inhospitable heights of the Sierra Nevada. Even as matters stand, the reports of the United States Commissioner exhibit no appreciable increase on the amount collected (about 20,000,000 dollars a year), notwithstanding that the number of diggers has been more than doubled since 1848—thus showing at once the limited nature of the deposits, and the rapidly-increasing difficulty of obtaining their golden treasures.

That gold exists in vast abundance among the wilds of the Sierra Nevada we doubt not; and from an examination of the evidence respecting the localities where the metal is at present found, it seems probable that it exists in no place whither it could not have been borne by the agency of water from these mountains. But beyond the summit of the great range, it is said, travellers have entered on a region more brilliant than Sinbad's fabulous valley of diamonds, where the rocks are visibly impregnated with the rich glittering metal, and boulders of solid gold and silver lie scattered in magnificent profusion over the ground. Masses of ore, tons in weight, are piled into jagged mountains too wonderful for fancy to imagine. The most remarkable detail in this strange story—and that which chiefly tends to render the whole affair incredible—is, that the blocks of precious metal have gold in the south end, and silver in the north end, and that, without exception, they lie in one direction.

Whether or not, however, this account be based on truth, certain it is that, for its wealth, California is unrivalled among the various sections of the world's surface. The descriptions which were at first regarded as the exaggerated pictures painted by a florid imagination, appear now as rough sketches, to which experience has imparted still stronger colours. How long the prevalent fever may endure it is impossible to indicate, but the United States would seem to be advancing with a plan for the regulation of the property in land. They wish to define the right of settlement, and lay down laws on the subject of mining; but it must be recollected that when the gold was first discovered a very short time ago, California was like a basin scooped in the bed of the sea, into which immediately rushed a wild and tumultuous torrent of population, and that this heterogeneous multitude is still heaving to and fro in the valley of the Sacramento, among the interior hills, and along the shore. It will be difficult, consequently, to infuse into a region so situated the elements of order, and the principles of a strict, though liberal administration.

THE BLACK POCKET-BOOK.

A TALE.

‘**W**HAT do you pay for peeping?’ said a baker’s boy with a tray on his shoulder to a young man in a drab-coloured greatcoat, and with a cockade in his hat, who, on a cold December’s night, was standing with his face close to the parlour-window of a mean house, in a suburb of one of our largest seaport towns in the south of England.

Tracy Wakingham, which was the name of the peeper, might have answered that he paid *dear enough*; for in proportion as he indulged himself with these surreptitious glances, he found his heart stealing away from him, till he literally had not a corner of it left that he could fairly call his own.

Tracy was a soldier; but being in the service of one of his officers, named D’Arcy, was relieved from wearing his uniform. At sixteen years of age he had run away from a harsh schoolmaster, and enlisted in an infantry regiment; and about three weeks previous to the period at which our story opens, being sent on an early errand to his master’s laundress, his attention had been arrested by a young girl, who, coming hastily out of an apothecary’s shop with a phial in her hand, was rushing across the street, unmindful of the London coach and its four horses, which were close upon her, and by which she would assuredly have been knocked down, had not Tracy seized her by the arm and snatched her from the danger.

‘You’ll be killed if you don’t look sharper,’ said he carelessly; but as he spoke, she turned her face towards him. ‘I hope my roughness has not hurt you?’ he continued in a very different tone: ‘I’m afraid I gripped your arm too hard?’

‘I’m very much obliged to you,’ she said; ‘you did not hurt me at all. Thank you,’ she added, looking back to him as she opened the door of the opposite house with a key which she held in her hand.

The door closed, and she was gone ere Tracy could find words to detain her: but if ever there was a case of love at first sight, this was one. Short as had been the interview, she carried his heart with her. For some minutes he stood staring at the house, too much surprised and absorbed in his own feelings to be aware that, as is always the case if a man stops to look at anything in the street, he was beginning to collect a little knot of people about him, who all stared in the same direction too, and were asking each other what was the matter. Warned by this discovery, the young

soldier proceeded on his way; but so engrossed and absent was he, that he had strode nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the laundress' cottage before he discovered his error. On his return, he contrived to walk twice past the house; but he saw nothing of the girl. He had a mind to go into the apothecary's and make some inquiry about her; but that consciousness which so often arrests such inquiries arrested his, and he went home, knowing no more than his eyes and ears had told him—namely, that this young damsel had the loveliest face and the sweetest voice that fortune had yet made him acquainted with, and, moreover, that the possessor of these charms was apparently a person in a condition of life not superior to his own. Her dress and the house in which she lived both denoted humble circumstances, if not absolute poverty, although he felt that her countenance and speech indicated a degree of refinement somewhat inconsistent with this last conjecture. She might be a reduced gentlewoman. Tracy hoped not, for if so, poor as she was, she would look down upon him; she might, on the contrary, be one of those natural aristocrats, born Graces, that nature sometimes pleases herself with sending into the world; as in her humorous moments she not unfrequently does the reverse, bestowing on a princess the figure and port of a market-woman. Whichever it was, the desire uppermost in his mind was to see her again; and accordingly, after his master was dressed, and gone to dinner, he directed his steps to the same quarter. It was now evening, and he had an opportunity of more conveniently surveying the house and its neighbourhood without exciting observation himself. For this purpose he crossed over to the apothecary's door, and looked around him. It was a mean street, evidently inhabited by poor people, chiefly small retail dealers; almost every house in it being used as a shop, as appeared from the lights and merchandise in the windows, except the one inhabited by the unknown beauty. They were all low buildings of only two storeys; and that particular house was dark from top to bottom, with the exception of a faint stripe of light which gleamed from one of the lower windows, of which there were only two, apparently from a rent or seam in the shutter, which was closed within. On crossing over to take a nearer survey, Tracy perceived that just above a green curtain which guarded the lower half of the window from the intrusions of curiosity, the shutters were divided into upper and lower, and that there was a sufficient separation between them to enable a person, who was tall enough to place his eye on a level with the opening, to see into the room. Few people, however, were tall enough to do this, had they thought it worth their while to try; but Tracy, who was not far from six feet high, found he could accomplish the feat quite easily. So, after looking round to make sure nobody was watching him, he ventured on a peep; and there indeed he saw the object of all this interest sitting on one side of a table, whilst a man, apparently old enough to be her father, sat on the other. He was reading, and she was working, with the rich curls of her dark-brown hair tucked carelessly behind her small ears, disclosing the whole of her young and lovely face, which was turned towards the window. The features of the man he could not see, but his head was bald, and his figure lank; and Tracy fancied there was something in his attitude that indicated ill health. Sometimes she looked up and spoke to her companion, but when she did so, it was always with a serious,

anxious expression of countenance, which seemed to imply that her communications were on no very cheerful subject. The room was lighted by a single tallow candle, and its whole aspect denoted poverty and privation, while the young girl's quick and eager fingers led the spectator to conclude she was working for her bread.

It must not be supposed that all these discoveries were the result of one enterprise. Tracy could only venture on a peep now and then when nobody was nigh; and many a time he had his walk for nothing. Sometimes, too, his sense of propriety revolted, and he forbore from a consciousness that it was not a delicate proceeding thus to spy into the interior of this poor family at moments when they thought no human eye was upon them: but his impulse was too powerful to be always thus resisted, and fortifying himself with the consideration that his purpose was not evil, he generally rewarded one instance of self-denial by two or three of self-indulgence. And yet the scene that met his view was so little varied, that it might have been supposed to afford but a poor compensation for so much perseverance. The actors and their occupation continued always the same: and the only novelty offered was, that Tracy sometimes caught a glimpse of the man's features, which, though they betrayed evidence of sickness and suffering, bore a strong resemblance to those of the girl.

All this, however, to make the most of it, was but scanty fare for a lover; nor was Tracy at all disposed to content himself with such cold comfort. He tried what walking through the street by day would do, but the door was always closed, and the tall green curtain presented an effectual obstacle to those casual glances on which alone he could venture by sunlight. Once only he had the good-fortune again to meet this 'bright particular star' out of doors, and that was one morning about eight o'clock, when he had been again sent on an early embassy to the laundress. She appeared to have been out executing her small marketings, for she was hastening home with a basket on her arm. Tracy had formed a hundred different plans for addressing her—one, in short, suited to every possible contingency—whenever the fortunate opportunity should present itself; but, as is usual in similar cases, now that it did come, she flashed upon him so suddenly, that in his surprise and agitation he missed the occasion altogether. The fact was, that she stepped out of a shop just as he was passing it; and her attention being directed to some small change which she held in her hand, and which she appeared to be anxiously counting, she never even saw him, and had re-entered her own door before he could make up his mind what to do. He learned, however, by this circumstance, that the best hope of success lay in his going to Thomas Street at eight o'clock; but alas! this was the very hour that his services could not be dispensed with at home; and although he made several desperate efforts, he did not succeed in hitting the lucky moment again.

Of course he did not neglect inquiry; but the result of his perquisitions afforded little encouragement to his hopes of obtaining the young girl's acquaintance. All that was known of the family was, that they had lately taken the house, that their name was Lane, that they lived quite alone, and were supposed to be very poor. Where they came from, and what their condition in life might be, nobody knew or seemed desirous to know, since they lived so quietly, that they had hitherto awakened no

curiosity in the neighbourhood. The Scotsman at the provision shop out of which she had been seen to come pronounced her a *wise-like girl*; and the apothecary's lad said that she was uncommon *comely and genteel-like*, adding, that her father was in very bad health. This was the whole amount of information he could obtain, but to the correctness of it, as regarded the bad health and the poverty, his own eyes bore witness.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since Tracy's first meeting with the girl, when one evening he thought he perceived symptoms of more than ordinary trouble in this humble ménage. Just as he placed his eye to the window, he saw the daughter entering the room with an old blanket, which she wrapped round her father, whilst she threw her arms about his neck, and tenderly caressed him; at the same time he remarked that there was no fire in the grate, and that she frequently applied her apron to her eyes. As these symptoms denoted an unusual extremity of distress, Tracy felt the strongest desire to administer some relief to the sufferers; but by what stratagem to accomplish his purpose it was not easy to discover. He thought of making the apothecary or the grocer his agent, requesting them not to name who had employed them; but he shrank from the attention and curiosity such a proceeding would awaken, and the evil interpretations that might be put upon it. Then he thought of the ribald jests and jeers to which he might subject the object of his admiration, and he resolved to employ no intervention, but to find some means or other of conveying his bounty himself; and having, with this view, enclosed a sovereign in half a sheet of paper, he set out upon his nightly expedition.

He was rather later than usual, and the neighbouring church clock struck nine just as he turned into Thomas Street; he was almost afraid that the light would be extinguished, and the father and daughter retired to their chambers, as had been the case on some previous evenings; but it was not so: the faint gleam showed that they were still there, and after waiting some minutes for a clear coast, Tracy approached the window but the scene within was strangely changed.

The father was alone—at least except himself there was no living being in the room—but there lay a corpse on the floor; at the table stood the man with a large black note-book in his hand, out of which he was taking what appeared to the spectator, so far as he could discern, to be bank-notes. To see this was the work of an instant; to conclude that a crime had been committed was as sudden; and under the impulse of fear and horror that seized him, Tracy turned to fly, but in his haste and confusion, less cautious than usual, he struck the window with his elbow. The sound must have been heard within; and he could not resist the temptation of flinging an instantaneous glance into the room to observe what effect it had produced. It was exactly such as might have been expected: like one interrupted in a crime, the man stood transfixed, his pale face glaring at the window, and his hands, from which the notes had dropped, suspended in the attitude in which they had been surprised; with an involuntary exclamation of grief and terror, Tracy turned again and fled. But he had scarcely gone two hundred yards when he met the girl walking calmly along the street with her basket on her arm. She did not observe him, but he recognised her; and urged by love and curiosity, he could not forbear

turning back, and following her to the door. On reaching it, she, as usual, put her key into the lock; but it did not open as usual; it was evidently fastened on the inside. She lifted the knocker, and let it fall once, just loud enough to be heard within; there was a little delay, and then the door was opened—no more, however, than was sufficient to allow her to pass in—and immediately closed. Tracy felt an eager desire to pursue this strange drama further, and was standing still, hesitating whether to venture a glance into the room, when the door was again opened, and the girl rushed out, leaving it unclosed, and ran across the street into the apothecary's shop.

'She is fetching a doctor to the murdered man,' thought Tracy. And so it appeared, for a minute had scarcely elapsed, when she returned, accompanied by the apothecary and his assistant; they all three entered the house; and upon the impulse of the moment, without pausing to reflect on the impropriety of the intrusion, the young soldier entered with them.

The girl, who walked first with a hasty step, preceded them into that room on the right of the door which, but a few minutes before, Tracy had been surveying through the window. The sensations with which he now entered it formed a singular contrast to his anticipations, and furnished a striking instance of what we have all occasion to remark as we pass through life—namely, that the thing we have most earnestly desired, frequently when it does come, arrives in a guise so different to our hopes, and so distasteful to the sentiments or affections which have given birth to the wish, that what we looked forward to as the summit of bliss, proves, when we reach it, no more than a barren peak strewn with dust and ashes. Fortunate, indeed, may we esteem ourselves if we find nothing worse to greet us. How often had Tracy fancied that if he could only obtain entrance into that room he should be happy! As long as he was excluded from it, it was *his* summit, for he could see no further, and looked no further, sought no further: it seemed to him that, once there, all that he desired must inevitably follow. Now he *was* there, but under what different circumstances to those he had counted on! with what different feelings to those his imagination had painted!

'What's the matter?' inquired Mr Adams the apothecary, as he approached the body, which still lay on the floor.

'I hope it's only a fit!' exclaimed the girl, taking the candle off the table, and holding it in such a manner as to enable the apothecary to examine the features.

'He's dead I fancy,' said the latter, applying his fingers to the wrist. 'Unloose his neckcloth, Robert, and raise the head.'

This was said to the assistant, who, having done as he was told, and no sign of life appearing, Mr Adams felt for his lancet, and prepared to bleed the patient. The lancet, however, had been left in the pocket of another coat, and Robert being sent over to fetch it, Tracy stepped forward and took his place at the head of the corpse; the consequence of which was, that, when the boy returned, Mr Adams bade him go back and mind the shop, as they could do very well without him; and thus Tracy's intrusion was, as it were, legitimised, and all awkwardness removed from it. Not, however, that he had been sensible of any: he was too much absorbed with the interest of the scene to be disturbed by such minor considerations. Neither did anybody else appear discomposed or surprised at his presence: the apothecary

did not know but he had a right to be there; the boy, who remembered the inquiries Tracy had made with regard to the girl, concluded they had since formed an acquaintance; the girl herself was apparently too much absorbed in the distressing event that had occurred to have any thoughts to spare on minor interests; and as for the man, he appeared to be scarcely conscious of what was going on around him. Pale as death, and with all the symptoms of extreme sickness and debility, he sat bending somewhat forward in an old arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the spot where the body lay; but there was 'no speculation' in those eyes, and it was evident that what he seemed to be looking at he did not see. To every thoughtful mind the corporeal investiture from which an immortal spirit has lately fled must present a strange and painful interest; but Tracy felt now a more absorbing interest in the mystery of the living than the dead; and as strange questionings arose in his mind with regard to the pale occupant of the old arm-chair as concerning the corpse that was stretched upon the ground. Who was this stranger, and how came he there lying dead on the floor of that poor house? And where was the pocket-book and the notes? Not on the table, not in the room, so far as he could discern. They must have been placed out of sight; and the question occurred to him, was *she* a party to the concealment? But both his heart and his judgment answered *no*. Not only her pure and innocent countenance, but her whole demeanour, acquitted her of crime. It was evident that her attention was entirely engrossed by the surgeon's efforts to recall life to the inanimate body; there was no *arrière pensée*, no painful consciousness plucking at her sleeve; her mind was anxious, but not more so than the ostensible cause justified, and there was no expression of mystery or fear about her. How different to the father, who seemed terror-struck! No anxiety for the recovery of the stranger, no grief for his death, appeared in him; and it occurred to Tracy that he looked more like one condemned and waiting for execution than the interested spectator of another's misfortune.

No blood flowed, and the apothecary having pronounced the stranger dead, proposed, with the aid of Tracy, to remove him to a bed; and as there was none below, they had to carry him up stairs, the girl preceding them with a light, and leading the way into a room where a small tent bedstead without curtains, two straw-bottomed chairs, with a rickety table, and cracked looking-glass, formed nearly all the furniture; but some articles of female attire lying about, betrayed to whom the apartment belonged, and lent it an interest for Tracy.

Whilst making these arrangements for the dead but few words were spoken. The girl looked pale and serious, but said little; the young man would have liked to ask a hundred questions, but did not feel himself entitled to ask one; and the apothecary, who seemed a quiet, taciturn person, only observed that the stranger appeared to have died of disease of the heart, and inquired whether he was a relation of the family.

'No,' replied the girl; 'he's no relation of ours—his name is Aldridge.'

'Not Ephraim Aldridge?' said the apothecary.

'Yes; Mr Ephraim Aldridge,' returned she: 'my father was one of his clerks formerly.'

'You had better send to his house immediately,' said Mr Adams. 'I forget whether he has any family?'

'None but his nephew, Mr Jonas,' returned the girl. 'I'll go there directly, and tell him.'

'Your father seems in bad health?' observed Mr Adams as he quitted the room and proceeded to descend the stairs.

'Yes; he has been ill a long time,' she replied with a sad countenance; 'and nobody seems to know what's the matter with him.'

'Have you had any advice for him?' inquired the apothecary.

'Oh yes, a great deal, when first he was ill; but nobody did him any good.'

By this time they had reached the bottom of the stairs; and Mr Adams, who now led the van, instead of going out of the street-door, turned into the parlour again.

'Well, sir,' said he, addressing Lane, 'this poor gentleman is dead. I should have called in somebody else had I earlier known who he was; but it would have been useless, life must have been extinct half an hour before I was summoned. Why did you not send for me sooner?'

'I was out,' replied the girl, answering the question that had been addressed to her father. 'Mr Aldridge had sent me away for something, and when I returned, I found him on the floor, and my father almost fainting. It was a dreadful shock for him, being so ill.'

'How did it happen?' inquired Mr Adams, again addressing Lane.

A convulsion passed over the sick man's face, and his lip quivered as he answered in a low sepulchral tone: 'He was sitting in that chair, talking about—about his nephews, when he suddenly stopped speaking, and fell forwards. I started up and placed my hands against his breast to save him, and then he fell backwards upon the floor.'

'Heart, no doubt. Probably a disease of long standing,' said Mr Adams. 'But it has given you a shock: you had better take something, and go to bed.'

'What should he take?' inquired the daughter.

'I'll send over a draught,' replied the apothecary, moving towards the door; 'and you wont neglect to give notice of what has happened—it must be done to-night.'

'It is late for you to go out,' observed Tracy, speaking almost for the first time since he entered the house. 'Couldn't I carry the message for you?'

'Yes: if you will, I shall be much obliged,' said she; 'for I do not like to leave my father again to-night. The house is No. 4, West Street.'

Death is a great leveller, and strong emotions banish formalities. The offer was as frankly accepted as made; and his inquiry whether he could be further useful being answered by 'No, thank you—not to-night,' the young man took his leave, and proceeded on his mission to West Street in a state of mind difficult to describe—pleased and alarmed, happy and distressed. He had not only accomplished his object by making the acquaintance of Mary Lane, but the near view he had had of her, both as regarded her person and behaviour, confirmed his admiration and gratified his affection; but, as he might have told the boy who interrupted him, he had paid dear for peeping. He had seen what he would have given the world not to have seen; and whilst he eagerly desired to prosecute his suit to this young woman, and make her his wife, he shrank with horror from the idea of having a thief and assassin for his father-in-law.

Engrossed with these reflections, he reached West Street before he was aware of being half-way there, and rang the bell of No. 4. It was now past eleven o'clock, but he had scarcely touched the wire, before he heard a foot in the passage, and the door opened. The person who presented himself had no light, neither was there any in the hall, and Tracy could not distinguish to whom he spoke when he said, 'Is this the house of Mr Ephraim Aldridge?'

'It is: what do you want?' answered a man's voice, at the same time that he drew back, and made a movement towards closing the door.

'I have been requested to call here to say that Mr Aldridge is'—— And here the recollection that the intelligence he bore would probably be deeply afflicting to the nephew he had heard mentioned as the deceased man's only relation, and to whom he was now possibly speaking, arrested the words in his throat, and after a slight hesitation he added—'is taken ill.'

'Ill!' said the person who held the door in his hand, which he now opened wider. 'Where? What's the matter with him? Is he very ill? Is it anything serious?'

The tone in which these questions were put relieved Tracy from any apprehension of inflicting pain, and he rejoined at once, 'I am afraid he is dead.'

'Dead!' reiterated the other, throwing the door wide. 'Step in if you please. Dead! how should that be? He was very well this afternoon. Where is he?' And so saying, he closed the street-door, and led the young soldier into a small parlour, where a lamp with a shade over it, and several old ledgers, were lying on the table.

'He's at Mr Lane's in Thomas Street,' replied Tracy.

'But are you sure he's dead?' inquired the gentleman, who was indeed no other than Mr Jonas Aldridge himself. 'How did he die? Who says he's dead?'

'I don't know how he died. The apothecary seemed to think it was disease of the heart,' replied Tracy; 'but he is certainly dead.'

At this crisis of the conversation a new thought seemed to strike the mind of Jonas, who, exhibiting no symptoms of affliction, had hitherto appeared only curious and surprised. 'My uncle Ephraim dead!' said he. 'No, no, I can't believe it. It is impossible—it cannot be! My dear uncle! My only friend! Dead! Impossible!—you must be mistaken.'

'You had better go and see yourself,' replied Tracy, who did not feel at all disposed to sympathise with this sudden effusion of sentiment. 'I happened to be by, by mere chance, and know nothing more than I heard the apothecary say.' And with these words he turned towards the door.

'You are an officer's servant I see?' rejoined Jonas.

'I live with Captain D'Arcy of the 32d,' answered Tracy; and wishing Mr Jonas a good-evening, he walked away with a very unfavourable impression of that gentleman's character.

The door was no sooner closed on Tracy than Mr Jonas Aldridge returned into the parlour, and lighted a candle which stood on a side-table, by the aid of which he ascended to the second floor, and entered a back-room wherein stood a heavy four-post bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn together. The apartment, which also contained an old-

fashioned mahogany chest of drawers, and a large arm-chair, was well carpeted, and wore an aspect of considerable comfort. The shutters were closed, and a morcen curtain was let down to keep out the draught from the window.

Mr Jonas had mounted the stairs three at a time; but no sooner did he enter the room, and his eye fall upon the bed, than he suddenly paused, and stepping on the points of his toes towards it, he gently drew back one of the side curtains, and looked in. It was turned down, and ready for the expected master, but it was tenantless: he who should have lain there lay elsewhere that night. Mr Jonas folded in his lips, and nodded his head with an expression which seemed to say *all's right*. And then having drawn the bolt across the door, he took two keys out of his waistcoat pocket; with one he opened a cupboard in the wainscot, and with the other a large tin-box which stood therein, into which he thrust his hand, and brought out a packet of papers, which not proving to be the thing he sought, he made another dive; but this second attempt turned out equally unsuccessful with the first; whereupon he fetched the candle from the table, and held it over the box, in hopes of espying what he wished. But his countenance clouded, and an oath escaped him, on discovering that it was not there.

'He has taken it with him!' said he. And having replaced the papers he had disturbed, and closed the box, he hastily descended the stairs. In the hall hung his greatcoat and hat. These he put on, tying a comforter round his throat to defend him from the chill night-air; and then leaving the candle burning in the passage, he put the key of the house-door in his pocket, and went out.

Dead men wait patiently; but the haste with which Mr Jonas Aldridge strode over the ground seemed rather like one in chase of a fugitive; and yet, fast as he went, the time seemed long to him till he reached Thomas Street.

'Is my uncle here?' said he to Mary, who immediately answered to his knock.

'Yes, sir,' replied she.

'And what's the matter? I hope it is nothing serious?' added he.

'He's dead, sir, the doctor says,' returned she.

'Then you had a doctor?'

'Oh yes, sir; I fetched Mr Adams over the way immediately; but he said he was dead the moment he saw him. Will you please to walk up stairs, and see him yourself?'

'Impossible! it cannot be that my uncle is dead!' exclaimed Mr Jonas, who yet suspected some *ruse*. 'You should have had the best advice—you should have called in Dr Sykes. Let him be sent for immediately!' he added, speaking at the top of his voice, as he entered the little room above: 'no means must be neglected to recover him. Depend on it, it is only a fit.'

But the first glance satisfied him that all these ingenious precautions were quite unnecessary. There lay Mr Ephraim Aldridge dead unmistakably; and while Mary was inquiring where the celebrated Dr Sykes lived, in order that she might immediately go in search of him, Mr Jonas was thinking on what pretence he might get her out of the room without sending for anybody at all.

Designing people often give themselves an enormous deal of useless trouble; and after searching his brain in vain for an expedient to get rid of the girl, Mr Jonas suddenly recollected that the simplest was the best. There was no necessity, in short, for saying anything more than that he wished to be alone; and this he did say, at the same time drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, and applying it to his eyes, a little pantomime that was intended to aid the gentle Mary in putting a kind construction on the wish. She accordingly quitted the room, and descended to the parlour; whereupon Mr Jonas, finding himself alone, lost no time in addressing himself to his purpose, which was to search the pockets of the deceased, wherein he found a purse containing gold and silver, various keys, and several other articles, but not the article he sought; and as he gradually convinced himself that his search was vain, his brow became overcast, angry ejaculations escaped his lips, and after taking a cursory survey of the room, he snatched up the candle, and hastily descended the stairs.

'When did my uncle come here? What did he come about?' he inquired abruptly as he entered the parlour where Mary, weary and sad, was resting her head upon the table.

'He came this evening, sir; but I don't know what he came about. He said he wanted to have some conversation with my father, and I went into the kitchen to leave them alone.'

'Then you were not in the room when the accident happened?'

'What accident, sir?'

'I mean, when he died.'

'No, sir; I had gone out to buy something for supper.'

'What made you go out so late for that purpose?'

'My father called me in, sir, and Mr Aldridge gave me some money.'

'Then nobody was present but your father?'

'No, sir.'

'And where is he now?'

'My father is very ill, sir; and it gave him such a shock, that he was obliged to go to bed.'

'Had my uncle nothing with him but what I have found in his pockets?'

'Nothing that I know of, sir.'

'No papers?'

'No, sir.'

'Go and ask your father if he saw any papers.'

'I'm sure he didn't, sir, or else they would be here.'

'Well, I'll thank you to go and ask him, however.'

Whereupon Mary quitted the room: and stepping up stairs, she opened, and then presently shut again, the door of her own bedroom. 'It is no use disturbing my poor father,' said she to herself; 'I'm sure he knows nothing about any papers; and if I wake him, he will not get to sleep again all night. If he saw them, he'll say so in the morning.'

'My father knows nothing of the papers, sir,' said she, re-entering the room; 'and if they are not in the pocket, I'm sure Mr Aldridge never brought them here.'

'Perhaps he did not, after all,' thought Jonas; 'he has maybe removed it out of the tin box, and put it into the bureau.' A suggestion which made him desire to get home again as fast as he had left it. So, promising

to send the undertakers in the morning to remove the body, Mr Jonas took his leave, and hastened back to West Street, where he immediately set about ransacking every drawer, cupboard, and press, some of which he could only open with the keys he had just extracted from the dead man's pocket. But the morning's dawn found him unsuccessful: it appeared almost certain that the important paper was not in the house; and weary, haggard, and angry, he stretched himself on his bed till the hour admitted of further proceedings. And we will avail ourselves of this interval to explain more particularly the relative position of the parties concerned in our story.

Ephraim Aldridge, a younger member of a large and poor family, had been early in life apprenticed to a hosier; and being one of the most steady, cautious, saving boys that ever found his bread amongst gloves and stockings, had early grown into great favour with his master, who, as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, elevated him to the post of book-keeper; and in this situation, as he had a liberal salary, and was too prudent to marry, he contrived to save such a sum of money as, together with his good character, enabled him to obtain the reversion of the business when his master retired from it. The prudence which had raised him adhered to him still; his business flourished, and he grew rich; but the more money he got, the fonder he became of it; and the more he had, the less he spent; while the cautious steadiness of the boy shrank into a dry reserve as he grew older, till he became an austere, silent, inaccessible man, for whom the world in general entertained a certain degree of respect, but whom nobody liked, with the exception perhaps of one person, and that was Maurice Lane, who had formerly been his fellow-apprentice, and was now his shopman. And yet a more marked contrast of character could scarcely exist than between these two young men; but, somehow or other, everybody liked Lane; even the frigid heart of Ephraim could not defend itself from the charm of the boy's beautiful countenance and open disposition; and when he placed his former comrade in a situation of responsibility, it was not because he thought him the best or the steadiest servant he could possibly find, but because he wished to have one person about him that he liked, and that liked him. But no sooner did Lane find himself with a salary which would have maintained himself comfortably, than he fell in love with a beautiful girl whom he saw trimming caps and bonnets in an opposite shop-window, and straightway married her. Then came a family, and with it a train of calamities which kept them always steeped in distress, till the wife, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died; the children that survived were then dispersed about the world to earn their bread, and Lane found himself alone with his youngest daughter Mary. Had he retained his health, he might now have done better; but a severe rheumatic fever, after reducing him to the brink of the grave, had left him in such infirm health, that he was no longer able to maintain his situation; so he resigned it, and retired to an obscure lodging, with a few pounds in his pocket, and the affection and industry of his daughter for his only dependence.

During all this succession of calamities, Mr Aldridge had looked on with a severe eye. Had it been anybody but Lane, he would have dismissed

him as soon as he married; as it was, he allowed him to retain his place, and to take the consequences of his folly. He had carved his own destiny, and must accept it; it was not for want of knowing better, for Ephraim had warned him over and over again of the folly of poor men falling in love and marrying. Entertaining this view of the case, he justified his natural parsimony with the reflection, that by encouraging such imprudence he should be doing an injury to other young men. He made use of Lane as a beacon, and left him in his distress, lest assistance should destroy his usefulness. The old house in Thomas Street, however, which belonged to him, happening to fall vacant, he so far relented as to send word to his old clerk that he might inhabit it if he pleased.

Some few years, however, before these latter circumstances, Mr Aldridge, who had determined against matrimony, had nevertheless been seized with that desire so prevalent in the old especially, to have an heir of his own name and blood for his property. He had had but two relations that he remembered, a brother and a sister. The latter, when Ephraim was a boy, had married a handsome sergeant of a marching regiment, and gone away with it; and her family never saw her afterwards, though for some years she had kept up an occasional correspondence with her parents, by which they learned that she was happy and prosperous; that her husband had been promoted to an ensigncy for his good conduct; that she had one child; and finally, that they were about to embark for the West Indies.

His brother, with whom he had always maintained some degree of intercourse, had early settled in London as a harness-maker, and was tolerably well off; on which account Ephraim respected him, and now that he wanted an heir, it was in this quarter he resolved to look for one. So he went to London, inspected the family, and finally selected young Jonas, who everybody said was a fac-simile of himself in person and character. He was certainly a cautious, careful, steady boy, who was guilty of no indiscretions, and looked very sharp after his halfpence. Ephraim, who thought he had hit upon the exact desideratum, carried him to the country, put him to school, and became exceedingly proud and fond of him. His character, indeed, as regarded his relations with the boy, seemed to have undergone a complete change, and the tenderness he had all through life denied to everybody else, he now in his decline lavished to an injudicious excess on this child of his adoption. When he retired from business he took Jonas home; and as the lad had some talent for portrait-painting, he believed him destined to be a great artist, and forbore to give him a profession. Thus they lived together harmoniously enough for some time, till the factitious virtues of the boy ripened into the real vices of the man; and Ephraim discovered that the cautious, economical, discreet child was, at five-and-twenty, an odious specimen of avarice, selfishness, and cunning: and what made the matter worse was, that the uncle and nephew somehow appeared to have insensibly changed places—the latter being the governor, and the former the governed; and that while Mr Jonas professed the warmest affection for the old man, and exhibited the tenderest anxiety for his health, he contrived to make him a prisoner in his own house, and destroy all the comfort of his existence—and everybody knows how hard it is to break free from a domestic despotism of this description, which, like the arms of a gigantic cuttle-fish, has wound itself inextricably around its victim.

To leave Jonas, or to make Jonas leave him, was equally difficult; but at length the declining state of his health, together with his ever-augmenting hatred of his chosen heir, rendering the case more urgent, he determined to make a vigorous effort for freedom; and it now first occurred to him that his old friend Maurice Lane might help him to attain his object. In the meantime, while waiting for an opportunity to get possession of the will by which he had appointed Jonas heir to all his fortune, he privately drew up another, in favour of his sister's eldest son or his descendants, on condition of their taking the name of Aldridge; and this he secured in a tin box, of which he kept the key always about him, the box itself being deposited in a cupboard in his own chamber. In spite of all these precautions, however, Jonas penetrated the secret, and by means of false keys, obtained a sight of the document which was to cut him out of all he had been accustomed to consider his own; but it was at least some comfort to observe that the will was neither signed nor witnessed, and therefore at present perfectly invalid. This being the case he thought it advisable to replace the papers, and content himself with narrowly watching his uncle's future proceedings, since stronger measures at so critical a juncture might possibly provoke the old man to more decisive ones of his own.

In a remote quarter of the town resided two young men, commonly called Jock and Joe Wantage, who had formerly served Mr Aldridge as errand-boys, but who had since managed to set up in a humble way of business for themselves; and having at length contrived one evening to elude the vigilance of his nephew, he stepped into a coach, and without entering into any explanation of his reasons, he, in the presence of those persons, produced and signed his will, which they witnessed, desiring them at the same time never to mention the circumstance to anybody, unless called upon to do so. After making them a little present of money, for adversity had now somewhat softened his heart, he proceeded to the house of his old clerk.

It was by this time getting late, and the father and daughter were sitting in their almost fireless room, anxious and sad, for, as Tracy had conjectured, they were reduced to the last extremity of distress, when they were startled by a double knock at the door. It was long since those old walls had reverberated to such a sound.

'Who can that be?' exclaimed Lane, looking suddenly up from his book, which was a tattered volume of Shakspeare, the only one he possessed. 'I heard a coach stop.'

'It can be nobody here,' returned Mary: 'it must be a mistake.'

However, she rose and opened the door, at which by this time stood Mr Aldridge, whose features it was too dark to distinguish.

'Bring a light here!' said he. 'No; stay; I'll send you out the money,' he added to the coachman, and with that he stepped forward to the little parlour. But the scene that there presented itself struck heavily upon his heart, and perhaps upon his conscience, for instead of advancing, he stood still in the doorway. Here was poverty indeed! He and Lane had begun life together, but what a contrast in their ultimate fortunes! The one with much more money than he knew what to do with; the other without a shilling to purchase a bushel of coals to warm his shivering limbs; and yet the rich man was probably the more miserable of the two!

'Mr Aldridge!' exclaimed Lane, rising from his seat in amazement.

'Take this, and pay the man his fare,' said the visitor to Mary, handing her some silver. 'And have you no coals?'

'No, sir.'

'Then buy some directly, and make up the fire. Get plenty; here's the money to pay for them;' and as the coals were to be had next door, there was soon a cheerful fire in the grate. Lane drew his chair close to the fender, and spread his thin fingers to the welcome blaze.

'I did not know you were so badly off as this,' Mr Aldridge remarked.

'We have nothing but what Mary earns, and needle-work is poorly paid,' returned Lane; 'and often not to be had. I hope Mr Jonas is well?'

Mr Aldridge did not answer, but sat silently looking into the fire. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, his lip quivered, and the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of all he had lavished on that ungrateful nephew, that serpent he had nourished in his bosom, while the only friend he ever had was starving.

'Mary's an excellent girl,' pursued the father, 'and has more sense than years. She nursed me through all my illness night and day; and though she has had a hard life of it, she's as patient as a lamb, poor thing! I sometimes wish I was dead, and out of her way, for then she might do better for herself.'

Mr Aldridge retained his attitude and his silence, but a tear or two escaped from their channels, and flowed down the wan and hollow cheek: he did not dare to speak, lest the convulsion within his breast should burst forth into sobs and outward demonstrations, from which his close and reserved nature shrunk. Lane made two or three attempts at conversation, and then, finding them ineffectual, sank into silence himself.

If the poor clerk could have penetrated the thoughts of his visitor during that interval, he would have read there pity for the sufferings of his old friend, remorse for having treated him with harshness under the name of justice, and the best resolutions to make him amends for the future.

'Justice!' thought he; 'how can man, who sees only the surface of things, ever hope to be just?'

'You have no food either, I suppose?' said he, abruptly breaking the silence.

'There's part of a loaf in the house, I believe,' returned Lane.

'Call the girl, and bid her fetch some food! Plenty and the best! Do you hear, Mary?' he added as she appeared at the door. 'Here's money.'

'I have enough left from what you gave me for the coals,' said Mary, withholding her hand.

'Take it!—take it!' said Mr Aldridge, who was now for the first time in his life beginning to comprehend that the real value of money depends wholly on the way in which it is used, and that that which purchases happiness neither for its possessor nor anybody else is not wealth, but dross. 'Take it, and buy whatever you want. When did he ever withhold his hand when I offered him money?' thought he as his mind recurred to his adopted nephew.

Mary accordingly departed, and having supplied the table with provisions, was sent out again to purchase a warm shawl and some other articles for herself, which it was too evident she was much in need of. It was not till after she had departed that Mr Aldridge entered into the

subject that sat heavy on his soul. He now first communicated to Lane that which the reserve of his nature had hitherto induced him to conceal from everybody—namely, the disappointment he had experienced in the character of his adopted son, the ill-treatment he had received from him, and the mixture of fear, hatred, and disgust with which the conduct of Jonas had inspired him.

‘He has contrived, under the pretence of taking care of my health, to make me a prisoner in my own house. I haven’t a friend nor an acquaintance; he has bought over the servants to his interest, and his confidential associate is Holland, *my* solicitor, who drew up the will I made in that rascal’s favour, and has it in his possession. Jonas is to marry his daughter too; but I have something in my pocket that will break off that match. I should never sleep in my grave if he inherited my money! The fact is,’ continued he, after a pause, ‘I never mean to go back to the fellow. I won’t trust myself in his keeping; for I see he has scarcely patience to wait till nature removes me out of his way. I’ll tell you what, Lane,’ continued he, his hollow cheek flushing with excited feelings, ‘I’ll come and live with you, and Mary shall be my nurse.’

Lane, who sat listening to all this in a state of bewilderment, half-doubting whether his old master had not been seized with a sudden fit of insanity, here cast a glance round the miserable whitewashed walls begrimed with smoke and dirt. ‘Not here—not here!’ added Mr Aldridge, interpreting the look aright; ‘we’ll take a house in the country, and Mary shall manage everything for us, whilst we sit together, with our knees in the fire, and talk over old times. Thank God, my money is my own still! and with country air and good nursing I should not wonder if I recover my health; for I can safely say I have never known what it is to enjoy a happy hour these five years—never since I found out that fellow’s real character—and that is enough to kill any man! Look here,’ said he, drawing from his pocket a large black leathern note-case. ‘Here is a good round sum in Bank of England notes, which I have kept concealed till I could get clear of Mr Jonas; for though he cannot touch the principal, thank God! he got a power of attorney from me some time ago, entitling him to receive my dividends; but now I’m out of his clutches, I’ll put a drag on his wheel, he may rely on it. With this we can remove into the country and take lodgings, while we look out for a place to suit us permanently. We’ll have a cow in a paddock close to the house; the new milk and the smell of the hay will make us young again. Many an hour, as I have lain in my wearisome bed lately, I have thought of you and our Sunday afternoons in the country when we were boys. In the eagerness of money-getting, these things had passed away from my memory; but they return to me now as the only pleasant recollection of my life.’

‘And yet I never thought you enjoyed them much at the time,’ observed Lane, who was gradually getting more at ease with the rich man that had once been his equal, but between whom and himself all equality had ceased as the one grew richer and the other poorer.

‘Perhaps I did not,’ returned Ephraim. ‘I was too eager to get on in the world to take much pleasure in anything that did not help to fill my pockets. Money—money, was all I thought of! and when I got it, what did it bring-me? Jonas—and a precious bargain he has turned out! But

I'll be even with him yet. Here there was a sob and a convulsion of the breast, as the wounded heart swelled with its bitter sense of injury. 'I have not told you half yet,' continued he; 'but I'll be even with him, little as he thinks it.'

As a pause now ensued, Lane felt it was his turn to say something, and he began with, 'I am surprised at Mr Jonas;' for so cleverly had the nephew managed, that the alienation of the uncle was unsuspected by everybody, and Lane could hardly bring himself to comment freely on this once-cherished nephew. 'I could not have believed, after all you've done for him, that he would turn out ungrateful. Perhaps,' continued he; but here the words were arrested on his lips by a sudden movement on the part of Mr Aldridge, which caused Lane, who had been staring vacantly into the fire, to turn his eyes towards his visitor, whom, to his surprise, he saw falling gradually forward. He stretched out his hand to arrest the fall; but his feeble arm only gave another direction to the body, which sank on its face to the ground. Lane, who naturally thought Mr Aldridge had fainted from excess of emotion, fetched water, and endeavoured to raise him from the floor; but he slipped heavily from his grasp; and the recollection that, years ago, he had heard from the apothecary who attended Ephraim that the latter had disease of the heart, and would some day die suddenly, filled him with terror and dismay. He saw that the prophecy was fulfilled; his own weak nerves and enfeebled frame gave way under the shock, and dropping into the nearest chair, he was for some moments almost as insensible as his friend.

When he revived, and was able to recall his scattered senses, the first thing that met his eye was the open pocket-book and the notes that lay on the table. But a moment before, how full of promise was that book to him! Now where were his hopes? Alas, like his fortunes, in the dust! Never was a man less greedy of money than Lane; but he knew what it was to want bread, to want clothes, to want fire. He felt sure Jonas would never give him a sixpence to keep him from starving; and then there was his poor Mary, so overworked, fading her fair young cheeks with toil. That money was to have made three persons comfortable: he to whom it belonged was gone, and could never need it; and he had said quite enough before he departed to satisfy Lane, that could he lift up his voice from the grave to say who should have the contents of that book, it would not be Jonas. Where, then, could be the harm of helping himself to that which had been partly intended for him? Where, too, could be the danger? Assuredly Jonas, the only person who had a right to inquire into Mr Aldridge's affairs, knew nothing of this sum; and then the pocket-book might be burned, and so annihilate all trace. There blazed the fire so invitingly. Besides, Jonas would be so rich, and could so well afford to spare it. As these arguments hastily suggested themselves, Lane, trembling with emotion, arose from his seat, seized the book, and grasped a handful of the notes, when, to his horror, at that moment he heard a tap at the window. Shaking like a leaf, his wan cheeks whiter than before, and his very breath suspended, he stood waiting for what was to follow; but nothing ensued—all was silent again. It was probably an accident: some one passing had touched the glass; but still an undefined fear made him totter to the street-door, and draw the bolt. Then he returned into the

room : there were the notes yet tempting him ; but this interruption had unnerved him. He longed for them as much as before, but did not dare to satisfy his desire, lest he should hear that warning tap again. Yet if left there till Mary returned, they were lost to him for ever ; and he and she would be starving again, all the more wretched for this transitory gleam of hope that had relieved for a moment the darkness of their despair. But time pressed : every moment he expected to hear her at the door ; and as unwilling to relinquish the prize as afraid to seize it, he took refuge in an expedient that avoided either extreme—he closed the book, and flung it beneath the table, over which there was spread an old green cloth, casting a sufficiently dark shadow around to render the object invisible, unless to a person stooping to search for it. Thus, if inquired for and sought, it would be found, and the natural conclusion be drawn that it had fallen there ; if not, he would have time for deliberation, and circumstances should decide him what to do.

There were but two beds in this poor house : in one slept Lane, on the other was stretched the dead guest ; Mary, therefore, on this eventful night had none to go to. So she made up the fire, threw her new shawl over her head, and arranged herself to pass the hours till morning in the rickety old chair in which her father usually sat. The scenes in which she had been assisting formed a sad episode in her sad life ; and although she knew too little of Mr Aldridge to feel any particular interest in him, she had gathered enough from her father, and from the snatches of conversation she had heard, to be aware that this visit was to have been the dawn of better fortunes, and that the old man's sudden decease was probably a much heavier misfortune to themselves than to him. A girl more tenderly nurtured and accustomed to prosperity would have most likely given vent to her disappointment in tears ; but tears are an idle luxury in which the poor rarely indulge : they have no time for them. They must use their eyes for their work ; and when night comes, their weary bodies constrain the mind to rest. Mary had had a fatiguing evening—it was late before she found herself alone ; and tired and exhausted, unhappy as she felt, it was not long ere she was in a sound sleep.

It appeared to her that she must have slept several hours, when she awoke with a consciousness that there was somebody stirring in the room. She felt sure that a person had passed close to where she was sitting ; she heard the low breathing and the cautious foot, which sounded as if the intruder was without shoes. The small grate not holding much coal, the fire was already out, and the room perfectly dark, so that Mary had only her ear to guide her : she could see nothing. A strange feeling crept over her when she remembered their guest ; but no—he was for ever motionless ; there could be no doubt of that. It could not surely be her father. His getting out of bed and coming down stairs in the middle of the night was to the last degree improbable. What could he come for ? Besides, if he had done so, he would naturally have spoken to her. Then came the sudden recollection that she had not fastened the back-door, which opened upon a yard as accessible to their neighbours as to themselves—neighbours not always of the best character either ; and the cold shiver of fear crept over her. Now she felt how fortunate it was that the room *was* dark.

How fortunate, too, that she had not spoken or stirred; for the intruder withdrew as silently as he came. Mary strained her ears to listen which way he went; but the shoeless feet gave no echo. It was some time before the poor girl's beating heart was stilled; and then suddenly recollecting that this mysterious visitor, whoever he was, might be gone to fetch a light and return, she started up, and turned the key in the door. During that night Mary had no more sleep. When the morning broke, she arose and looked around to see if any traces of her midnight visitor remained, but there were none. A sudden alarm now arose in her breast for her father's safety, and she hastily ascended the stairs to his chamber; but he appeared to be asleep, and she did not disturb him. Then she opened the door of her own room, and peeped in—all was still there, and just as it had been left on the preceding evening; and now, as is usual on such occasions, when the terrors of the night had passed away, and the broad daylight looked out upon the world, she began to doubt whether the whole affair had not been a dream betwixt sleeping and waking, the result of the agitating events of the preceding evening.

After lighting the fire, and filling the kettle, Mary next set about arranging the room; and in so doing, she discovered a bit of folded paper under the table, which, on examination, proved to be a five-pound note. Of course this belonged to Mr Aldridge, and must have fallen there by accident; so she put it aside for Jonas, and then ascended to her father's room again. He was now awake, but said he felt very unwell, and begged for some tea, a luxury they now possessed through the liberality of their deceased guest.

'Did anything disturb you in the night, father?' inquired Mary.

'No,' replied Lane, 'I slept all night.' He did not look as if he had thought; and Mary, seeing he was irritable and nervous, and did not wish to be questioned, made no allusion to what had disturbed herself.

'If Mr Jonas Aldridge comes here, say I am too ill to see him,' added he as she quitted the room.

About eleven o'clock the undertakers came to remove the body; and presently afterwards Tracy arrived.

'I came to say that I delivered your message last night to Mr Jonas Aldridge,' said he, when she opened the door; 'and he promised to come here directly.'

'He did come,' returned Mary. 'Will you please to walk in? I'm sorry my father is not down stairs. He's very poorly to-day.'

'I do not wonder at that,' answered Tracy, as his thoughts recurred to the black pocket-book.

'Mr Jonas seemed very anxious about some papers he thought his uncle had about him; but I have found nothing but this five-pound note, which perhaps you would leave at Mr Aldridge's for me?'

'I will with pleasure,' answered Tracy, remembering that this commission would afford him an excuse for another visit; and he took his leave a great deal more in love than ever.

'Humph!' said Mr Jonas, taking the note that Tracy brought him; 'and she has found no papers?'

'No, sir, none. Miss Lane says that unless they were in his pocket, Mr Aldridge could not have had any papers with him.'

'It's very extraordinary,' said Mr Jonas, answering his own reflections.

'Will you give me a receipt for the note, sir?' asked Tracy. 'My name is'—

'It's all right. I'm going there directly myself, and I'll say you delivered it,' answered Jonas, hastily interrupting him, and taking his hat off a peg in the passage. 'I'm in a hurry just now;' whereupon Tracy departed without insisting farther.

While poor Ephraim slept peaceably in his coffin above, Mr Jonas, perplexed by all manner of doubts in regard to the missing will, sat below in the parlour in a fever of restless anxiety. Every heel that resounded on the pavement made his heart sink till it had passed the door, while a ring or a knock shook his whole frame to the centre; and though he longed to see Mr Holland, his uncle's solicitor, whom he knew to be quite in his interest, he had not courage either to go to him, or to send for him, for fear of hastening the catastrophe he dreaded.

Time crept on; the day of the funeral came and passed; the will was read; and Mr Jonas took possession as sole heir and executor, and no interruption occurred. Smoothly and favourably, however, as the stream of events appeared to flow, the long-expectant heir was not the less miserable.

But when three months had elapsed he began to breathe more freely, and to hope that the alarm had been a false one. The property was indeed his own—he was a rich man, and now for the first time he felt in sufficient spirits to look into his affairs and review his possessions. A considerable share of these consisted in houses, which his uncle had seized opportunities of purchasing on advantageous terms; and as the value of some had increased, whilst that of others was diminishing for want of repair, he employed a surveyor to examine and pronounce on their condition.

'Among the rest,' said he, 'there is a small house in Thomas Street, No. 7. My uncle allowed an old clerk of his to inhabit it, rent free; but he must turn out. I gave them notice three months ago; but they've not taken it. Root them up, will you? and get the house cleaned down and whitewashed for some other tenant.'

Having put these matters in train, Mr Jonas resolved, while his own residence was set in order, to make a journey to London, and enjoy the gratification of presenting himself to his family in the character of a rich man; and so fascinating did he find the pleasures of wealth and independence, that nearly four months had elapsed since his departure before he summoned Mr Reynolds to give an account of his proceedings.

'So,' said he, after they had run through the most important items—'so you have found a tenant for the house in Thomas Street? Had you much trouble in getting rid of the Lanes?'

'They're in it still,' answered Mr Reynolds. 'The man that has taken it has married Lane's daughter.'

'What is he?' inquired Jonas.

'An officer's servant—a soldier in the regiment that is quartered in the citadel.'

'Oh, I've seen the man—a good-looking young fellow. But how is he to pay the rent?'

'He says he has saved money, and he has set her up in a shop. How-

ever, I have taken care to secure the first quarter; there's the receipt for it.'

'That is all right,' said Mr Jonas, who was in a very complacent humour, for fortune seemed quite on his side at present. 'How,' said he, suddenly changing colour as he glanced his eye over the slip of paper; 'how! Tracy Walkingham!'

'Yes; an odd name enough for a private soldier, isn't it?'

'Tracy Walkingham!' he repeated. 'Why, how came he to know the Lanes? Where does he come from?'

'I know nothing of him except that he is in the barracks. But I can inquire, and find out his history and genealogy if you wish it,' replied Mr Reynolds.

'Oh no, no, no,' said Jonas; 'leave him alone. If I want to find out anything about him, I'll do it myself. Indeed it is nothing connected with himself, but the name struck me as being that of a person who owed my uncle some money; however, it cannot be him of course. And to return to matters of more consequence, I want to know what you've done with the tenements in Water Lane?' And having thus adroitly turned the conversation, the subject of the tenant with the odd name was referred to no more; but although it is true that 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' it is also frequently true that that which most occupies the mind is the farthest from the lips, and this was eminently the case on the present occasion; for during the ensuing half hour that Mr Jonas appeared to be listening with composure to the surveyor's reports and suggestions, the name of Tracy Walkingham was burning itself into his brain in characters of fire.

'Tracy Walkingham!' exclaimed he, as soon as Mr Reynolds was gone, and he had turned the key in the lock to exclude interruptions; 'here, and married to Lane's daughter! There's something in this more than meets the eye! The Lanes have got that will as sure as my name's Jonas Aldridge, and have been waiting to produce it till they had him fast noosed! But why do they withhold it now? Waiting till they hear of my return, I suppose!' And as this conviction gained strength, he paced the room in a paroxysm of anguish. And there he was, so helpless, too! What could he do but wait till the blow came? He would have liked to turn them out of his house, but they had taken it for a year; and besides, what good would that do but to give them a greater triumph, and perhaps expedite the catastrophe? Sometimes he thought of consulting his friend Holland; but his pride shrank from the avowal that his uncle had disinherited him, and that the property he and everybody else had long considered so securely his, now in all probability justly belonged to another. Then he formed all sorts of impracticable schemes for getting the paper into his possession, or Tracy out of the way. Never was there a more miserable man; the sight of those two words *Tracy Walkingham* had blasted his sight, and changed the hue of everything he looked upon. Our readers will have little difficulty in guessing the reason: the young soldier, Mary's handsome husband, was the heir named in the missing will—the son of that sister of Ephraim's who had married a sergeant, and had subsequently gone to the West Indies.

Tracy Walkingham, the father, was not exactly in his right position as a

private in the 9th Regiment, for he was the offspring of a very respectable family; but some early extravagance and dissipation, together with a passion for a military life, which was denied gratification, had induced him to enlist. Good conduct and a tolerable education soon procured him the favourable notice of his superiors, took him out of the ranks, and finally procured him a commission. When both he and his wife died in Jamaica, their only son was sent home to the father's friends; but the boy met with but a cold reception; and after some years passed, far from happily, he, as we have said, ran away from school; and, his early associations being all military, seized the first opportunity of enlisting, as his father had done before him. But of the history of his parents he knew nothing whatever, except that his father had risen from the ranks; and he had as little suspicion of his connection with Ephraim Aldridge as Mary had. Neither did the name of Tracy Walkingham suggest any reminiscences to Lane, who had either forgotten, or more probably had never heard it, Mr Aldridge's sister having married prior to the acquaintance of the two lads. But Jonas had been enlightened by the will; and although the regiment now quartered at P—— was not the one therein mentioned, the name was too remarkable not to imply a probability, which his own terror naturally converted into a certainty.

In the meantime, while the rich and conscious usurper was nightly lying on a bed of thorns, and daily eating the bread of bitterness, the poor and unconscious heir was in the enjoyment of a larger share of happiness than usually falls to the lot of mortals. The more intimately he became acquainted with Mary's character, the more reason he found to congratulate himself on his choice; and even Lane he had learned to love; while all the painful suspicions connected with Mr Aldridge's death and the pocket-book had been entirely dissipated by the evident poverty of the family; since, after the expenditure of the little ready money Mr Aldridge had given them, they had relapsed into their previous state of distress, having clearly no secret resources wherewith to avert it. Mary's shop was now beginning to get custom too, and she was by slow degrees augmenting her small stock, when the first interruption to their felicity occurred. This was the impending removal of the regiment, which, under present circumstances, was an almost inevitable sentence of separation; for even could they have resolved to make the sacrifice, and quit the home on which they had expended all their little funds, it was impossible for Mary to abandon her father, ever feeble, and declining in health. The money Tracy had saved towards purchasing his discharge was not only all gone, but, though doing very well, they were not yet quite clear of the debt incurred for their furniture. There was therefore no alternative but to submit to the separation, hard as it was; and all the harder, that they could not tell how long it might take them to amass the needful sum to purchase Tracy's liberty. Lane, too, was very much affected, and very unwilling to part with his son-in-law.

'What,' said he, 'is it only twenty pounds?' And when he saw his daughter's tears, he would exclaim, 'Oh, Mary! and to think that twenty pounds would do it!' And more than once he said, 'Tracy should not go; he was determined he should not leave them;' and bade Mary dry her

tears, for he would prevent it. But nevertheless the route came; and early one morning the regiment marched through Thomas Street, the band playing the tune of 'The girl I leave behind me;' while poor Mary, choking with sobs, peeped through the half-open shutter, to which the young husband's eyes were directed as long as the house was in sight. That was a sad day, and very sad were many that followed. Neither was there any blessed Penny Post then to ease the sick hearts and deferred hopes of the poor; and few and rare were the tidings that reached the loving wife—soon to become a mother. The only pleasure Mary had now was in the amassing money. How eager she was for it! How she counted over and over her daily gains! How she economised! What self-denial she practised! Oh for twenty pounds to set her husband free, and bring him to her arms again! So passed two years, circumstances always improving, but still this object so near her heart was far from being attained, when there arrived a letter from Tracy, informing her that the regiment was ordered abroad, and that, as he could not procure a furlough, there was no possibility of their meeting unless she could go to him. What was to be done? If she went, all her little savings would be absorbed in the journey, and the hope of purchasing her husband's discharge indefinitely postponed. Besides, who was to take care of her father, and the lodger, and the shop? The former would perhaps die from neglect, she should lose her lodger, and the shop would go to destruction for want of the needful attention. But could she forbear? Her husband might never return—they might never meet again—then how she should reproach herself! Moreover, Tracy had not seen the child: that was decisive. At all risks she must go; and this being resolved, she determined to shut up her shop, and engage a girl to attend to her father and her lodger. These arrangements made, she started on her long journey with her baby in her arms.

At the period of which we are treating, a humble traveller was not only subject to great inconveniences, but besides the actual sum disbursed, he paid a heavy per-centage from delay on every mile of his journey. Howbeit, 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and poor Mary reached her destination at last; and in the joy of meeting with her husband, forgot all her difficulties and anxieties, till the necessity for parting recalled her to the sad reality that awaited them. If she stayed too long away from her shop, she feared her customers would forsake her altogether; and then how was the next rent day to be provided for? So, with many a sigh and many a tear, the young couple bade each other farewell, and Mary recommenced her tedious journey. If tedious before, when such a bright star of hope lighted her on her way, how much more so now! While poor Tracy felt so wretched and depressed, that many a time vague thoughts of deserting glauced through his mind, and he was only withheld from it by the certainty that if they shot him—and deserters, when taken, were shot in those days—it would break his poor little wife's heart. Soon after Mary's departure, however, it happened that his master, Major D'Arcy, met with a severe accident while hunting; and as Tracy was his favourite servant, and very much attached to him, his time and thoughts were so much occupied with attendance on the invalid, that he was necessarily in some degree diverted from his own troubles.

In the meantime Mary arrived at home, where she found her affairs in

no worse condition than might be expected. Her father was in health much as she had left him, and her lodger still in the house, though both weary of her substitute; and the latter—that is, the lodger—threatening to quit if the mistress did not make haste back. All was right now again—except Mary's heart—and things resumed their former train; the only event she expected being a letter to inform her of her husband's departure, which he had promised to post on the day of his embarkation.

Three months elapsed, however, before the postman stopped at her door with the dreaded letter. How her heart sunk when she saw him enter the shop!

'A letter for you, Mrs Walkingham—one-and-twopence, if you please.' Mary opened her till, and handed him the money.

'Poor thing!' thought the man, observing how her hand shook, and how pale she turned; 'expects bad news, I suppose!'

Mary dropped the letter into the money-drawer, for there was a customer in the shop waiting to be served—and then came in another. When the second was gone, she took it out and looked at it, turned it about, and examined it, and kissed it, and then put it away again. She felt that she dared not open it till night, when all her business was over, and her shop closed, and she might pour out her tears without interruption. She could scarcely tell whether she most longed or feared to open it; and when at length the quiet hour came, and her father was in bed, and her baby asleep in its cradle beside her, and she sat down to read it, she looked at it, and pressed it to her bosom, and kissed it again and again before she broke the seal; and then when she had done so, the paper shook in her hand, and her eyes were obscured with tears, and the light seemed so dim that she could not at first decipher anything but '*My darling Mary!*' It was easy to read that, for he always called her *his darling Mary*—but what came next? '*Joy! joy! dry your dear tears, for I know how fast they are falling, and be happy! I am not going abroad with the regiment, and I shall soon be a free man. Major D'Arcy has met with a sad accident, and cannot go to a foreign station; and as he wishes me not to leave him, he is going to purchase my discharge,*' &c. &c.

Many a night had Mary lain awake from grief, but this night she could not sleep for joy. It was such a surprise, such an unlooked-for piece of good-fortune. It might indeed be some time before she could see her husband, but he was free, and sooner or later they should be together. Everybody who came to the shop the next day wondered what had come over Mrs Walkingham. She was not like the same woman.

It was about eight months after the arrival of the above welcome intelligence, on a bright winter's morning, Mary as usual up betimes, her shop all in order, her child washed and dressed, and herself as neat and clean 'as a new pin,' as her neighbour, Mrs Crump the laundress, used to say of her—her heart as usual full of Tracy, and more than commonly full of anxiety about him, for the usual period for his writing was some time passed. She was beginning to be uneasy at his prolonged silence, and to fear he was ill. 'No letter for me, Mr Ewart?' she said as she stood on the step with her child in her arms watching for the postman.

'None to-day, Mrs Walkingham; better luck next time!' answered the

functionary as he trotted past. Mary, disappointed, was turning in, resolving that night to write and upbraid her husband for causing her so much uneasiness, when she heard the horn that announced the approach of the London coach, and she stopped to see it pass; for there were pleasant memories connected with that coach: it was the occasion of her first acquaintance with Tracy--so had the driver sounded his horn, which she, absorbed in her troubles, had not heard; so had he cracked his whip; so had the wheels rattled over the stones; and so had the idle children in the street ran hooting and hallooing after it; but not so had it dashed up to her door and stopped. It cannot be!--yes it is--Tracy himself, in a drab great-coat and crape round his hat, jumping down from behind! The guard throws him a large portmanteau, and a paper parcel containing a new gown for Mary, and a frock for the boy; and in a moment more they are in the little back parlour in each other's arms. Major D'Arcy was dead, and Tracy had returned to his wife to part no more--so we will shut the door, and leave them to their happiness, while we take a peep at Mr Jonas Aldridge, and inquire into his doings and sayings.

We left him writhing under the painful discovery that the rightful heir of the property he was enjoying, at least so far as his uncle's intentions were concerned, was not only in existence, but was actually the husband of Lane's daughter; and although he sometimes hoped the fatal paper had been destroyed, since he could in no other way account for its non-production, still the galling apprehension that it might some day find its way to light was ever a thorn in his pillow; and the natural consequence of this irritating annoyance was, that while he hated both Tracy and his wife, he kept a vigilant eye on their proceedings, and had a restless curiosity about all that concerned them. He would have been not only glad to eject them from the house they occupied, and even to drive them out of the town altogether, but he had a vague fear of openly meddling with them; so that the departure of the regiment, and its being subsequently ordered abroad, afforded him the highest satisfaction; in proportion to which was his vexation at Tracy's release, and ultimate return as a free man, all which particulars he extracted from Mr Reynolds as regularly as the payment of the quarter's rent.

'And what does he mean to do now?' inquired Jonas.

'To settle here I fancy,' returned Mr Reynolds. 'They seem to be doing very well in the little shop; and I believe they have some thoughts of extending their business.'

This was extremely unpleasant intelligence, and the more so, that it was not easy to discover any means of defeating these arrangements; for as Mr Jonas justly observed, as he soliloquised on the subject, 'In this cursed country there is no getting rid of such a fellow!'

In the town of which we speak there are along the shore several houses of public resort of a very low description, chiefly frequented by soldiers and sailors; and in war-times it was not at all an uncommon thing for the hosts of these dens to be secretly connected with the pressgangs and recruiting companies, both of whom, at a period when men were so much needed for the public service, pursued their object after a somewhat unscrupulous fashion. Among the most notorious of these houses was

one called the *Britannia*, kept by a man of the name of Gurney, who was reported to have furnished, by fair means or foul, a good many recruits to his majesty's army and navy. Now it occurred to Mr Jonas Aldridge that Gurney might be useful to him in his present strait; nor did he find any unwillingness on the part of that worthy person to serve his purposes. 'A troublesome sort of fellow this Walkingham is,' said Mr Jonas; 'and I wouldn't mind giving twenty pounds if you could get him to enlist again.' The twenty pounds was quite argument enough to satisfy Gurney of the propriety of so doing; but success in the undertaking proved much less easy than desirable. Tracy, who spent his evenings quietly at home with his wife, never drank, and never frequented the houses on the quay, disappointed all the schemes laid for entrapping him; and Mr Jonas had nearly given up the expectation of accomplishing his purpose, when a circumstance occurred that awakened new hopes. The house next to that inhabited by the young couple took fire in the night when everybody was asleep; the party-walls being thin, the flames soon extended to the adjoining ones; and the following morning saw poor Tracy and his wife and child homeless, and almost destitute, their best exertions having enabled them to save little more than their own lives and that of Mary's father, who was now bedridden. But for his infirm condition they might have saved more of their property; but not only was there much time necessarily consumed in removing him; but when Tracy rushed into his room, intending to carry him away in his arms, Lane would not allow him to lift him from his bed till he had first unlocked a large trunk with a key which was attached to a string hung round the sick man's neck.

'Never mind--never mind trying to save anything but your life! You'll be burnt, sir; indeed you will; there's not a moment to lose,' cried Tracy eagerly.

But Lane would listen to nothing: the box must be opened, and one precious object secured. 'Thrust your hand down to the bottom--the corner next the window--and you'll find a parcel in brown paper.'

'I have it, sir --I have it!' cried Tracy; and lifting the invalid from his bed with the strong arm of vigorous youth, he threw him on his back, and bore him safely into the street.

'The parcel!' said Lane; 'where is it?'

Tracy flung it to him, and rushed back into the house. But too late: the flames drove him forth immediately; and finding he could do nothing there, he proceeded to seek a shelter for his houseless family.

It was with no little satisfaction that Mr Jonas Aldridge heard of this accident. Those obnoxious individuals were dislodged now without any intervention of his, and the link was broken that so unpleasantly seemed to connect them with himself. Moreover, they were to all appearance ruined, and consequently helpless and defenceless. Now was the time to root them out of the town if possible, and prevent them making another settlement in it; and now was the time that Gurney might be useful; for Tracy, being no longer a householder, was liable to be pressed, if he could not be induced to re-enlist.

In the meanwhile, all unconscious of the irritation and anxiety they were innocently inflicting on the wealthy Mr Jonas Aldridge, Tracy and his wife were struggling hard to keep their heads above water in this sud-

den wreck of all their hopes and comforts. It is so hard to rise again after such a plunge; for the destruction of the poor is their poverty; and *having* nothing, they could undertake nothing, begin nothing. The only thing open seemed for Tracy to seek service, and for Mary to resume her needlework; but situations and custom are not found in a day, and they were all huddled together in a room, and wanting bread. The shock of the fire and removal had seriously affected Lane too, and it was evident that his sorrows and sufferings were fast drawing to a close. He was aware of it himself, and one day when Mary was out he called Tracy to his bedside, and asked him if Mr Adams did not think he was dying.

'You have been very ill before, and recovered,' said Tracy, unwilling to shock him with the sentence that the apothecary had pronounced against him.

'I see,' said Lane; 'my time is come; and I am not unwilling to go, for I am a sore burthen to you and Mary, now you're in trouble. I know you're very kind,' he added, seeing Tracy about to protest; 'but it's high time I was under ground. God knows—God knows I have had a sore struggle, and it's not over yet! To see you so poor, in want of everything, and to know that I could help you. I sometimes think there could be no great harm in it either. The Lord have mercy upon me! What am I saying?'

'You had better not talk any more, but try to sleep till Mary comes in,' said Tracy, concluding his mind was beginning to wander.

'No, no,' said Lane; 'that wont do: I must say it now. You remember that parcel we saved from the fire?'

'Yes I do,' answered Tracy, looking about. 'Where is it? I've never seen it since.'

'It's here!' said Lane, drawing it from under his pillow. 'Look there,' he added: '*not to be opened till after my death.* You observe?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'*Not to be opened till after my death.* But as soon as I am gone, take it to Mr Jonas Aldridge: it belongs to him. There is a letter inside explaining everything; and I have asked him to be good to you and Mary for the sake of—for the sake of the hard, hard struggle I have had in poverty and sickness, when I saw her young cheek fading with want and work; and now again, when you are all suffering, and little Tracy too, with his thin pale face that used to be so round and rosy: but it will soon be over, thank God! You will be sure to deliver it into his own hands?'

'I give you my word I will, sir.'

'Take it away then, and let me see it no more; but hide it from Mary, and tell her nothing about it.'

'I will not, sir. And now you must try to rest.'

'I feel more at peace now,' said Lane; 'and perhaps I may. Thank God the worst struggle is over—dying is easy.'

Mr Adams was right in his prediction. In less than a week from the period of that solemn behest poor Lane was in his grave; and his last word, with a significant glance at Tracy, was—*remember!*

Mary had loved her father tenderly—indeed there was a great deal in him to love; and he was doubly endeared to her by the trials they had gone through together, and the cares and anxieties she had lavished on

him. But there was no bitterness in the tears she shed: she had never failed him in their hours of trial; she had been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and he had expired peacefully in the arms of herself and her kind and beloved husband. It was on the evening of the day which had seen the remains of poor Maurice Lane deposited in the churchyard of St Jude that Tracy, having placed the parcel in his bosom, and buttoned his coat over it, said to his wife—'Mary, I have occasion to go out on a little business; keep up your spirits till I return; I will not be away more than an hour;' and leaning over her chair he kissed her cheek, and left the room. As he stepped from his own door into the street, he observed two men leaning against the rails of the adjoining house, and he heard one say to the other, 'Yes, by jingo!' 'At last!' returned the other; whereupon they moved on, pursuing the same way he went himself, but keeping at some distance behind.

Tracy could not quite say that he owed no man anything, for the fire had incapacitated them from paying some small accounts which they would otherwise have been able to discharge, and he even owed a month's rent; but this, considering the circumstances of the case, he did not expect would be claimed. Indeed Mr Reynolds, who was quite ignorant of Mr Jonas's enmity, had hinted as much. He had therefore no apprehension of being pursued for debt, nor, till he recollected that there was a very active pressgang in the town, did it occur to him that the movements of these men could be connected with himself. It is true that, as a discharged soldier, he was not strictly liable, but he was aware that immunities of this sort were not always available at the moment of need; and that, as these persons did not adhere very strictly to the terms of their warrant, once in their clutches, it was no easy matter to get out of them: so he quickened his pace, and kept his eyes and ears on the alert.

His way lay along the shore, and shortly before he reached the Britannia, the two men suddenly advanced, and placed themselves one on each side of him. But for the suspicion we have named, Tracy would have either not observed their movements, or, if he had, would have stopped and inquired what they wanted. As it was, he thought it much wiser to escape the seizure at first, should such be their intention, than trust to the justice of his cause afterwards; so, without giving them time to lay hands upon him, he took to his heels and ran, whereupon they sounded a whistle, and as he reached Joe Gurney's door, he found his flight impeded by that worthy himself, who came out of it, and tried to trip him up. But Tracy was active, and making a leap, he eluded the stratagem. The man, however, seized him, which gave time to the two others to come up; and there commenced a desperate struggle of three to one, in which, in spite of his strength and agility, Tracy would certainly have been worsted but for a very unexpected reinforcement which joined him from some of the neighbouring houses, to whose inhabitants Gurney's proceedings had become to the last degree odious; more especially to the women, among whom there was scarcely one who had not the cause of a brother, a son, or a lover to avenge. Armed with pokers, brooms, or whatever they could lay their hands on, these Amazons issued from their doors, and fell foul of Gurney, whom they singled from the rest as their own peculiar prey. In the confusion Tracy contrived to make his escape; and without his

hat, and his clothes almost torn off his back, he rushed in upon the astonished Mary in less than half an hour after he had left her.

His story was soon told, and there was nothing sufficiently uncommon in such an incident in those days to excite much surprise, except as regarded the circumstance of the men lying in wait for him. Tracy was not ignorant that malice and jealousy had occasionally furnished victims to the press system; but they had no enemy they knew of, nor was there any one, as far as they were aware, that had an interest in getting him out of the way. It was, however, an unpleasant and alarming occurrence, and he resolved on consulting a lawyer, in order to ascertain how he might protect himself from any repetition of the annoyance.

With this determination, the discussion between the husband and wife concluded for that night; but the former had a private source of uneasiness, which on the whole distressed him much more than the seizure itself, and which he could not have the relief of communicating to Mary—this was the loss of the parcel so sacredly committed to his care by his deceased father-in-law, and which he was on his way to deliver into the hands of Mr Jonas Aldridge when he met with the interruption. It had either fallen or been torn from his bosom in the struggle, and considering the neighbourhood and the sort of people that surrounded him, he could scarcely indulge the most remote hope of ever seeing it again. To what the papers contained Lane had furnished him no clue; but whether it was anything of intrinsic worth, or merely some article to which circumstances or association lent an arbitrary value, the impossibility of complying with the last and earnest request of Mary's father formed far the most painful feature in the accident of the evening; and while the wife lay awake, conjuring up images of she knew not what dangers and perils that threatened her husband, Tracy passed an equally sleepless night in vague conjectures as to what had become of the parcel, and in forming visionary schemes for its recovery.

In the morning he even determined to face Gurney in his den; for it was only at night that he felt himself in any danger from the nefarious proceedings of himself and his associates. But his inquiries brought him no satisfaction. The people who resided in the neighbourhood of Gurney's house, many of whom had engaged in the broil, declared they knew nothing of the parcel; 'but,' said they, 'if any of Gurney's people have it, you need never hope to see it again.' Tracy thought so too; however, he paid a visit to their den of iniquity, and declared his determination to have them summoned before the magistrates, to answer for his illegal seizure; but as all who were present denied any knowledge of the affair, and as he could not have sworn to the two ruffians who tracked him, he satisfied himself with this threat without proceeding further in the business.

Having been equally unsuccessful at the police-office, he determined, after waiting a few days in the hope of discovering some clue by which he might recover the parcel, to communicate the circumstance to Mr Jonas Aldridge. He therefore took an early opportunity of presenting himself in West Street.

'Here's a man wishes to see you, sir,' said the servant.

'Who is it? What does he want?' inquired Mr Jonas, who, recumbent

in his arm-chair, and his glass of port beside him, was leisurely perusing his newspaper after dinner. 'Where is he?'

'He's in the passage, sir.'

'Take care he's not a thief come to look after the greatcoats and hats.'

'He looks very respectable, sir.'

'Wants me to subscribe to something, I suppose. Go and ask him what's his business.'

'He says he can't tell his business except to you, sir, because it's something very partickler,' said the maid, returning into the room. 'He says he's been one of your tenants; his name's Walkingham.'

'Walkingham!' reiterated Mr Jonas, dropping the newspaper, and starting erect out of his recumbent attitude. 'Wants me! Business! What business can he possibly have with me? Say I'm engaged, and can't see him. No, stay! Yes; say I'm engaged, and can't see him.'

'He wishes to know what time it will be convenient for you to see him, sir, as it's about something very partickler indeed,' said the girl, again making her appearance.

Mr Jonas reflected a minute or two; he feared this visit portended him no good. He had often wondered that Tracy had not claimed relationship with him, for he felt no doubt of his being his cousin; probably he was now come to do it; or had he somehow got hold of that fatal will? One or the other surely was the subject of his errand; and if I refuse to see him, he will go and tell his story to somebody else. 'Let him come in. Stay! Take the lamp off the table, and put it at the other end of the room.'

This done, Mr Jonas having reseated himself in his arm-chair in such a position that he could conceal his features from his unwelcome visitor, bade the woman send him in.

'I beg your pardon for intruding, sir,' said Tracy, 'but I thought it my duty to come to you,' speaking in such a modest tone of voice, that Mr Jonas began to feel somewhat reassured, and ventured to ask with a careless air, 'What was his business?'

'You have perhaps heard, sir, that Mr Lane is dead?'

'I believe I did,' said Mr Jonas.

'Well, sir, shortly before his death he called me to his bedside and gave me a parcel, which he desired me to deliver to you as soon as he was laid in his grave.'

'To me?' said Mr Jonas, by way of filling up the pause, and concealing his agitation, for he immediately jumped to the conclusion that the will was really forthcoming now.

'Yes, sir, into your own hand; and accordingly the day he was buried I set out in the evening to bring it to you; but the pressgang got hold of me, and in the scuffle I lost it out of my bosom, where I had put it for safety, and though I have made every inquiry, I can hear nothing of it.'

'What was it? What did the parcel contain?' inquired Mr Jonas eagerly.

'I don't know, I'm sure, sir,' answered Tracy. 'It was sealed up in thick brown paper; but, from the anxiety Mr Lane expressed about its delivery, I am afraid it was something of value. He said he should never rest in his grave if you did not get it.'

Mr Jonas now seeing there was no immediate danger, found courage to ask a variety of questions with a view to further discoveries; but as Tracy had no clue to guide him with regard to the contents of the parcel except his own suspicions, which he did not feel himself called upon to communicate, he declared himself unable to give any information. All he could say was, that 'he thought the parcel felt as if there was a book in it.'

'A book!' said Mr Jonas. 'What sized book?'

'Not a large book, sir, but rather thick: it might be a pocket-book.'

'Very odd!' said Mr Jonas, who was really puzzled; for if the book contained the will, surely it was not to him that Lane would have committed it. However, as nothing more could be elicited on the subject, he dismissed Tracy, bidding him neglect nothing to recover the parcel, and inexpressibly vexed that his own stratagem to get rid of this 'discomfortable cousin' had prevented his receiving the important bequest.

Whilst Tracy returned home, satisfied that he had fulfilled his duty as far as he was able, Mr Jonas, having well considered the matter, resolved on obtaining an interview with Joe Gurney himself; 'for,' thought he, 'if the parcel contained neither money, nor anything that could be turned into money, he may possibly be able to get it for me.'

'Well, sir, I remembers the night very well,' said Joe. 'They'd ha' been watching for that 'ere young chap, off and on, for near a fortnight, when they got him, as luck would have it, close to my door; but he raised such a noise that the neighbours came out, and he got away.'

'But did you hear anything of the parcel?' inquired Mr Jonas.

'Well, sir, I'm not sure whether I did or no,' answered Gurney; 'but I think it was Tom Purcell as picked it up.'

'Then you saw it?' said Mr Jonas. 'What did it contain? Where is it?'

'Well, I'm sure, sir, that is more than I can say,' returned Gurney, who always spared himself the pain of telling more truth than he could avoid; 'but Tom went away the next day to Lunnun.'

'And did he take the parcel with him? Was there no address on it?'

'No, sir, not on the outside at least—there was something wrote, but it wasn't addressed to nobody.'

Although Mr Jonas was perfectly aware that Gurney knew more than he chose to tell, not wishing to quarrel with him, he was obliged to relinquish the interrogative system, and content himself with a promise that he would endeavour to discover the whereabouts of Tom Purcell, and do all he could to recover the lost article; and to a certain extent Gurney intended to fulfil the engagement. The fact of the matter was, that the parcel had been found by Tom Purcell, but not so exclusively as that he could secure the benefit of its contents to himself. They had been divided amongst those who put in their claim, the treasure consisting of a black pocket-book, containing £95 in bank-notes, and Lane's letter, sealed, and addressed to Mr Jonas Aldridge. The profits being distributed, the pocket-book and letter were added to the share of the finder, and these, it was possible, might be recovered; and with that view Gurney despatched a missive to their possessor. But persons who follow the profession of Tom Purcell have rarely any fixed address, and a considerable time elapsed ere an answer was received; and when it did come, it led to no result. The paper he had

burnt, and the pocket-book he had thrown into a ditch. He described the spot, and it was searched, but nothing of the sort was found. Here, therefore, ended the matter to all appearance, especially as Mr Jonas succeeded in extracting from Gurney that there was nothing in the book but that letter and some money.

In the meanwhile, however, the pocket-book had strangely enough found its way back to Thomas Street. A poor woman that carried fish about the town for sale, and with whom Mary not unfrequently dealt, brought it to her one day, damp, tattered, and discoloured, and inquired if it did not belong to her husband.

'Not that I know of,' said Mary.

'Because,' said the woman, 'he came to our house one morning last winter asking for a parcel. Now I know this pocket-book—at least I think it's the same—had been picked up by some of Gurney's folks the night afore, though it wasn't for me that lives next door to him to interfere in his matters. Hows'ever, my son's a hedger and ditcher, and when he came home last night he brought it: he says he found it in a field near by the Potteries.'

'I do not think it is Tracy's,' said Mary; 'but if you will leave it, I'll ask him.' And the article being in too dilapidated a condition to have any value, the woman told her she was welcome to it, and went away.

The consequence of this little event was, that when Tracy returned, Mary became a participator in the secret which had hitherto been withheld from her.

'I see it all,' said she. 'No doubt Mr Aldridge gave it to my father to take care of the night he came here; and when he died, my poor father, knowing we were to have shared with him had he lived, felt tempted to keep it; but he was too honest to do so; and in all our distresses he never touched what was not his own; but this explains many things I could not understand.' And as the tears rose to her eyes at the recollection of the struggle she had witnessed, without comprehending it, betwixt want and integrity, she fell into a reverie, which prevented her observing that her child, a boy of about four years old, had taken possession of the pocket-book, and, seated on the floor, was pulling it to pieces.

'I'll tell you what, Mary,' said Tracy, returning into the shop, which he had left for a few minutes, 'I'll take the book as it is to Mr Jonas Aldridge. I'm sorry the money's lost; but we are not to blame for that, and I suppose he has plenty. Put it into a bit of clean paper, will you, and I'll set off at once.'

'Oh, Tracy, Tracy,' cried Mary, addressing her little boy, 'what *are* you doing with that book? Give it me, you naughty child! See, he has almost torn it in half! Not a very difficult feat, for the leather was so rotten with damp that it scarcely held together.'

'Look here, Tracy: here's a paper in it,' said Mary as she took it from the child, and from the end of a secret pocket, which was unript, she drew a folded sheet of long writing-paper.

'Dear me! look here!' said she, as she unfolded and cast her eye over it. "In the name of God, amen! I, Ephraim Aldridge, residing at No. 4 West Street, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding"—Why, Tracy, it's a will, I declare! Only think! How odd! isn't it? "Of sound

mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this my last will and testament "——

'I'll tell you what, Mary,' said Tracy, attempting to take the paper from her, 'I don't think we've any right to read it: give it me.'

'Stay,' said Mary; 'stay. Oh, Tracy, do but listen to this: "I give, devise, and bequeath all property, of what nature or kind soever, real, freehold, or personal, of which I shall die seized or possessed "—— Think what a deal Mr Jonas must have!'

'Mary, I'm surprised at you.'

'"Of which I shall die seized or possessed, to my nephew "——

'It's merely the draft of a will. Give it me, and let me go.'

"To my nephew, Tracy Walkingham, son of the late Tracy Walkingham, formerly a private, and subsequently a commissioned officer in his majesty's 96th Regiment of foot, and of my sister, Eleanor Aldridge, his wife." Tracy, what can it mean? Can you be Mr Ephraim Aldridge's nephew?'

'It's very strange,' said Tracy. 'I never heard my mother's maiden name; for both she and my father died in the West Indies when I was a child; but certainly, as I have often told you, my father was a private in the 96th Regiment, and afterwards got a commission.'

It would be useless to dwell on the surprise of the young couple, or to detail the measures that were taken to ascertain and prove, beyond a cavil, that Tracy was the right heir. There were relations yet alive who, when they heard that he was likely to turn out a rich man, were willing enough to identify him; and it was not till the solicitor he had employed was perfectly satisfied on this head that Mr Jonas was waited on, with the astounding intelligence that a will had been discovered, made subsequent to the one by which he inherited. At the same time a letter was handed to him, which, sealed and addressed in Ephraim's hand, had been found in the same secret receptacle of the book as the larger paper.

The contents of that letter none ever knew but Jonas himself. It seemed to have been a voice of reproach from the grave for the ill return he had made to the perhaps injudicious but well-meant generosity and indulgence of the old man. The lawyer related that when he opened it he turned deadly pale, and placing his hands before his face, sank into a chair quite overcome: let us hope his heart was touched.

However that may be, he had no reason to complain of the treatment he received from the hands of his successors, who, temperate in prosperity, as they had been patient in adversity, in consideration of the relationship and of the expectations in which he had been nurtured, made Jonas a present of a thousand pounds for the purpose of establishing him in any way of life he might select; while, carefully preserved in a leathern case, the old black pocket book, to which they owed so much, is still extant in the family of Tracy Walkingham.

FENELON.

THE activity of mind and social agitation which had their origin in Germany under the auspices of Luther were too decided in their nature, and too widely spread, to pass into permanent results without those appeals to arms to which governments were then, and, alas! still are, too ready to have recourse. Breaking out in the land where the Reformation began, wars of religion extended themselves over the most civilised parts of Europe. In England they led to the decapitation of one sovereign, and the enforced abdication of another; in France they were the occasion of a monarch's changing his creed to secure his crown. These wars developed and augmented the social energy in which they had their rise. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were prolific in great men. In mental power and in character, as well as in material objects, the supply follows the demand; and never was there a greater or more urgent call for distinguished ability than when, on the one side, ancient proscription was doing its utmost to recover its supremacy in Europe, and, on the other, the new cause of religious and social progress strained every nerve to hold the ground it had gained, and, if possible, make fresh inroads on the territories of its antagonist. Among the eminent men thus brought forward was Luther in the north, and Calvin in the south of Europe. If the former, as of Saxon blood, was more fit to originate, the latter, of the Celtic temperament, possessed those powers of organization and government for which the Latin and the French races have ever been distinguished. Had Calvin, therefore, been allowed to remain in his native country, France, he would probably have taken his measures so wisely as to bring her to the side of the Reformation. Expatriated in consequence of his opinions, he took refuge in Geneva; and there employing the peculiar aptitudes of his mind, constructed at once a most elaborate system of opinions, and a well-ordered government, throwing around them so much splendour from his own high character and distinguished talents, that he speedily rendered that city the religious metropolis of the Protestant world.

The proximity of Geneva to France gave Calvin a good opportunity for diffusing his opinions and extending his influence in that Catholic land. Civil wars arose. Henry of Valois, a Protestant, gained the upper hand. The Reformation seemed likely to take its seat on the ancient throne of France, when reasons of state induced the victor to secure his sceptre by

renouncing his faith. Early impressions, however, combined with some degree of compunction, induced Henry IV. to employ his power in guaranteeing to his former co-religionists some degree of liberty, which was done by what in history bears the name of the Edict of Nantes (1598). But the true principles of religious toleration were then unknown among those who wielded the destinies of the French empire. Its rulers were, moreover, constantly importuned by the votaries of Catholicism to cleanse the country from the taint of heresy. Hence the privileges secured by the Edict of Nantes, instead of being widened and augmented, so as to correspond with the growth of the Protestant population in numbers, intelligence, and wealth, were, under the rigorous and unfavourable interpretation of the laws, and the jealous encroachments of the rival and dominant religion, constantly diminished in themselves and in their operation, and made at once less worthy and more difficult to be retained. Shortly after the death of Henry IV., it became obvious to the French Protestants, better known by the name of Huguenots, that there was a deliberate and fixed design to destroy their religious liberties. Fear and policy delayed the blow. At length there sat on the throne one of those monarchs who, as if in derision, have been misnamed *Great*. 'My grandfather (Henry IV.) loved the Huguenots, and did not fear them; my father loved them not, but feared them; I neither love nor fear them.' Louis XIV., who employed these words, revoked the Edict of Nantes (October 22, 1685), and so destroyed the liberties of the Calvinistic church of France, and drove out of his dominions above half a million of the most industrious and useful of his subjects. The sovereign whose word effected this enormous injustice was the impersonation of selfishness. In his celebrated saying, 'The state! it is myself!' is condensed the essence of his character. One merit he has, and let it pass for what it is worth—he understood in consummate perfection the arts of kingcraft. Gifted by nature with a handsome presence and dignified carriage, and enabled by position to turn to the best account his natural endowments, he acted the part of an absolute sovereign better probably than any other occupant of a throne. But his character was hollow. Possessed of a little mind filled with prejudices, and intent only on self-gratification, he made everything, the laws of virtue not excepted, give way before his will. Imperious to others, he was governed by his own passions, his mistresses, and the priests. Under their joint influence he became more and more depraved the older he grew, till in his last days he was a prey to superstition, vice, and debility. That such a man should have been ignorant of the principles of religious freedom may well be believed; but he would probably have been less unjust and cruel towards those from whom he differed in faith, had a bigoted priesthood left him to the unprompted decisions of his own mind. Urged on, however, by papal influence, exerted through the medium of plotting courtiers and degraded courtizans, he formed the insane purpose of bringing the religious opinions of all his subjects into accordance with his own. It was this at which he aimed when he revoked the Edict of Nantes; and for the accomplishment of this design he sent dragoons to lay waste his Protestant subjects with fire and sword. The troops acted but too faithfully on the instructions they had received. The whole of Protestant France put itself in movement, in order to emigrate to less

despotic lands.* The emigration was prohibited, and every means that tyranny could devise was taken to put a stop to it. The Huguenots were compelled to remain at home, to find flesh for the sword of the dragoons. Yet the voluntary expatriation proceeded by stealth. All escaped who could get away: the rich travelled under the disguise of poverty; the delicate were reduced to endure the severest hardships; the aged tottered forward on their staff, weeping to quit the land of their boyhood; the young were hurried along in alarm, or brought to a premature end by exposure and exertion. Soon, however, was the sabre flashing amidst the wo-stricken population, and the brand applied to their temples. All the horrors of a civil and a religious war ensued. Those who were not cut down in flight; were destroyed in cold blood, or left to perish in prison. Women were ripped up, infants dashed on the rock, and clergymen hung at their church doors. For what? In order to convert a whole race to Catholicism! These brutal measures proved a failure; but the object was not abandoned. The points at issue between the rival churches were the great questions of the day. Rome or Geneva was an alternative that occupied all tongues, and coloured, when it did not complicate, every interest. Forms of human opinion were made the supreme tests of character and safety, and the sole question was, which was salutary, and which poisonous. The old school and the new school aimed alike at exclusive dominion; but in France the former being under the patronage of the government, had on its side all the resources of a great nation, which it unsparingly employed to extirpate its antagonist. Foiled in his appeals to violence, Louis XIV. resolved to try what could be done by proselyting missions. There was one man, the distinguished qualities of whose character gave promise of ample success, could he be induced to undertake the office. Already most favourably known in his country and his church, this person, in whose bosom virtue herself seemed to have fixed her abode—who was no less pious, gentle, and earnest, than learned—and who, to a strong love of the Catholic faith, added the skill in its defence which experience gives—this person was François de Salignac de Lamothe Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray.

Fenelon was born of an ancient and noble parentage on the 6th August 1651, at the Château de Fenelon, in Perigord, or the department Dordogne, in the south-west of France. The child of his father's old age, feeble and delicate of body, but lively and interesting, he received every attention, and all the marks of tenderness which parental love knows so well how to

* Not always did the refugees find a secure asylum. M. Roussel, a French Protestant divine of great learning and integrity, and minister of the Reformed Church at Montpellier in France, having witnessed the demolition of his own place of worship, ventured, at the desire of his people, to preach in the night-time upon its ruins, and was attended by some thousands of his flock. For this offence he was condemned to be broken on the wheel; but having withdrawn from the place, it was ordered that he should be hanged in effigy. After encountering numerous hazards, he succeeded in effecting his escape from France; and reaching Ireland, was chosen pastor of the French church in Dublin. James, now no longer tempted to conceal his hatred to the Reformed religion, delivered up this unoffending person to the French ambassador, who sent him in chains to France, there to undergo the terrible punishment prepared for him by his inhuman persecutors.—*Wilson's Life of De Foe*, i. 162.

bestow. In his boyhood and youth he already displayed those soft and amiable qualities of heart which, when matured, formed the essence of his character, and exhibit him on the page of history as a model of gentle goodness. His natural endowments received appropriate culture. The best means of instruction which the times afforded were put into requisition on his behalf. Without possessing any of that precocity of talent which sometimes destroys the health, and more frequently disappoints expectation, Fenelon, owing mainly to the skill of a judicious teacher, had, by the time he reached his twelfth year, acquired both a knowledge and a love of Greek and Latin, which, improved and augmented by subsequent studies, made him a ripe and exact scholar, and contributed greatly to those charms of style for which his writings are so deservedly celebrated. Removed from the paternal mansion to the College des Plessis at Paris, he there soon gained such distinction, that, being intended for the ecclesiastical profession, he was, when only fifteen, appointed to preach. His sermon had great success. But his uncle, who had charge of his education, rather alarmed than gratified by the applause, seems to have prevented a repetition of this unwise premature display. With this view he caused the young man to be removed to the seminary of St Sulpice, where he was likely to form those tastes and acquire those moral qualities which would fit him for the duties of his sacred office. A soil more favourable for the unfolding of Fenelon's character could not have been chosen. It was a Catholic establishment. As such, its chief aim was the inculcation of implicit deference to authority. This deference, when faithfully paid, was rewarded by the gift of such strength as ensues from a consciousness of being an approved member of a great ecclesiastical corporation held to be possessed of supreme power both in this world and in that to come. These principles imply requirements and involve discipline which may either compel the mind into revolt, as in the case of Luther, or foster its dispositions, promote its perfection, and secure its peace. The latter was the result produced in Fenelon. The character of that result was determined by his natural endowments. Gifted by nature with the more gentle and pliant affections, he found congenial and appropriate discipline in the system of passive acquiescence which constitutes the essence of Catholicism. In natures such as Fenelon's, reverence for what is established, fixed, and ancient, is a chief source of pleasure, strength, and cultivation. And though a discipline of the kind cannot produce minds of the first stamp, nor send forth men to create new epochs, yet while it suits a class of persons who would be repelled by the perils and turbulence of self-reliance and novelty, it is fully capable of calling into existence high and varied excellence, and especially of communicating true refinement and a cultivated taste.

But the corporation of St Sulpice had special recommendations. It was an ecclesiastical seminary of a very high order. Its inmates, though bound by no vow, consecrated to the task of preparing ministers for all ranks in the church, solid learning, exemplary virtues, high culture, and entire self-devotement. Their chief characteristic, however, lay in a submission to the hierarchy, which was invariable and unlimited. Their modesty is said to have been carried so far, that they feared glory as much as others desired it. Often consulted by the depositaries of power, and having

opportunities of exerting great influence in church and state, they shunned ambition as if it were servitude. Keeping aloof from the passions which move and disturb the world, they had no share in the conflicts of parties or the collisions of opinion, but implicitly followed the decisions and obeyed the authority of the church. Here was a system which was in harmony with Fenelon's dispositions and early training. To the operation of this system on his mature powers may we attribute the permanent features of his character and the leading events of his life. What was gentle in him, it made soft and mellow; what was acquiescent, it made submissive. His love of antiquity it raised into veneration; the native purity of his heart it deepened into holiness; and, above all, it made him disinterested, self-denying, and unwearying in labours of love. Having passed through the several exercises of spiritual discipline provided for in the establishment of St Sulpice, Fenelon entered the Christian ministry by becoming a priest in the parish of the same name. Here there opened before him a sphere of great usefulness in discharging the duties of an office whose peculiar function is beneficence, whose end is the promotion of happiness, and whose means are the employment of pity and good-will. During three years was Fenelon engaged in the active duties of a parish priest; and though the ministers of his church are laudably distinguished for unsparing self-devotement to their arduous and sometimes perilous functions, yet may Fenelon be favourably compared with the most meritorious of his brethren. In the active discharge of his pastoral office he came into immediate and habitual communication with most classes of society; and while he learned to love and pity all men, he formed deep compassion for the bulk, whom he found weighed down under grievous evils. Hence that tender commiseration for the unfortunate which is observable in all his writings, and which he failed not to manifest in his deeds. A great advantage obtained by Fenelon in this ministry, was that almost incredible facility which he acquired of speaking and writing with copiousness, perspicuity, and eloquence. In perusing his admirable publications, and remembering how large a number there is of unprinted manuscripts from his pen, one feels it difficult to conceive how, in the midst of all the duties, cares, and troubles of his active life, he had resources for that wonderful fecundity which was as diversified in manner and subject as it was neat or elegant in execution.

It was in accordance with Fenelon's ardent devotion to the Catholic ministry, that he was eager to take on himself the office of a missionary in the East. But while revolving this project in his mind, and contemplating, in the glowing colours of a youthful imagination, the happiness and utility of such an enterprise, he was appointed by the Archbishop of Paris, who had become aware of his high merits, to the important office of superintendent of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, a voluntary association of Catholic females, whose function it was to confirm in the faith newly-converted persons of their own sex. Ten years he spent in the most satisfactory discharge of his duties in this office, which were always arduous, and not seldom delicate and trying; giving full evidence of his possessing the happy skill of communicating knowledge to states of mind the most diverse. With a special view to the benefit of his pupils he wrote his first work, 'A Treatise on the Education of Females,' which has the merit of having

drawn attention to a subject of the greatest moment, and also of having put forth principles of the highest value. With an estimate of the magnitude of female influence which we may still profit by accepting, he declares, 'The duties of women are the foundations of human life; the world is an assemblage of families; and those families who but mothers can guide and refine?'

From the tranquil but busy sphere of his lessons, pleadings, and admonitions in this retreat, he was transferred to the disturbed atmosphere of the proselyting missions in the south of France. Having failed in dragoon-ing his Calvinistic subjects into thinking alike with himself, Louis XIV. determined to try the effect of mild and persuasive measures. Most earnest in his desire of success, he took special pains in the selection of his agents. Fenelon was universally indicated as specially fitted for the work. His varied acquirements, his ardent desire to increase the number of the faithful, his proved success in pleading with those who were in error, or weak in the faith; above all, his gentle and persuasive nature, were special recommendations to the favourable notice of the king. He was requested to undertake the office. Characteristically he made one, and but one, stipulation—that the dragoons should be recalled. But violence and injustice had produced their necessary effects: men's hearts were hardened against impressions which originated with Louis XIV., even though they came from the loving and graceful lips of a Fenelon. Whatever perseverance and charity could effect, was done. Still no sensible or permanent inroads were made on the heretical districts. Vague and exaggerated reports were sent to Paris, or reports of failure, and of the lawless pertinacity of the Protestants were made, according as interested persons wished to sustain the missions, or bring back the soldiery. But Fenelon, while disappointed in the result of his toils and solicitude, never allowed his statements to be coloured by any other feeling than regret and commiseration. He abandoned a work which he found he could not accomplish, leaving behind him scarcely any other favourable impression than one of regard and respect to himself. 'The traveller who now passes over those lands is alarmed to find there, where religion formerly flourished, together with the profession of Catholicism, an abject materialism, a superstitious impiety, and a horror of priests. That horror Fenelon could not efface. And where he met with partial success, his unquestionably apostolic mission produced deplorable effects. Whether the milk of the word, which he poured into ill-prepared vases, turned sour, or his successors mingled in it their bitterness, the religious sentiment passed into a violent fanaticism very deadly to France. The mild and tender words which Fenelon spread abroad in the western provinces, rose a century after against that nation with the vengeful arms of Catholic loyalty.' Fenelon, however, had Catholics to withstand as well as Protestants to convert. Zeal and bigotry found his measures too accommodating and too pacific. Accordingly, when, on his return to Paris, he had laid before the monarch an account of his stewardship, he was made to feel the disapprobation of Louis by a tacit banishment from court. But virtues and talents like Fenelon's could not be kept in obscurity. They may retard, but cannot prevent the advancement of solid merit. Nor could the corrupt court of Louis XIV. afford to forego services such as those which Fenelon could render. Though, therefore, the friends of

that amiable and virtuous man, in their efforts to increase his usefulness, encountered two repulses, they gained a triumph when Fenelon was appointed to take charge of the education of the Duke of Burgundy, a grandson of the king, who, in the event of the demise of the king's son, was to be his successor on the throne. This nomination was a marked homage rendered to virtue. Dissolute in morals as was Louis XIV., he found vice so little in accordance with his knowledge, that he sought to place his immediate relatives under the most favourable circumstances for education; and while he chose the celebrated Bossuet as instructor for his son, he consigned his grandson to the no less distinguished Fenelon.

A more high-minded instructor than the latter there never was. Deeply penetrated with the importance of the duty, possessed of the highest intelligence of the age, with the loftiest aim, the purest motives, actuated by the most powerful and the most elevating impulses, already experienced in the art of education, and a wise and eloquent writer on its principles and theory, Fenelon directed all his powers to the one end of aiding the young prince who was destined for the throne to develop his faculties, form his opinions, mature his character, and so prepare him for being a good as well as a truly great king; a blessing to France, and the originator of a new era of social happiness. Alas! how are the purest desires of men frustrated. The Duke of Burgundy never assumed the sceptre; and Louis XV., by his weakness and profligacy, completed the ruin of France begun by his predecessor, and left to the unfortunate Louis XVI. all the confusion and horrors of the most bloody revolution recorded in the annals of the world.

Fenelon, with his mildness, seemed as if destined to be set in opposition to what was rough and boisterous. Sent at an earlier period to tranquillise the disturbed districts of the south-west, he now received a commission to calm and regulate the violent and disorderly passions of a royal boy. In the latter office, however, his judicious and persevering efforts were rewarded with some success. Scarcely ever was there a more arduous task undertaken by an educator than that on which Fenelon now entered. From his birth, the Duke of Burgundy possessed impetuous passions, which grew in violence with his growth. His fits of anger burst forth against inanimate objects as well as persons. He could not endure the least opposition even from the elements without falling into paroxysms of rage, in which, to use the words of an eye-witness, 'everything in his body seemed likely to break asunder.' Obstinate to excess, passionately fond of pleasure, greedy of good cheer, addicted to gambling, often brutal, naturally prone to cruelty, pitiless in mocking, and crushing in the exposure of others' foibles, he so prided himself on his birth, that he seemed as from the heights of heaven to regard men as atoms to which he bore no resemblance, and with which he might do as he pleased. He was not, indeed, destitute of talent. To a quick penetration he united shrewdness and versatility. He acquired knowledge with ease, and appropriated and applied what he acquired. But unless his passions were subdued, the force of his intellect would but add to their keenness and momentum. Fenelon has himself described his pupil. It was one part of his most judicious system to place a picture of himself before the eyes of the young prince. This he did by fables or fictitious narrative. One of these we translate, as it serves to throw light

on Fenelon's mode of teaching, as well as on the disposition and character of his royal pupil:—

Melanthes the Capricious.

What sad thing has happened to Melanthes? Nothing without, everything within. When he went to bed last night he was the delight of everybody; this morning one is ashamed of him, one must put him out of sight. On rising, equanimity was overthrown by a fold in his stocking; the whole day will be stormy, and everybody will suffer in consequence. He makes people afraid, while he excites their pity; he weeps like a child, he roars like a lion. A malignant vapour troubles and darkens his imagination, just as the ink from his pen sullies his fingers. Speak not to him of the things he loved best a moment since; even because he loved them, he cannot now endure their sight. The amusements he so much desired become wearisome, and must be discontinued; he seeks occasions for contradiction, for complaining, for vexing others: he is irritated if they do not take his misconduct ill. When he wants a pretext for attacking others, he turns against himself, blaming his own conduct. 'I cannot,' says he, 'do right; it is useless to make the attempt.' If you try to soothe him, he is offended; he resolves to be alone, and cannot bear solitude; he returns to the social circle, and is bitter against its inmates. Every one keeps silent, the silence shocks him; all speak in an under tone, he fancies it is against himself; they talk aloud, he says they talk too much, and they are too lively while he is sad; they are sad, and their sadness he interprets into a reproof of his faults; they laugh, he suspects that it is at him. What is to be done? Wait till he returns to his senses. This strange humour will pass off as it came. As the demons are described, so his reason is upset—he is irrationality personified. If you push him, he will at mid-day declare it is night; for there is neither night nor day to a head turned topsy-turvy. Sometimes he cannot himself help being astonished at his extravagances and fits of passion. In spite of his vexation, he smiles at the absurdities which fall from his lips. What means are there for preventing these storms and stilling this tempest? None. There is not even an almanac by which to foretell this bad weather! Be sure you do not say, 'To-morrow we will divert ourselves in the garden.' The man of to-morrow will be a different person from the man of to-day. He who now makes you a promise will forthwith disappear; you know not where to find him if you wish to remind him of his word; instead of him, you find I know not what—something which has not form or name, which cannot have either, and which you cannot define in the same terms at any two successive instants. He wishes, and does not wish; he threatens, he trembles; he mingles together ridiculous assumptions with acts of shameful degradation; he weeps, he laughs, he jokes, he is furious. In his fury what is most comical and most senseless is, that he is jocose, eloquent, subtle, full of new turns, though he has not even a shadow of reason left. Be sure you do not say anything that is just, exact, and reasonable; he will not fail to take advantage of it, and cleverly give you as good as you send; he will pass from his own wrong-doing to yours, and become rational solely for the pleasure of showing that you are not so. A mere nothing carries him at

once up into the clouds. What has become of him? He is lost in the conflict; he is gone; he no longer knows what has vexed him; he knows only that he is vexed, and will be vexed; even this he does not always know. He often fancies that all who speak to him are in a passion, and that he alone is under due restraint. But perhaps he will spare some persons to whom, more than to others, he is under obligations, and whom he appears to love more? No, his caprice recognises no one—it vents itself indiscriminately on all; the first comer serves to receive his burst of passion: all is the same to him, provided only he is angry. He would speak insults to everybody; he no longer loves, he is no longer beloved; he is persecuted, betrayed; he is under obligation to no one. But wait a moment, you will behold another scene—he has need of others, he loves and is beloved; he flatters and ingratiates himself; he bewitches those who could not endure him; he owns his faults, he laughs at his follies, he mimics his own peculiarities, and you would say that it was himself in those fits of rage, so well does he ape his own faults. After this comedy, played at his own expense, you would think that he would at least never again act the demoniac. Alas! you are in error; he will perform the same part this evening, to ridicule himself for it to-morrow without a change for the better.

This is the caprice and the ill-humour of a prince; but it contains traits which we have all witnessed. How admirably is the character drawn! how painful the reality here painted! What more difficult to cure than these senseless whims and lawless passions? If any one could succeed, it was Fenelon. By appealing to the intellect, by appropriately furnishing stores of useful knowledge, by choosing happy moments when his pupil's mind was open to good impressions, by calling out and strengthening all his higher powers, by awakening his better feelings, and keeping them in gentle exercise, by setting before him high and enchanting models of excellence, especially by employing the strong repressive powers of religion, and planting its awful sanctions in the soul, Fenelon in course of time succeeded in his most arduous task. The youth became another person: his vices were converted into virtues.

Our space does not allow us to exhibit the process in detail. We must, however, remark, as illustrative of the character of Fenelon, that the predominant influence was the gentle goodness of the tutor. Fenelon was patient and imperturbable. Passionless himself, he gradually calmed the turbulence of the prince; full of a genial and all-subduing love, he melted down opposition, fostered every germ of what was right, gave encouragement wherever it was possible, expanded and strengthened the good, and so kept down and weakened the bad; and, in the employment of his great literary treasures, poured into his pupil's mind bright and happy thoughts, graceful images, and touching allusions. In a word, he endeavoured to communicate to the young duke his own superior nature. His success is fitted to give encouragement to every sincere educator; it indicates the proper path; it shows whither that path conducts; it says, if you would effect your purpose, do not encounter passion with passion. Two meeting storms bring on a whirlwind; overcome evil with good; love, guided by wisdom, and nerved with firmness, subdues all opposition.

Fenelon, in his private studies and benevolent pursuits, had formed for

himself a practical system of disinterested virtue. An early familiarity with religious writers, who, if they were somewhat mystical, breathed a spirit of pure and lofty virtue, had led him to the conviction that God is to be loved and served for what he is in himself, and good done to his creatures for its own sake, apart from any view whatever to remuneration. Such a doctrine, which was congenial to the general tone of Fenelon's mind, afforded him valuable aid in dealing with the selfish violence of his pupil, and was not without its use in enabling him to bear the inconveniences, solitudes, and annoyances that arose from his being left with pecuniary resources so scanty, that he was obliged to deny himself ordinary comforts, and depend in part on accommodations from relatives. The same high disinterestedness kept his hands unsullied in a court where corruption had opened a hundred channels to wealth, power, and dignity. As honourable, however, as it is to Fenelon, that he should have lived in spotless and elevated purity in the midst of voluptuous and selfish courtiers, so discreditable is it that those who were in power should have left him not only in the shades of neglect, but in embarrassments and comparative want. Thus virtue and scholarship of the highest kind are honoured--and allowed to starve.

Public places, however, cost nothing to their royal donors; and at length Louis appointed Fenelon to the Archbishopric of Cambray, requesting him to retain the office of preceptor to his grandsons. On receiving this high preferment, Fenelon gave up the abbey of St Valery, and by a step so unusual excited displeasure in his order.

Hitherto we have seen Fenelon in prosperity. Its influences have been most happy on his character. But there is a kind and a height of excellence that cannot be attained otherwise than by misfortune and trial. The discipline of sorrow is now before him: virtues such as his being a tacit reproach to men of corrupt and narrow minds, could not fail to excite envy. Eclipsing others by the splendour of his moral and intellectual qualities, Fenelon, without knowing it, made himself enemies, who on their part might even unconsciously be impelled to exhibit in an unfavourable light any spots that they imagined to exist on the disk of his character. But what spots were there? What serious faults could malice invent or fancy discover? An immaculate life is no protection in a social state where heresy has its suspicions and its penalties. Fenelon fell under the charge of unsound doctrine. And what was his crime? Did he undermine the foundations of religion? Did he lower its claims? Did he question long-established and venerable forms of opinion? The worst that can be said against the doctrines advanced in his work entitled 'The Maxims of the Saints regarding the Inner Life' is, that its tone is so lofty, as occasionally to pass within the sphere of mysticism, and that mysticism may be abused by impure persons for immoral purposes. Fenelon maintained that the highest state of Christian perfection was one of pure love, experienced and enjoyed in wrapt meditations on the divine nature, under whose influence the ideas of reward and punishment were wholly lost, and the soul was freed from the constraints of the body. The enunciation of this notion set the whole papal church in agitation. The most vehement debates ensued: Bossuet, always the rival genius to Fenelon, put himself at the head of the

crusade against the heretic. Intrigue became busy, courtiers plotted, the females of the court took their sides, and employed their seductions. The king, growing alarmed, deprived Fenelon of his tutorship of the royal youths, and banished him from court.

After several vicissitudes, and much caballing, the pope was induced to condemn Fenelon's opinions: the condemnation, however, was unattended by the ordinary terms of reproach. Every eye was now turned towards Cambray. What would Fenelon do? He issued a public recantation: 'We condemn the book, simply, absolutely, and without restriction; and we forbid all the faithful of this diocese to read the book, or have it in their possession.' How dissimilar this result from that which ensued when Luther was required to revoke what he had put forward! The two events happened in the same church: Fenelon's submission came after Luther's defiance. The chief cause of this diversity may be found in the dissimilarity of their natural and acquired dispositions. Fenelon's gentle goodness inclined him to acquiesce in the decisions of authority, as much as Luther's consciousness of robust strength made him independent. The heroism of Luther excites our admiration; but is there nothing great in the self-denial of Fenelon? The archbishop knew what unworthy means were taken to procure the condemnation of his book; he knew what mean and petty jealousies lay at the bottom of the discreditable attempt. Not a slight struggle, then, must he have undergone. The superior mind bends to the inferior, the high to the low. With his convictions unchanged, he condemns what he believed to be true; what he had found useful and salutary in his own experience; and so in a very solemn affair condemns himself as well as his work. This deference to authority, which in England we can scarcely understand, was only a part of that general system of self-abnegation in which, according to Fenelon's opinion, consisted the essence of virtue. With him the voice of the pope was the voice of God; and that not the less because it had been uttered and made known by human instruments which he could not respect. As, then, the very doctrine in question required the perfect Christian to resign himself unreservedly to the divine will, and seek happiness by identification with the divine spirit, so persistence in what that mind had disapproved would be blameable inconsistency. Principles such as these, and the mental qualities in which they take root, are not the materials out of which great changes are produced. Yet let us be just. If they afford no impulse to progress, they are conservative of the past; if they are unable to ameliorate, they are exempt from the danger of destroying; if they rather repress than encourage vigorous strength, they foster the passive qualities, which afford a congenial soil for the growth of docility, reverence, and composure of mind. And while we see abundant reason for giving a decided preference to the class of mental qualities and social effects which ensue from individual reliance and independence of character, we may not be without gratification in acknowledging that, for minds such as that of Fenelon, the system of implicit obedience to venerated authority had special advantages as well as recommendations.

Indeed in Fenelon and Luther the two great principles not only of their church, but of actual life and of history, were exemplified and brought into

prominent relief: on the one side deference to authority, or reverence for the past; on the other free thought, free speech, change, and amelioration. These two great principles, our adherence to either of which in any case depends very much on the caste of our minds and our social position, contain each its own elements of good, and each its evils and its dangers. If our homage to the past is excessive, we are apt to retain what is worn out and corrupt as well as what is sound and venerable. If all our energies are directed towards the present and the future, in a firm reliance on our self-governing power, we may deny ourselves the discipline of heart and mind offered by our predecessors, and destroy without being able to reconstruct. All change is not progress. Undue haste is likely to issue rather in social disorder than ameliorated institutions. In the union of the two, which harmonises a regard for the past with attention to the claims of the future, and aids and rewards self-reliance with the lights of bygone days, and the reverential and touching memories of prescription; in this happy blending of dependence and independence, a junction exemplified in every period of our outer life from infancy to old age; in this alliance of the past, the present, and the future; this venerating and hopeful preservation of the line of social continuity along which the highest blessings of Providence are poured;—in this are found the loftiest wisdom, the most harmonising philosophy, comfort as well as progress for the individual, and safe as well as constant improvements in laws and institutions. He who, by his exclusive attachment to new ideas, has sundered himself from the accumulated experience of ages, is not more than half a man. And he that, in his obstinate adherence to what is established, refuses to move along with his neighbours, need not be surprised if he, and that to which he holds, are cast down and trodden under foot by the crowd which urges forward its eager course, intent solely on the object of its pursuit.

Let us, however, bewail and condemn the rigorous tyranny exerted over men's thoughts and utterances in the state of things with which we are now concerned. When so estimable, so accomplished a prelate as Fenelon was punished by the degradation of being compelled to recall his teachings while his convictions were unchanged—and that in points on which the worst that could be said was, that the highest truth verged towards the boundaries of error—when this act of injustice and despotism took place, and was enforced by public opinion, the human mind must have forgotten its most precious prerogatives, and in the loss of liberty, would hardly fail to become feeble and corrupt, and so prepare the way for a great social convulsion. Fenelon's subjection, which, at the time of its being made, excited universal admiration and applause, acted at a later day, and in an age of intellectual activity, as a warning, an offence, and a goad. The very means which coerce the gentle drive the bold into rebellion.

The jealous despotism of Louis XIV. is illustrated in another event which brought fresh pain and discredit on the amiable Fenelon. With a view to the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, Fenelon had composed a famous work. A copy was obtained, and put to the press by the contrivance of a perfidious servant. The book was already far advanced in the printing, when the sheets were seized by order from the king, and every effort made to preclude the possibility of its going abroad. Louis XIV. considered the work to be a tacit rebuke and satire on his govern-

ment. Against Fenelon, its author, he conceived the deepest resentment. The name of the archbishop became so offensive to the monarch, that for four years the Duke of Burgundy did not dare to write to his beloved preceptor; and when he at last made the venture, enjoined him to take the greatest precaution against his reply being known to Louis. This resentment was so durable and so notorious, that the great writers who, after his death, undertook to portray the character of Fenelon, judged it prudent to omit all mention of the obnoxious work. And yet this work, the well-known 'Adventures of Telemachus,' was received by the world with enthusiasm, has been translated into most modern languages, and has passed through numberless editions. What, then, was the offence? Simply that Fenelon had drawn pictures of ideal excellence in social polity with which the practices of the French king stood in the broadest contrast. Fenelon's monarch is in truth the father of his subjects; Louis was a despotic tyrant. The darkness of his misgovernment looked tenfold dark by the side of the bright creations which had flowed from the pure, transparent, and elevated soul of Fenelon. Louis did not see that the satire of which he complained proceeded from himself; for surely it is a satire on his administration to say that his authority was disgraced or endangered by a publication which the mind of the civilised world has welcomed and honoured. 'Telemachus' exerted a very great and lasting influence on the thoughts and destinies of nations during the last century, and contains pictures whose exquisite beauty make the work immortal, and great truths and principles which will find their realisation only after the lapse of many generations.

For ever removed from the court, Fenelon applied himself with constant assiduity to put in practice in the government of his diocese the principles of equity, mildness, and Christian wisdom which formed the essence of his character. In this office, again, he had special difficulties to meet and overcome. The diocese of Cambray, lying in the north, had been recently united to France by the arms of Louis XIV., and extended over an important part of Flanders, then under the dominion of Spain. His episcopal crook was, in consequence, regarded as a symbol rather of conquest and foreign domination, than of the peaceful rule of a Christian shepherd. Yet did he succeed in making himself beloved, and his authority respected. If he was mild, he was also firm; and being always actuated by a pure regard to justice tempered with mercy, and exempt from personal considerations, he succeeded in giving effect to his benevolent purposes, even in face of opposition. A clergyman of his diocese had been tried and found guilty of atrocious crimes. The diocesan tribunal, under some improper influence, had been satisfied with commanding him to remove to another living. Fenelon wished to silence so unworthy a priest, and take from him the power of dishonouring religion, and depraving members of the flock. The delinquent appealed from the archbishop's decision, and succeeded in gaining permission to enter a seminary devoted to the preparation of young men for the sacred office. This was to give to poison the greatest opportunity for working its deadly effects. Yet unwilling to act in direct opposition to the official authorities, Fenelon gained his point by leaving the wretched man in possession of the revenues of his benefice, and at his own expense provided a virtuous minister to discharge its religious functions.

In the wars which troubled and darkened the declining years of Louis XIV., the diocese of Cambrai was subject to great sufferings from the presence of conflicting armies. But the name of Fenelon was a tower of strength. Those who regarded no ordinary interest manifested their respect to the author of 'Telemachus.' The merits of literature mitigated the horrors of war. Nevertheless, the imposts required for its support on the part of France were severely felt by the clergy of Cambrai—all the more that the vicissitudes of a seven years' conflict had destroyed property, abstracted revenue, left the fields untilled, and the country half-depopulated. Yet the government were urgent in their demands, and Fenelon judged it very important to the national defence that the clergy should set the example of paying their taxes. With this view he took their burthens on himself. Generosity the most noble was deeply wrought into his soul. Living as he did in the centre of the wars that were waged against France, he witnessed with extreme grief the calamities that men inflict on each other when under the insane passion of martial ardour. Keeping himself, like a visitant from a higher sphere, aloof from the desolating strife of human passions, he ministered aid to all indiscriminately. His open house, where generals, officers, and common soldiers, when sick or wounded, received hospitality and attendance, looked like the mansion of a governor of the country, and at the same time an episcopal palace. Fenelon himself was present at the medical consultations when he was likely to be of service; and both in his own home, and in hospitals and other places, he administered to individuals the consolations of religion. And his acts of mercy and of bounty were performed with ease and simplicity, a scrupulous regard to the feelings of the recipients, and an exact attention to their personal circumstances, on the largest scale. Yet without haste or confusion, with a munificent liberality which was frugal and unostentatious, François Fenelon became an object of universal love, admiration, and reverence. He did not restrict his generosity to individuals. The winter of 1709, which was exceedingly rigorous, destroyed the germs of all the productions of the earth. A famine ensued. Defeat fell to the lot of the French armies. Fenelon's fields and granaries alone were spared by the troops of the conquerors, out of respect for his virtues. When they learned that any parcel of land near their post belonged to the archbishop, they set guards around it, and preserved its fruits with a care equal to that with which they would have protected their own property or the property of their sovereigns. Fenelon, therefore, possessed resources when others were destitute. These resources he employed, during the campaign that followed the severe winter, in supporting the army of that monarch who had banished him from his presence, and never forgave him for attempting to teach truth and lead men to happiness.

Two years afterwards, towards the end of the campaign of 1711, he was the means of rendering a yet more signal service to his sovereign and country. The army of the powers allied against Louis XIV. found itself, in the chances of war, between the French army and the Castle of Cambrai, where were great stores of grain, which had been deposited there in order to be under the protection of Fenelon's name. Marlborough, who commanded the assailing forces, sent a detachment of troops to preserve those well-filled garners; but finding he could not

restrain his troops, who were suffering from want, he communicated intelligence of the fact to Fenelon. The grain was then placed in wagons, and under an escort from Marlborough, conducted to the headquarters of the French army. This noble act, which is as honourable to the English general as to the French bishop, saved France from ruin. Having refused to receive payment for his corn, he also wrote to the Duke of Chevreuse, 'If money is wanted for urgent needs, I offer my plate and all my other furniture, as well as the little grain that is left.'

While Fenelon was thus, on the grandest scale, returning good for evil, and enjoying the pure and rich satisfactions that accrue from beneficence, the king of France was daily losing every ray that had brightened the exterior of his court and crown. Stripped of his conquests by the allied forces—deprived by death, first of his son, and then of the Duke of Burgundy—his own heart worn and withered by unbounded licentiousness, and his power fast passing from his enfeebled hands—with vice and empty pomp around him, and suspicions whose horror made them disbelieved—the country in a state of suffering, discontent, and hardly-subdued disquiet—Louis XIV., that proud and pompous monarch, found himself in his latter days all but alone in the solitude of his splendid halls, whose cold grandeur seemed to mock at the king's destitution and wretchedness; and the emblems of death which they presented forewarned him of a tomb still more dreary and hopeless. Fenelon also was drawing near to his end. But to him death had no terrors. 'The debilities of age he could not avoid; and bitter was his grief as he lost one friend after another. But sustained by the unfailing power of practical religion and habitual piety, neither clinging to life nor shrinking from death, he awaited his last hour in peace. Its advent was hastened by an accident. Thrown from his carriage while on a tour of episcopal visits, he fell into a fever, of which he died in January 1715, being sixty-four years of age. In his last moments he dictated a letter to Louis, in which are the following words—words which, though characteristic, like his former recantation, of the gentle, forgiving, and, we may add, submissive spirit of the writer, are such as cannot find a response in the mind of high principle and stern justice, and must compel even his most ardent admirers to wish they had never been penned:—'I have never felt anything but docility towards the church, and horror of the novelties that were imputed to me. I received the condemnation of my book with the most absolute acquiescence. I have never for a single moment in my life been without the most lively gratitude, the most sincere zeal, the most profound respect, and the most inviolable attachment towards the person of the king. I take leave to ask of his majesty two favours, which regard neither myself nor any of my kindred. The first is, that he will have the goodness to appoint for my successor a pious, orderly, and good man. The other favour is, that he will have the goodness, in union with my successor, to complete what has been begun for the seminary of St Sulpice. I wish his majesty a long life. This shall be my petition if I am admitted to the divine presence.'

Scarcely less dear to foreigners than to his own countrymen, Fenelon in his death excited regrets as deep and widely-spread as were the love and admiration he had awakened during his virtuous and useful life. Great talents belong to all countries and all communions. It was on the world

that Fenelon conferred benefits, and it was natural that by the world his loss should be deplored.

The history of Fenelon exhibits the presence and operation of a predominant idea. Bringing into existence with him a soft, gentle, and loving nature, which happily was fostered and developed by the congenial influences of education, he was led to select the ecclesiastical profession. By that natural affinity which gives to minds their most appropriate employment, he always found himself in spheres of action where there was a special call for the mild restraints and nurturing dew which his character was fitted to afford. The performance of his duties reacted on his mental and moral qualities, giving to them each an intensity and fixedness which raised them to the highest state of culture; so that the tranquil, earnest, and thoughtful tendencies of the boy were, under the discipline of life, elaborated and raised into the mature gentle goodness of the man, the sage, and the Christian minister. Even in what were accounted his errors we see the influence of his predominant state of mind. Elevated by his nature and education to a high degree of excellence, he was urged to desire and seek after perfection itself. Absolute perfection is unattainable by man. But then do we not make some approaches to it when our minds are brought into a moral oneness with the Supreme Intelligence? This oneness can be gained only by purely spiritual exercises. But if our minds are by contemplation made purely spiritual, then are they united with Him who is spirit. Such a union implies and supposes an entire independence of earth and sense. The perfect Christian lives in an elevated sphere of his own, engaged in those meditations which are at once his delight and his triumph. To these heights of religious abstraction Fenelon was naturally conducted by his pure and lofty aspirations. But he that has reached so high an elevation is on the verge of two practical errors. If he is independent of the senses, their operation is too trifling a concern to engross his care. Hence licentiousness may come from mysticism; and if he is kept by duty and pleasure within the recesses of the Holy of Holies, what has he to do with the mean and perishing trifles of earth? Hence selfishness may ensue from spirituality. From both these errors, which have been too common among speculative religionists, Fenelon was preserved by the native goodness of his heart and the practical benevolence of his early days.

It would not, indeed, be easy to mention an instance in which the qualities of true religious excellence were more proportionately blended. If he indulged in speculation, Fenelon was also pre-eminently practical. A glowing, rich, and delicate imagination, which rendered his piety vivid, soaring, and habitual, was qualified and guided by a strong and well-cultivated intellect, which, according to his light, made him regard religion as a reasonable service. And while the attainments of the scholar, as well as the exercises of the worshipper, would have kept him within the elegant privacy of the library, or the inspired precincts of the chapel, his true Christian love, the native goodness of his heart, his high sense of duty, placed him at every period of his life in the midst of worldly passions and rugged duties. Both in his active benevolence and the general caste of his mind, we find the qualities that are common to all good Christians, and the natural results of the divine spirit of the common

Master. A happy thing it is for the world that there is in it a power which can produce so near an approach to moral perfection as is seen in the character of Fenelon. And a most happy thing it is for society that amid its cares, passions, and sufferings, there appear benevolent men, like the Archbishop of Cambray, who find their duty and their pleasure in the active exercise of the soft, winning, and graceful affections of our nature, and in ceaseless ministrations of good.

The writings of Fenelon are but little known to the mere English reader. There is, indeed, an interesting volume of selections made by Mrs Follen of the United States, of which an English edition has just been published. This book, however, is confined to extracts from Fenelon's religious writings, and even these it does but imperfectly represent. 'Telemachus' is in many hands, being employed in the work of education; but in consequence of being so employed, it is rarely perused by adults. School-books, with education as it now is, have little chance of being favourites in our manhood, so associated are they with labour, privation, and pain. 'Telemachus,' therefore, like Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' is more praised than read. One or two others of Fenelon's treatises have appeared in English, but so far as we know they are now out of print. Yet do the writings of this great man contain a very ample treasury of pure and noble thought, bearing on many of the highest interests of mankind. True it is that a century and a-half have elapsed since they were produced. Nevertheless the bulk of them are in substance applicable to the concerns of the present moment, and some of them will retain their value as long as human nature retains its essential qualities. In language Fenelon was a Frenchman, in thought he was a Christian and a man. The amount of what is permanent in an author may be taken as a measure of his greatness. Judged by this standard, Fenelon takes his station among the first minds of his race. Of his writings a few incidental remarks have already been made: the subject is of sufficient importance to demand a specific notice.

Fenelon was a great master of style. Entertaining a low opinion of the capacity of the French language for poetry of the higher order, he devoted his pen to prose composition; and in the most elaborate of his productions has poured out rich treasures of poetic thought and diction. His 'Telemachus' is a great poem, composed after the model of Homer's 'Odyssey,' a translation of several books of which is found in his published writings, and into the spirit and essence of which he had thoroughly penetrated. Fenelon made a correct distinction between versification and poetry. Avoiding the former, as unsuited to the genius of his native language, and as in itself of small value, he strove—and strove with eminent success—to enrich much of his prose with all the charms of the highest poetry. For this purpose Fenelon made style an object of very careful and long-continued study. Having access to the best models of Greek and Roman literature, he made himself familiar with their contents, marked and discriminated their qualities with a teachable and loving mind, and so imbued himself with their spirit, as to surpass most other modern writers in that assemblage of qualities which combine to form what is called a classic style. In elegant precision and chaste imagery, no less than in thought and illustrative examples, Fenelon's best writings are

eminently classic. This quality is not in their form merely, but in their substance. All the stores of Greek and Latin history, mythology, and antiquities, were ready to his hand, and were employed by him with an almost unequalled ease, propriety, and fulness. When writing on suitable topics, almost every thought came to him in classic attire, or brought with it a classic exemplification. In the present day, many have been led to question the value of classical studies in our collegiate institutions. Fenelon's writings suffice to correct the error. In style and general complexion of thought Fenelon was what he was made by Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Virgil, and Cicero. And equally does his character show that the most profound study and the most accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin writers are compatible with a virgin purity of moral feeling and the sanctity of the highest Christian life. We have intimated that Fenelon's excellence of style was the result of labour. No one's writings, indeed, are better fitted to explode the fallacy, that literary eminence is easy of acquirement. In all his higher productions every page and every sentence bear proofs of the utmost care. And yet those proofs are not obvious to the untrained eye, for they are in the substance, and not on the surface of the composition. Fenelon's art so conceals his art, as to produce an ease, a simplicity, and an elegance, which the many may regard as natural and spontaneous, but which the initiated know to be the result and the reward of the highest mental cultivation, the most studious painstaking, and the most constant and diligent practice. A chronological study of his works would show the gradual development of the graces and felicities of his style. His earlier compositions, such as his 'Essay on Female Education,' are neat, but not elegant; in perspicuity and precision Fenelon never failed, but it is only in the maturity of his mind and in the height of his culture that he poured forth, as in 'Telemachus,' the abundant and varied treasures of his beautiful style. Like all great composers, Fenelon knew how to adapt his expression to his subject. If in the highest specimens of his poetic prose we find a rich elegance which almost borders on the florid, in his religious writings there is a becoming chasteness, and in his letters a graceful ease and childlike simplicity.

Viewed in regard to their subject-matter, Fenelon's writings may be arranged into two classes—the educational and the religious—corresponding with the two great efforts of his life; which two, indeed, were in their aims, their processes, and their results, very much alike. Fenelon's religious writings comprise a large portion of pastoral instructions, which he was led to put forth as a bishop of the Catholic church. These pastoral instructions contain controversial elements; and bearing, as they do, on purely ecclesiastical questions, are valuable chiefly as materials for history, though at the same time they comprise much of high and permanent value relative to the duties of Christian ministers. No one was more fitted than Fenelon to instruct and guide those whose office it was to instruct and guide others; for in becoming a bishop, he ceased not to be a priest and a pastor, but most diligently fulfilling his episcopal duties, he was ceaseless also in daily labours of love towards the poor, the sick, the destitute, and the dying. Chaucer's 'Parson' lived again in Fenelon—

‘To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example, was his business.’

Though, therefore, his pastoral writings contain less than others of what is of universal acceptance, they yet offer much that will reward the attention of the Protestant as well as the Catholic clergyman of the nineteenth century.

It is, however, in what may more strictly be called his religious writings that we find both the essence of Fenelon's soul and the catholicity of his disposition. Fenelon entered thoroughly into the genius of the Christian religion, and became instinct with its spirit. Under this overpowering influence he threw off what was local, partial, and sectarian, and developed and set forth the divine life of the Gospel itself in giving simple utterance to the thoughts and emotions of his own mind. Hence, in perusing his religious works, you forget the Catholic and the archbishop, and think only of the Christian; nor, while you read his pure and lofty words, can you help being lifted by gratitude and sympathy up into his own bright sphere.

It is, however, from his educational writings that we shall take our specimens, both because these are more suited for these pages, and because, while of very high value, they afford a sufficient variety and example of Fenelon's highest style. Let it be premised that we use the term educational in a comprehensive sense, for it would be easy to subdivide this class into several sub-classes, since there are few topics of high concern to man that Fenelon has left untouched.

Least adorned is Fenelon's first publication, '*De l'Education des Filles*'—('On the Education of Girls'), but it is replete with a lofty wisdom emanating directly from the spirit of Christianity, and offers, both in general principles and in particular precepts, much by which the educators of the present day may profit. The fact of putting out a work of the kind by a young ecclesiastic, showed a laudable boldness dictated by a high sense of duty; for female education in Fenelon's time being for the most part conducted in the nunneries, was very narrow and superficial, yet sufficiently good to satisfy the demands of society. In fact woman in France had then sunk into man's toy. Regarded as a minister to man's recreation and lower pleasures, women were furnished with little more educational resources than such as were requisite to give them an external polish, and make them willing dependents on the priests. Alternately despised and flattered, they neither received nor desired the discipline of a good education. Hence Fenelon begins his treatise with a chapter 'On the importance of the Education of Girls,' of which the following is the opening paragraph:—

'Nothing is more neglected than the education of girls. Custom and the caprice of mothers decide everything in regard to it. The general impression is, that we ought to give little instruction to females. From a regard to the public good, the education of boys is accounted a matter of high consequence; and although scarcely fewer faults are committed in it than in the education of girls, at least much knowledge is considered requisite for success. Persons of the highest talent have employed their time in setting forth rules for the education of boys. How numerous our masters—how numerous our colleges! What an outlay of money for printing books, for scientific research, for methods of learning languages, for the choice of professors! All these grand preparations have often more appearance than solidity; but at anyrate they mark the high idea entertained of the education of boys. As to girls, they must not, it is said, be

learned. Curiosity makes them vain and affected: it is enough if they know how to govern their households, and obey their husbands without reasoning. Instances are adduced of women whose knowledge made ridiculous, and then people think themselves justified in blindly abandoning girls to ignorant and indiscreet mothers.'

Fenelon's method of education is essentially of a fostering kind. Rightly conceiving of education as in its essence consisting of the working of a higher within a lower mind, he sets it forth as genial in its influence and gentle in its operation, directed so as to *lead out* the natural faculties, and combine them harmoniously in the one result of a high, pure, and efficient character, inspired by religion, impelled by benevolence, and guided by wisdom and prudence. But the advantages which he contemplates cannot be secured unless education begins in childhood—'that most tender infancy; this first age, which is commonly abandoned to indiscreet or immoral females, is that in which the deepest impressions are made, and which, in consequence, bears an important relation to all the rest of life. Before infants are entirely able to speak, you may prepare them for instruction. This is no exaggeration. Think what a child does that cannot yet speak: he is learning a language which he will soon speak more exactly than scholars can speak the dead languages, which in their ripe years they have studied with so much labour. But what is involved in learning a language? It is not merely the fixing in the memory of a great number of words; it is, moreover, says St Augustin, the observation of the sense of each. The infant, he adds, among its cries and its games, marks of what object each word is the sign. Children, then, know from the first more than is commonly thought. Thus by words, aided by tones and gestures, you may give them an inclination to be with the virtuous and honourable persons whom they see, rather than with others to whom they might be in danger of being attached; and so, by the expression of your countenance and the accents of your voice, you may make them averse to the passionate and the disorderly. If, instead of infusing into them the idle fears of phantoms and ghosts, which by their violence must weaken their yet tender minds; if, instead of surrendering them to the false imaginations of their nurses in regard to things which they should seek or avoid, you endeavoured to communicate to them an agreeable idea of what is good, and a frightful notion of what is bad, they would be much assisted in their after efforts for the practice of virtue.'

Among the earliest manifestations of intellect in childhood is a ceaseless and almost irrepressible curiosity. This faculty, which has been given expressly for the purpose of leading the child to knowledge, is in ordinary schools still discouraged, and but little understood and properly treated, even in the best-regulated homes and nurseries. Fenelon, however, was well aware of the opportunities it affords.

Curiosity in Education.

The curiosity of children is a natural instinct, which precedes instruction: do not fail to profit by it. For example, in the country they see a mill, and they wish to know what it is: you must show them how the food which sustains the life of man is prepared. They see reapers, and you

must explain what they are doing, how corn is sown, and how it is multiplied in the earth. In the town they see shops, where different trades are carried on, and various kinds of merchandise are sold. You must never be wearied by their questions: they are openings offered by nature to facilitate instruction: show that you take a pleasure in them. You will thus insensibly teach them how all those things which are useful to man, and on which commerce depends, are carried on. By degrees, and without any particular study, they will learn the manner in which the articles which they use are made, and the proper price of each. This is the real essence of economy. This knowledge is not to be despised by any one, since all should beware lest they are deceived in their expenses; but it is especially necessary for girls.

Very important is it, too, not to overdo the work of education. Ordinarily, objects and studies are confusedly crowded on children's minds. The more solicitous the parent that his child should be well educated, the more numerous are the topics to which the child is compelled to attend. As a natural result, the mind is first distracted, then wearied, and then brought to loathe books and instruction altogether. Intellectual food should be given so as to foster growth, in order that growth may beget appetite, and the desire for knowledge ever keep ahead of the supplies. Hence the propriety of the ensuing remarks:—

An Appetite for Knowledge.

When you have related a fable, wait till the child asks you to tell another—thus leaving it always as if hungry for more. Then, curiosity being excited, relate choice portions of history, but in few words; connect them together, and continue the recital from one day to another, in order to keep the children in suspense, and make them impatient to learn the end. Make your stories animated by lively and familiar tones; let all your characters speak: children of strong imaginations will think that they see and hear them. For example, relate the story of Joseph; make his brothers speak like brutal men, Jacob like a tender and afflicted father. Let Joseph himself speak: let him take a pleasure, when a lord in Egypt, in concealing himself from his brethren, in making them afraid, and then in disclosing himself to them. This lively representation, united with the wonders of the narrative, will charm children, if you do not relate too many such stories to them, if you let them desire them, if you even promise them as a reward for good conduct, if you do not make them appear like lessons, if you do not compel children to repeat them. These repetitions, unless voluntary, annoy the children, and take away all their pleasure in such narratives.

Like a wise teacher, Fenelon preferred historical narratives to catechisms. 'Histories may seem to lengthen, but really abridge the course of instruction, while they take from it the dryness of the catechisms, in which doctrines are detached from facts. Anciently it was by histories that instruction was conveyed. The admirable method in which Augustin wished the ignorant to be instructed was not peculiar to that saint: it was the method

universally observed in the church. It consisted, for instance, in showing, by events narrated in succession, that religion was as old as the world; exhibiting Jesus Christ expected in the Old Testament, and Jesus Christ reigning in the New. 'This is the very substance of Christian instruction.' Of special value is the chapter entitled 'Of the Way of Communicating Religious Ideas to Children.' We translate a few words, as an illustration of Fenelon's method:—'Without pressing children, we ought gently to turn their first use of reason to the recognition of God. Direct their minds to a house: lead them to understand that it was not built by itself. The stones, you will say to them, require some one to carry and place them. Let them see the masons at their work. Then lead their thoughts to the skies, to the earth, to the chief objects which God has made for man's use. Say to them, Behold how much grander, how much better made, is the world than a house! Has the world made itself? No: it was made by God's own hands.' Recommending the employment of sensible images to an extent which most Protestants would shun, Fenelon also strictly enjoins that children should be led to ask for, and should constantly receive, an explanation of all the observances as well as the doctrines of the church. It deserves special notice that he recommends that they should be introduced to the pages of the Bible itself:—'In order that they may the better understand the mysteries, the acts, and the maxims of Jesus Christ, young persons should be induced to read the Gospel. At an early period they ought to be prepared to read the word of God as they are prepared to receive the communion.' The general tenor of these remarks will have led the reader to expect that Fenelon is an enemy to the employment of violence in education. We rejoice to believe that the spirit of gentleness which characterised this good man has made some way into our schools. The old brutal and brutalising system of constant caning, beating, flogging—we may add, of pinching, knocking, plucking the hair, &c.—is now rapidly passing away. Yet still is there need for admonition, and it cannot be given better than in these words:—

Severity in Education to be avoided.

Never, except in a case of extreme necessity, assume an austere and imperious manner, which inspires children with fear. It is frequently affectation and pedantry in those who control, because children are generally only too timid and bashful. By doing so, you would close their hearts and destroy their conscience, without which education must be fruitless. Make yourself beloved by them; let them be free with you, and let them not be afraid to allow you to see their faults. To succeed in this plan, you must be indulgent to those who do not dissemble before you. Do not appear either surprised or irritated by their evil inclinations; on the contrary, compassionate their weakness. Sometimes there will arise this inconvenience—that they will be less restrained by fear; but, on the whole, confidence and sincerity are more beneficial to them than rigorous authority. Moreover, authority will find its proper place if confidence and persuasion are not strong enough; but you must always begin with an open, gay, and familiar, though not undignified manner: this will give you the opportunity of seeing children act naturally, and of knowing them

thoroughly. Indeed, even if you were to compel them by authority to observe all your rules, you would not gain your object; all would degenerate into constrained formality, and perhaps into hypocrisy: you would disgust them with the good which you ought invariably to endeavour to make them love.

Fenelon's style has a perceptible rise in his 'Dialogues sur l'Eloquence'—('Dialogues on Eloquence'), in which he first unfolds the principles and resources of the art of persuasion, and then applies the results to the oratory of the pulpit. The piece is full of admirable remarks, and will well repay a careful perusal. In subjects of this kind, no less than on religious subjects, Fenelon appears at home. The maxims and the practice both of the classic writers and the fathers of the Christian church, are made to contribute their choicest treasures for the enrichment and adorning of his pages. Knowing that it is necessary to expose the bad as well as set forth and recommend the good, Fenelon opens his subject by exhibiting the grave errors of those preachers who, led away by false taste, seek to please and dazzle rather than to convince and convert; and for their unworthy ends indulge in refinements of thought, heap inconsistent images one on another, twist the words of Scripture into such contortions as they need, and deliver their gaudy patchwork in tones swelling and loud, and with high assurance and vehement gesture. The delivery, as well as the composition of pulpit discourses, is here treated of. In the Catholic pulpits of France it was, and still is, customary to pronounce the sermon from memory. The defects which are inseparable from so artificial a method are well described, and extemporaneous preaching is strongly recommended, special pains, however, being taken that it is only for the words that a preacher should trust to the impulse of the moment. On a topic of such interest and importance we permit ourselves to make a long extract, and that the rather because the remarks are of general application.

The Good Preacher.

C. When a man has acquired this fund of solid knowledge, and when his exemplary virtues have edified the church, he will be capable of explaining the gospel with much authority and profit. By familiar instructions, and the conferences in which he has early had practice, he will have acquired sufficient freedom and facility to enable him to speak well. I consider, moreover, that if such a person applies to all the details of the ministry—that is to say, to the administration of the sacraments, to the guidance of souls, the consolation of the dying and the afflicted—he cannot have time to commit to memory elaborate discourses. His mouth must speak according to the fulness of his heart—that is to say, it must communicate to the people the plenitude of evangelical knowledge and the affectionate sentiments of the preacher. Concerning what you said yesterday of sermons committed to memory, I had the curiosity to refer to a passage which I had formerly met with in the writings of St Augustin. I will give you the substance of it. He maintains that preachers ought to speak in a still more clear and sensible manner than other men, because, as custom and politeness do not permit questions to be addressed to them, they ought to

fear lest they should not sufficiently adapt their language to the comprehension of their audience. For this reason, he says, those who learn their sermons word for word, and who cannot repeat and explain a truth till they perceive that it is understood, greatly diminish their usefulness. Hence you see that St Augustin was content to prepare his subject in his mind without committing to memory all the words of his sermons. Even though the laws of true eloquence may demand more, those of the evangelical ministry do not allow anything further. For my own part, I have long been of your opinion on the subject. While there are so many pressing wants in Christianity—while the preacher—who ought to be the man of God, prepared for every good work—should hasten to eradicate ignorance and scandals from the field of the church—I consider it to be very unworthy of him to pass his life in his study engaged in rounding periods, in retouching portraits, and inventing divisions; for he who places himself on the footing of this class of preachers has no time to do anything else; he cannot pursue any other study nor undertake any other labour. To relieve himself, he is frequently even compelled to repeat the same sermons again and again. What eloquence does that man possess whose audience can anticipate all his expressions and variations of style. Truly that is a fine way to surprise, to astonish, to soften, to seize, and persuade the hearts of men! It is a strange mode of concealing art, and giving utterance to nature! For my part, I frankly avow that all this scandalises me. What! shall the dispenser of God's mysteries be an idle declaimer, jealous of his reputation, and a lover of vain pomp? Shall he not dare to speak of God to his people without having arranged all his words and learnt his lesson by heart like a schoolboy?

A. Your zeal pleases me: what you say is true. It must not, however, be spoken too strongly, for we ought to spare many persons of merit and even piety, who, deferring to custom, or prejudiced by example, have adopted in sincerity the plan which you justly blame. But I am ashamed of interrupting you so often. Conclude, I intreat of you.

C. I should wish a preacher to explain every part of religion, to develop it in a sensible manner, to show the institution of things, to mark their course and tradition; and in thus showing the origin and the establishment of religion, to destroy the objections of libertines without openly attacking them, lest he should give occasion of offence to simple believers.

A. You speak justly, for the proper mode of proving the truth of religion is to explain it well. It proves itself when the true idea of it is given. All other proofs not derived from the substance and circumstances of religion itself are, as it were, foreign to it. For example, the best proof of the creation of the world, of the deluge, and of the miracles of Moses, lies in the nature of those miracles, and the manner in which the history of them is written. A wise and unprejudiced man need only read them to feel their truth.

C. I should also wish a preacher to explain carefully and consecutively to his people not only all the details of the Gospel and the mysteries, but also the origin and institution of the sacraments, the traditions, discipline, office, and ceremonies of the church. He will thus fortify the minds of the faithful against the objections of heretics; he will place them in a position to give a reason of their belief, and even to influence those heretics

who are not obstinate in error. All these instructions will confirm faith, will give a high idea of religion, and will enable the people to derive edification from all that they see in the church; instead of which, with the superficial knowledge generally communicated, they comprehend scarcely anything that they see, and have but a confused idea of what they hear from the preacher. It is principally for the sake of this course of instructions that I should wish that settled ministers, such as pastors, should preach in each parish. I have often remarked that there is not any art or science in the world which masters do not teach in an orderly manner by principles and method; religion only is not taught in this way to the faithful. In their childhood they receive a dry, little catechism, which they learn by heart without understanding its meaning; after that they receive no other instruction than vague and detached sermons. I wish, as you said just now, that Christians were taught the first elements of religion, and regularly conducted to the higher mysteries.

Among the most original and instructive of Fenelon's writings are his '*Dialogues des Morts*'—('Dialogues of the Dead'). Fenelon was particularly attentive to the form in which he gave utterance to his ideas. He well knew that a good thought not only deserves a good dress, but depends for its acceptance very much on the manner in which it makes its appearance; and he was led to study this point the more, because in most of his literary productions he had before him the improvement of the princes intrusted to his care as his primary and special object. Royal youths are never very ready to receive ideas of a lofty kind, and in Fenelon's task there were special difficulties to overcome. The form which he adopted in the piece now before us was singularly fitted to aid Fenelon in conveying the impressions which he wished to communicate. It is in Tartarus that his characters appear, and that his dialogues are held. The shows and gauds of earth have vanished, realities only prevail now; the king has lost his crown, the conqueror has to answer for the blood which his victories cost; vice undergoes its terrible punishments, and virtue only is radiant with joy. It certainly was a bold idea to take the grandson of Louis XIV. down into the shades, and hold school there for his special instruction and benefit. Not less happy than bold was the conception, and well is it executed. In the following terms did Fenelon strive to cure the impetuosity of the Duke of Burgundy:—

Alexander and Clitus.

Clitus. Good-day, great monarch. When didst thou descend into these gloomy regions?

Alexander. Ah, Clitus! withdraw; I cannot endure the sight of thee: it reproaches me with my fault.

Clitus. It is the will of Pluto that I should remain before thee, as a punishment to thee for having killed me unjustly. I am sorry for it, for I still love thee, notwithstanding the wrong which I suffered at thy hands; but I can never leave thee.

Alex. Oh, wretched companionship: always to behold a man who reminds me of a deed of which I am so much ashamed!

Clitus. I can look upon my murderer. Why canst thou not behold a man whom thou didst kill? I find that the great are more sensitive than other men: they wish to see only those who are pleased with them, who flatter, and pretend to admire them. The borders of the Styx are not the place for such feelings. Thou oughtest to have relinquished them with thy royal grandeur. Thou hast nothing to give here, and thou wilt not find any flatterers.

Alex. Alas, what a misfortune! On earth I was a god; here I am but a ghost, and I am pitilessly reproached with my faults!

Clitus. Why didst thou commit them?

Alex. When I killed thee I had drunk too much.

Clitus. A fine excuse truly for a hero and a god! He who ought to have been reasonable enough to govern the whole earth, lost all his senses by drunkenness, and reduced himself to the condition of a ferocious beast! But confess the truth. Thou wast intoxicated more by false glory and anger than by wine. Thou couldst not endure my condemnation of the vanity which led thee to receive divine honours, and to forget the services which had been rendered to thee. Answer me: I no longer fear that thou wilt kill me.

Alex. Oh, cruel gods, why cannot I be revenged upon you? But alas! I cannot even take vengeance on this ghost of Clitus, who insults me so brutally.

Clitus. I perceive that thou art as irritable and violent as thou wast among the living. But no one fears thee here. For my part I pity thee.

Alex. What! the great Alexander an object of pity to so mean a fellow as Clitus! Why cannot I kill thee, or destroy myself?

Clitus. Thou canst not do either. Ghosts never die: thou art immortal. But it is not the immortality to which thou laidst claim: thou must resign thyself to being merely a ghost like me, or like the meanest of men. Thou wilt here find no more provinces to lay waste; no kings to trample upon; no palaces to burn in thy drunkenness; no ridiculous fables to relate, in order to boast thyself the son of Jupiter.

Alex. Thou treatest me as a wretch.

Clitus. No; I acknowledge thee to be a great conqueror, with sublime natural qualities, but spoilt by too great success. Does it offend thee to tell thee the truth with affection? If truth offends, return to the earth in search of flatterers.

Alex. Of what avail, then, is all my glory, if Clitus even does not spare me?

Clitus. It was thy impetuosity which tarnished thy glory among the living; dost thou wish to keep it unblemished among the dead? Thou must be modest among ghosts, who have nothing to gain or lose with thee.

Alex. But thou saidst that thou lovedst me?

Clitus. Yes, I love thy person without loving thy faults.

Alex. If thou lovest me, spare me.

Clitus. Because I love thee, I will not spare thee. When thou wast so chaste in the eyes of the wife and daughter of Darius, when thou showedst so much generosity towards that vanquished prince, thou deservedst great praises: I gave them to thee. Prosperity afterwards made thee forget even the care of thy own glory. I leave thee. Adieu.

While Fenelon instructed the prince, he kept in his mind the idea of the future monarch; and the actual tyranny of Louis XIV. made him specially solicitous to spare France the evils of a second despotism under his successor. Accordingly, several of the Dialogues of the Dead speak eloquently in favour of a paternal government, and against tyranny. We give a specimen:—

Plato and Dionysius the Tyrant.

Dionysius. Good-day, Plato. Thou art just the same as thou wast when I saw thee in Sicily.

Plato. As for thee, thou hast lost the splendour which surrounded thee when on thy throne.

Dion. Thou wast but a chimerical philosopher; thy republic was only a beautiful dream.

Plato. Thy tyranny was not more substantial than my republic. It has fallen.

Dion. Thy friend Dion betrayed me.

Plato. Thou betrayedst thyself. He who makes himself hated has everything to fear.

Dion. But then how much it costs to make one's self beloved! We must please others. Is it not better to please ourselves at the risk of being hated?

Plato. Those who make themselves hated, in order to gratify their passions, have as many enemies as they have subjects: they are never in safety. Tell me, didst thou ever sleep in tranquillity?

Dion. No; I confess it. But it was because I had not taken the lives of a sufficient number.

Plato. Ah! dost thou not perceive that the death of some drew upon thee the hatred of the rest?—that those who beheld the massacre of their neighbours expected to die in their turn, and could save themselves only by forestalling thee? It was necessary for thee either to kill every one of the citizens, or to abandon thy severe punishments, and endeavour to make thyself beloved. Those who are beloved by the people need no guards: they live among their subjects as fathers, who fear nothing in the midst of their own children.

Dion. I remember that thou didst urge all these arguments upon me when I was on the point of renouncing tyranny, in order to become thy disciple, but a flatterer prevented me from executing my design. It must be confessed that it is very difficult to resign sovereign power.

Plato. Would it not have been better to resign it voluntarily, in order to become a philosopher, than to be disgracefully deprived of it, and compelled to gain thy bread by the trade of a schoolmaster at Corinth?

Dion. But I did not foresee that I should be driven into exile.

Plato. Ah! How couldst thou hope to remain master in a place where thou hadst driven everybody to the necessity of ruining thee, in order to avoid thy cruelty?

Dion. He hoped that they would never dare to attack me.

Plato. When men risk more in letting you live than in attacking you, there will always be found some ready to be first with the blow. Your

own guards can secure their lives only by taking yours. But tell me frankly, didst thou not lead a more pleasant life in thy poverty at Corinth than in thy splendour at Syracuse?

Dion. That is true: the schoolmaster of Corinth ate and slept tolerably well; the tyrant of Syracuse always had fears and suspicions. It was necessary to murder some one, to seize treasures, to make conquests. Pleasures were no longer pleasures: I had exhausted them, and they always agitated me too violently. Tell me also, oh, philosopher, wast thou very unhappy when I caused thee to be sold?

Plato. I enjoyed in slavery the same tranquillity which thou possessedst at Corinth; but with this difference—I had the happiness of suffering for virtue, by the injustice of a tyrant, and thou wast a tyrant deposed in disgrace from thy tyranny.

Dion. Go; I gain nothing by arguing with thee. If ever I return to the world, I will choose a private station of life, or I will make myself beloved by the people whom I govern.

The pervading aim of the 'Dialogues of the Dead' is the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy in the science and art of kingcraft. But Fenelon's was a wide and deep mind; and very various, in consequence, was the course of preparation through which he led his royal pupil. Hence the present series of essays offers materials no less diversified than rich. It is, indeed, a well-condensed manual of instruction on most of the great concerns of human life. Here Mercury and Charon come together for the enlightenment of teachers; Hercules and Theseus confess their faults in briefly narrating their deeds; Achilles and Homer speak of the love of letters and the love of glory; Ulysses and Grillus combine to preach a sermon in favour of sound philosophy and true religion; Confucius and Socrates are brought face to face, to compare Eastern with Western civilisation. Indeed all history is laid under contribution; and the most distinguished men of France, Italy, and Rome, as well as Greece, appear on the stage in their own characters, with all the prestige of antiquity and all the solemn impressiveness of the world beyond the tomb.

To no subject does the mind of Fenelon recur more readily than to literary criticism, and on no subject are his opinions more judicious and valuable. In France, it has not been unusual for Virgil to be preferred to Homer, and Cicero set before Demosthenes. In these performances the essential features of the national character had a large share of influence. But Fenelon's mind was too masculine, and his culture too high, to fall into such mistakes. His, indeed, was a Greek mind in its strength, its culture, and its tastes. Accordingly, he preferred the Greek models, the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes, to the magnificent eloquence of Cicero. As connected with this subject, we place here Fenelon's description of a true orator, taken from a 'Letter on Eloquence,' which, at their request, he addressed to the celebrated French Academy, and which may justly be designated as an elegant treatise on rhetoric:—

The True Orator.

The true orator ornaments his discourse only with luminous truths,

noble sentiments, expressions strong and proportionate to the feelings with which he wishes to inspire his audience: he thinks, he feels, and words follow. '*He does not depend on language,*' says St Augustine; '*language depends on him.*' A man who has a strong and noble mind, with some natural facility in speaking, and great practice, need never fear the want of words, his least discourses will have original traits which florid declaimers can never imitate. He is not a slave to words—he goes direct to the truth; he knows that passion is, as it were, the soul of language. He first discovers the fundamental principle of the subject which he wishes to develop; he makes this principle his chief point of view; he returns to it again and again, in order to make it familiar to the minds of his audience; he develops the consequences in a short and sensible deduction. Each truth is placed in its proper position with reference to the whole; it prepares, it introduces, and supports another truth which needs its aid. By this arrangement the orator avoids the repetitions which may be spared a reader; but he does not omit one of the repetitions which are essential to lead the auditor frequently back to the point which alone decides the whole. The conclusion must be frequently shown in the principle. From this principle, as from a centre, light spreads over every part of the work, in the same way as a painter places his picture in such a position as to throw upon each object its proper degree of light. The whole discourse is one; it consists of a single proposition shown in the most forcible manner by various modes of expression. This unity of design gives the entire work to our view at a single glance, just as from the public place of a town you may see every avenue and gate when all the streets are straight, regular, and symmetrical. The discourse is the proposition developed; the proposition is the discourse abridged. He who does not feel the beauty and force of this unity and order, has as yet seen nothing in the clear light of day: he has beheld only shadows in the caverns of Pluto. What should we say of an architect who should perceive no difference between a great palace, whose parts are all symmetrical and so constructed as to form a whole in the same design, and a confused mass of small buildings not making a whole, though erected near each other? What comparison can there be between the Coliseum and the shapeless multitude of irregular buildings of a town? True unity belongs only to that work from which you cannot take away anything without inflicting a mortal injury. True order exists only where nothing can be displaced without weakening, obscuring, and deranging the whole.

The author who fails to impart this order to his discourse is imperfect: he is deficient either in taste or genius. Order is rarely displayed in the operations of the mind. When it is found in union with propriety, power, and vehemence, the discourse is perfect. But a complete insight, a thorough penetration into and comprehension of the subject, are essential in order to know the precise place for every word. This knowledge can never be attained by an unlearned declaimer, carried away by his imagination. Isocrates is agreeable, insinuating, full of elegance; but can he be compared to Homer? Let us go farther. I do not fear to say that Demosthenes appears to me to be superior to Cicero. I protest that no one admires Cicero more than I do: he embellishes everything that he touches; he does honour to language; he employs words as no other per-

son could employ them; he has great versatility of mind; he is even brief and vehement, whenever he wishes to be so, against Catiline, Verres, or Antony. But we perceive the ornament in his works. The art in them is wonderful, but we see through it. The orator does not forget himself, and allow himself to be forgotten, in thinking of the welfare of the republic. Demosthenes appears to go out of himself, and to see only his country. He does not seek for the beautiful, he displays it without thinking of it. He is above admiration. He uses language as a modest man uses his garment—to cover himself. He thunders, he lightens: it is a torrent which sweeps all before it. We cannot criticise him, because we are overpowered. We think of the things that he says, not of his words. We lose sight of him; our minds are occupied solely with the idea of the all-invading Philip. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am affected less by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes.

The high merit of these words leads us naturally to the 'Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses,' in which Fenelon's mind, both in substance and form, shines forth in its fullest and brightest radiance. Our purpose has not been to give a full analysis of Fenelon's writings, but to make such remarks, and offer such extracts, as may instruct as well as interest. This plan we shall observe in regard to this our last subject, the rather because, as the work itself is accessible to Englishmen, we are desirous of leading the reader to the careful study of its illuminated pages.

In a preliminary 'Discourse on Epic Poetry,' the editor, among several other subjects relating thereto, speaks of the ideas which Telemachus develops respecting the Deity, in these instructive terms:—'The ideas which our poet gives us of the divinity are not only worthy of God, but infinitely lovable by man. Everything inspires confidence and love—a gentle piety, a free and noble adoration, due to the perfection of the Infinite Being, and not a superstitious, dark, and servile worship, which seizes and beats down the heart, when God is considered only as a powerful legislator, who rigorously punishes the violation of his laws. The poet represents God to us as loving man, and shows that God's love and goodness are not subordinated to the blind decrees of destiny, nor merited by the pompous shows of an exterior worship, neither subject to the fantastic caprices of the pagan divinities, but always regulated by the changeless law of wisdom, which cannot do otherwise than love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they immolate, but the passions which they sacrifice.' 'We are made, in every part of the poem, to feel that the Almighty acts unceasingly in us, in order to render us good and happy; that God is the immediate source of all our virtues and of all our knowledge; that we hold from him our reason no less than our life; that his sovereign truth ought to be our sole guide, and his supreme will ought to regulate all our affections; that, failing to consult this universal and unchangeable wisdom, man sees only seductive phantoms; and that, failing to listen to that wisdom, he hears only the confused noise of his passions.' The morality of the poem is equally good:—'It tends to make us forget ourselves, so as to refer everything to God, and to make us His worshippers.' And the end of his political views is 'to cause us to

prefer the general good to our own private advantage. The grand principle on which the whole work turns is, that the entire world is only a universal republic, and each nation only a great family. From this noble and luminous idea are produced what are called the laws of nature and of nations—laws which, as here described, are equitable, generous, full of humanity. Under these views, you no more regard each country as independent of others, but the human race as an indivisible whole. The heart is no longer limited to the love of our native land, but expands, becomes immense, and, by a universal good-will, embraces all men. Hence arise the love of foreigners, mutual confidence among neighbouring nations, good faith, justice, and peace among the rulers of the world, as well as among the individual members of each state. Our author shows us that the glory of royalty is to govern men so as to render them good and happy; that the authority of a prince is never better confirmed than when it rests on the love of his people; and that the true wealth of a state consists in cutting away all factitious wants, and in being satisfied with what is necessary, and with innocent and simple pleasures. By this means he proves that virtue not only contributes to prepare man for future felicity, but renders society in this life as happy as it can be.

In confirmation of these statements, we might have given, had our limits permitted, numerous and brilliant passages; as it is, we conclude with the following, illustrative of the remarkable fact, that several of the most important movements of the present day were in theory foreseen and approved by this eminently great and good man :—

Commercial Prosperity—Commercial Freedom.

‘How is it,’ said I to Narbal, ‘that the Phœnicians have made themselves masters of the commerce of the whole earth, and have thus become rich at the expense of all other nations?’ ‘You see,’ answered he, ‘that the situation of Tyre is favourable to commerce. Our country has the glory of having invented the art of navigation; the Tyrians, if we may believe the traditions of the remotest antiquity, were the first masters of the ocean long before the age of Tiphys and the Argonauts, of whom Greece is so proud. The Tyrians, I say, were the first who dared to trust themselves in a frail bark to the mercy of the waves and the tempest, who fathomed the depths of the sea, who observed the constellations far from land, according to the science of the Egyptians and Babylonians—in a word, who united so many nations separated by the ocean. The Tyrians are industrious, patient, laborious, neat, sober, and economical: they are under a strict internal government; they are perfectly united; and never was a nation more constant, more sincere, more faithful, more true, or more obliging to all foreigners. In these things, without farther inquiry, you find the causes which make them monarchs of the ocean, and their harbour the seat of so useful a commerce. If division and jealousy were to arise among them, if they began to indulge in luxury and idleness, did the heads of the nation despise labour and economy, were the arts no longer honoured in their town, did they fail in good faith towards foreigners, did they change in the least particular the rules of a free commerce, did they neglect their manufactures, or cease to make the

great improvements necessary to bring each kind of merchandise to perfection—you would soon behold the fall of that power which you admire.' 'But explain to me,' said I, 'the method by which I may at some period establish a similar commerce at Ithaca?' 'Do,' he answered, 'as we do here: give a ready and favourable reception to all foreigners; let them find safety, convenience, and entire liberty in your harbours; never allow yourselves to be overcome by avarice or pride. The proper way to gain much is never to wish to gain too much, and to know how to lose at proper times. Make all foreigners love you; even suffer somewhat from them. Fear to excite their jealousy by your pride; be faithful to the laws of commerce; let them be simple and easy; accustom your people to obey them implicitly. Punish severely fraud, and even negligence or luxury among the merchants: these things ruin commerce, by ruining the men who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to restrict commerce, in order to make it serve your own purposes. The prince should never interfere with it, lest he should restrict it; and he ought to allow his subjects who have the trouble, to enjoy all the profits, otherwise he will discourage them. He will derive sufficient advantage from the wealth which will flow into his dominions. Commerce resembles certain springs: if you attempt to change their course, they will become dry. Profit and convenience are the only things which attract foreigners to you: if you make commerce less agreeable and useful to them, they will gradually withdraw, and return no more; because other nations, benefiting by your imprudence, will invite their visits, and thus accustom them to do without you. I must even confess that for some time the glory of Tyre has been much diminished. Oh, if you had seen it, my dear Telemachus, before the reign of Pygmalion, you would have been much more astonished. You now find here only the sad remains of a greatness which is hastening to decay. Oh, unhappy Tyre, into what hands hast thou fallen! Formerly, the ocean brought to thee tribute from all the nations of the earth. Pygmalion is in constant fear both of foreigners and his own subjects. Instead of opening his harbours, according to our ancient custom, to all the most distant nations with entire freedom, he wishes to know the number of vessels which arrive, the countries whence they come, the names of the men they carry, the trade to which they belong, the nature and prices of their merchandise, and the time of their stay here. Still worse than this, he employs fraud to surprise the merchants, and confiscate their goods. He annoys those merchants whom he thinks most opulent; he establishes new imposts on different pretexts. He himself wishes to engage in commerce, and every one fears to have any business with him. Thus trade is languishing; foreigners are gradually forgetting the road to Tyre, once so pleasant to them; and if Pygmalion do not change his conduct, our glory and our power will soon be transferred to some better nation, better governed than ours.'

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE GREEKS.

REMOTENESS in time, which renders dark and uncertain the public character and collective movements of nations, is apt to obliterate altogether the view of their private life. Early annalists and historians record what strikes themselves, or what has an interest for the public they immediately address; and this is most likely to be something different from the ongoings of every-day life among the mass of the people. The way that individuals obtain their livelihood, and provide for themselves articles of food, clothing, and shelter; their manner of enjoying life; their home and domestic relations; their village and town arrangements; their system of education and early upbringing; their ceremonial in celebrating births, marriages, and deaths; their performance of all the private duties of life—such points as these make the whole interest of existence to a people, but they do not need to be minutely recorded in literature in order to be interesting: the facts being present and alive, the picture is considered unnecessary, at least until a certain degree of literary progress has been attained, when it is called for to enhance still further the pleasures of actual life.

Although the interest of the grand movements and struggles which make up the public transactions recorded in history is at all times very great, yet it does not include the whole charm of a representation of the past. The particulars of private and individual existence are universally intelligible and interesting. Our own private affairs are generally the foremost object of our solicitude; next to them come the private affairs of our relatives, friends, and fellow-citizens; and persons who disregard public and world transactions can still be attracted by the recital of individual and domestic existence.

The ancient Greeks, being in many respects the most remarkable people that ever lived, have been naturally a subject of intense curiosity to the modern world. Their public transactions, and the lives and doings of their prominent men, have been studied and discussed for ages; and although their private existence has been less fully set forth in their extant works, yet the curiosity and industry of recent times has extracted from the scattered hints contained in their literature at large a pretty full and precise account of its every-day routine. A few of these particulars it is proposed to touch upon in the present Paper.

We must premise, however, that the ancient Greek world was composed

of a very great number (several hundreds) of independent communities, with many striking differences in their manner of life. But of these there stood out conspicuous, towering far above all the rest, the great Athenian people, inhabiting the town of Athens, together with an adjoining rural district, both comprehended in the province of Attica, which was about equal to a middling-sized English county. The Athenians were a part of what was termed the Ionic race of the Greeks, which comprehended other tribes dwelling in the northern section of the Greek peninsula, as well as many flourishing colonies in Asia Minor and elsewhere, common peculiarities of speech being traced throughout these various branches. The Athenians having outstripped all other Greeks in mental cultivation and civilised progress, their life is at once the most interesting and the best known: hence a delineation of Greek manners will naturally centre upon them as they stood at the period of their highest development—that is, about four centuries before the Christian era.

The great rivals of the Athenians in empire and physical force were the Spartans, who lived near the southern coast of the Peninsula, and belonged to what is called the Dorian race, of which they were the acknowledged head. But the Spartans, at a period long before the dawn of history, had acquired a system of institutions, public and private, totally different from any other state whether Ionic or Dorian, and therefore requiring to be described by itself apart. The Athenian life might, with proper explanations, be made to represent Greek life in general; but the Spartan represents no other mode of existence known to history—it stands alone more like a theoretical view than a known and actual development. We shall therefore, in the present sketch, dwell principally upon the Athenians, and conclude with a short notice of the leading Spartan peculiarities.

In studying either the public or the private transactions of ancient Greece, we are forced, at some stage or other, upon a consideration of the GRECIAN CHARACTER, from which their manner of life, as well as their literature and thought, took its rise. It is possible for us to appreciate with considerable precision the great leading features of that character. The four regions of human nature characterised under Sense, Intellect, Emotion, and Activity,* being assumed as a natural division of the subject, we are enabled to state under each what was the prominent peculiarities of the Grecian mind.

In the region of Sense, including the appetites and instincts immediately related to the senses, we remark in the Greek the characteristic of *impressionableness*; by which is meant a ready susceptibility and responsiveness to sensible impressions. Whatever fell on the touch, the eye, or the ear, was keenly felt, and wakened up the activity of the frame to receive and enjoy it. A lively and demonstrative turn, as distinguished from sedateness and suppression of the feelings, was the natural consequence. Instead of stolid indifference or dignified restraint, a full play was given to the expression and activity called forth by the stimulus of sights, sounds, and outward objects in general. It is not to be asserted that the organs of the senses were naturally finer among the Greeks, but it may be

* See 'Information for the People'—THE HUMAN MIND.

maintained with the highest probability that the muscular system which every sense brings into play, and which has a class of important feelings of its own, was more delicate and more susceptible than among other races. The feelings of form and pressure, as well as of action and resistance in general, are seated in the muscular apparatus, and are indications of its character and degree of refinement; and it is impossible not to recognise in Greek art, and perhaps also in their love of athletic sports, a high development of these sensibilities. It must, however, be observed, that neither this nor the subsequent characteristics apply in their full force to the Spartans.

But it is in the region of Intellect that we can speak with most confidence as to the character of the Grecian race. In pure *force of intelligence* no people has ever approached the Greeks. A mere enumeration of the products of their mental activity will suffice for a demonstration. When we are treating of intellect in general, without distinguishing the different forces at work in supporting it, we can recognise it by this broad feature—namely, the rapid conversion of sensible images into permanent and enduring forms that can be easily recalled in the absence of the original things. In proportion as a man is able to realise absent objects and forms with all the vividness of the real presence, and act upon them as if the things themselves were in view, in that proportion is he an intelligent being; the sooner he absorbs the world into himself, the abler is he for all purposes of intellect. And if this absorption of the world's picture and ongoing is pure and undistorted by inward feelings and bias, we have a proof of the purity of the intelligence itself.

The purest forms in nature are those employed for the purposes of science: in the figures, diagrams, shapes, and language made use of in geometry, astronomy, mechanics, political economy, &c. there is almost no scope for appetite or emotion; there is neither beauty, pathos, humour, nor the picturesque. The vigorous absorption and possession of such objects are the proof of the purest form of intelligence. The man or the people who surpasses all other men or peoples in scientific creations, is by that fact shown to possess a preponderance of naked intelligence. But until the Greek came, the world knew nothing of science, and seemed in noway approaching to that acquisition. The beginnings of all the sciences, and a very great amount of progress in some of them, must be traced to Greece: mathematics, astronomy, physics, medicine, logic, rhetoric, politics, all originated there, and passed through their early stages with astonishing rapidity. The nations that have advanced science cannot compare themselves with the nation that created it, not simply out of nothing, but out of a host of adverse tendencies and inveterate discouragements and obstructions. Intense must have been the intellectual hankerings of the man who first amused his leisure with contriving the propositions of Euclid.

The Greek intellect showed itself not in its science alone, but in the highly intellectual structure and style of its speech, where meaning and clearness were remarkably predominant over mere sound and emotion. With the Greek also originated the notion of philosophy, which with him meant the thirst for knowledge, the predominance of the intellectual appetite. The Greek philosophers, in the very errors into which they fell, had their minds darkened by 'excess of light.' When Socrates put

forward the doctrine of the identity of knowledge with virtue, and Plato set up a life of the contemplation of truth as the highest possible existence of man, they only exhibited intellect run wild, and treading the other parts of man's nature under foot. Ordinary mortals do not commit those sublime faults.

Passing next from the purer forms of intelligence to the mixtures of intellect and emotion, we need only remark the eternal superiority of Greek art within the limits chosen for its exercise. In the actual business of life, too, in the conduct of public and private affairs, in political and legal administration, the Athenian intellect took a lead in the world, and became the instructor of other races.

The number and high character of the superior intellects of a community may be taken to represent the force of intelligence belonging to it. In like manner intellectual plenty will show itself in the variety of fields that are cultivated, in the many ways that life is improved. Moreover, the character of the general mass of a community at large will be attested by the literature and other productions addressed to it. In all these points the intellect of Greece will stand a successful comparison with the whole world, past or present. No force of circumstances, no favourable accidents, nothing less than the original endowment of nature, can account for this intellectual primacy of the species.

In the region of Emotion, or of susceptibility to the feelings and excitements that enliven and gratify human life, we can discern some striking peculiarities appertaining to the Grecian mind, apart from the consequences of a superior intellect. We can trace an unusual *susceptibility to emotion in general*, a fondness for the pleasures and enjoyments of existence, a tendency to employ intellectual superiority in the creation of ways and means of agreeable occupation and amusement; an aversion to asceticism in every form; a determination to reconcile to the utmost the serious duties of life with its relaxations and pleasures. The Greek differed from the Oriental in having a repugnance to ascetic self-denial, and from the Roman in being not afraid of losing personal dignity by a gay and animated style of existence.

In considering a few of the special emotions, we shall find additional instances of peculiarity. The emotion of Terror, for example, which is not directly a source of enjoyment, but has to be neutralised and artificially combined for this end, was evidently very natural to the Grecian temperament, as a consequence of its impressionable and excitable character, although combated by the advantage of superior intelligence. The national mind often gave way under extraordinary terrors, and was apt to be paralysed and disheartened by adversity and despair; and all the resources of a highly-endowed nature were not too much to gain the victory over this weakness. Terror gives an astonishing facility to superstitious beliefs, and will serve of itself to keep up a huge structure of the supernatural. But it also enters as a highly-fascinating ingredient into the productions of poetry and art. The tragic muse supported itself in part by the inspiration of terror.

The Emotion of Plot-interest, the exciting ingredient in all kinds of pursuit, in sports and contests, in adventures and romance, was keenly felt by the Greeks, who excelled in devising the means of gratifying it.

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE GREEKS.

But by far the most conspicuous and important emotional characteristic of the general Grecian mind was its intense feeling of *sociability*. The intercourse between man and man was exciting and stimulating to an extraordinary degree, and all the instruments and devices of cultivated social sympathies were carried to high perfection. It is not essential for us to inquire whether or not the susceptibility to the human presence was a consequence of impressionableness to the sensible world in general: we shall be content with producing the evidences of the fact itself. These are, first, the well-known charms that youthful beauty, not in the feminine sex alone, had for every Greek, and the existence of an affection hardly recognised in modern times, called the Platonic affection, which meant the mutual fascination and attachment of two persons of the same sex. The friendship of two young men, or of an elder towards a younger, was experienced and described with all the vividness of feeling belonging to the most powerful attachment between man and woman. Cases of magic fascination between two persons of one sex, amounting to all the intensity of the passion of love, are so rare in modern times as to be scarcely intelligible, and people hearing of the Platonic affection are often unaware of its true character.

The second proof of Greek sociability is furnished by their intense fondness for social intercourse, as shown in the many institutions calculated for this express object. These, however, will have to be fully alluded to in what follows.

A third proof is given in the extraordinary development of the arts of speech. In Greece, the arts and practice of debate in public affairs were for the first time brought into action as a means of political and judicial investigations and decisions. Literature in general may also be cited as a consequence of the cultivation and refinement of speech; but the form of literature most directly growing up from an intense sociability is the drama, which had its origin, and in some respects its highest perfection, among the Greeks. The drama is social intercourse rendered artistic. But even in the development of thought and science, the instrumentality of speech was largely made use of: witness the system of conversations practised by Socrates, and made by Plato the form of communicating his doctrines to the world. The science of rhetoric, which refers exclusively to speech, and the science of logic, treating of truth as far as it can be expressed in language, are sprung from the same root. Not one of the great applications of the instrumentality of articulate expression was left uncultivated.

In the next place we may cite the art of sculpture as an indication of the same sociability of constitution; and to it may be added the high development of the personifying tendency in the regions of imagination and the supernatural. The worship even of the gods was considered a mode of expressing social sympathies. On the feasts held on such occasions, the deity of the festival was looked upon as a guest enjoying the good fare and good company, like any one of his worshippers.

Among other minor characteristics of the same emotion, we may allude to the intensity of faction, and party sympathies and antipathies—the jealousies even of the philosophic and literary sects—and to the intenseness of the dispositions to admire and to be admired. This last, however, touches more especially on the feeling of vanity and the love of personal

glory, which were overwhelming in the mind of the Greek; so much so, that their very greatest men were liable to have their heads turned with great successes.

Next to the emotion of sociability, we require to touch on the *love of art* in the Grecian mind, which, acting upon intellectual power such as it possessed, yielded those creations that have been the wonder of after-times. The special feelings or simple susceptibilities traceable in the Greek sense of art seem to be these:—*First*, the feeling of the rhythmical, or of the recurrence of regular, proportional, and measured beats and impressions. Music is a compound of melody and rhythm, but the Greeks seem never to have given great attention to the melodious constituent. The rhythmical, which makes a part of music, makes a still larger part of dancing, and this art was very highly cultivated and enjoyed. Their speech, too, was highly rhythmical; not merely in poetic composition, where rhythm is the essential peculiarity, but in prose also. That the popular ear was very sensitive to rhythmical beats, is evident from the Bacchanalian frenzy or intoxication which was brought on by wild dancing and the unmelodious clatter of tambourines and cymbals. *Secondly*, the feeling of proportion, or harmonious form. This is obviously predominant in their architecture and sculpture, in company with another sense—namely, the feeling of harmony of pressure, which is no doubt a consequence of delicate muscularity and a fine intellect. The proportionality of the support to the apparent pressure is nearly the whole essence of Greek architecture. The absence or subordination of the more intense emotional ingredients, such as tenderness, sensuality, and religious feeling, from Greek art, and the extraordinary perfection of the embodiment of simple feelings of proportion and harmony of parts, must form its eternal distinction, and testify to the singularity of the Grecian mental endowment. It is doubtful if the Greeks had any very high sense of landscape beauty, which is now a prominent region of art. That inanimate nature had no charms for them, it would be incorrect to assert; but it seems almost certain that natural scenery was neither a favourite source of enjoyment nor a chosen field for their artistic genius.

So much for the peculiarities of the region of Emotion. With respect to Activity, there are three distinct modes, each at the basis of a distinct natural character. There may be, in the first place, a constitutional energy, or love of action for its own sake, as may be remarked in the English and American characters; or, in the second place, there may be a high susceptibility to excitement, and an activity consequent on this; or lastly, pure will or volition, which acts on the inspiration of intellectual and moral ends, may be the source of the active power in a mind. The second kind is manifestly the peculiarity of the Greeks, who were always most readily moved by the spur of excitement; and the third, which is the noblest of all, shone forth with pre-eminence in some of their superior minds.

Of the acquired character of the Grecian mind resulting from the institutions and civilisation of the people, it is interesting to read the admirable expositions of Mr Grote respecting the influence of the Athenian democracy in cultivating a sentiment of political equality and mutual toleration. The manners of the Athenians were comparatively humane and refined. The moral peculiarities of the Greeks had in part their origin from their national character, and were in proportion distinct from those of other nations.

They made light of the merit of chastity, without being in any strong sense a sensual people. They were intensely religious, and the religious sentiment manifested itself in every feature of their lives.

Such being a faint outline of the general character of this great people, it is now our object to exhibit some particulars of the style and manner of their private and daily life, in its agreement and in its contrast with our own:—

Houses.—Although the structure of the dwellings of any people is closely connected with their manner of existence, and essential to be known, if we would picture to ourselves their daily life, there is considerable difficulty in fixing the particulars of the Greek habitations. For the mass of the people, we must be content to imagine buildings of stone, brick, or wood, according to the locality, with the necessary compartments for eating, sleeping, and performing household operations, and very often the same room used for various purposes. It is only with regard to the houses of the more wealthy citizens that information has descended to us, and some of their peculiarities it is possible to point out. The house was always divided into two sets of apartments—the men's and the women's. In the more ancient times the women's apartments were on the upper storey of the house, and the men's on the ground-floor; but in later days, both were occasionally on the ground—the men's being in the front, and the women's at the back. In this case, if there were upper rooms, they would be used for other miscellaneous purposes. Each set of apartments was built in the form of a square or quadrangle, with an open court in the interior, which was usually paved, and might have a fountain in the centre. Along the sides of the court ran porticos, or rows of pillars, giving it an ornamental character, and affording shaded walks all round. The rooms entered from these porticos. The men's apartments consisted of sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, and chambers, where they met their friends, held dinner-parties, and spent their time. Round the court of the women's apartments lay the rooms where the family chiefly dwelt, with kitchens, store-rooms, and sleeping-rooms. Attached to these also were the shops or halls for spinning, weaving, and other household manufactures—the occupation of the mistress of the house and a certain number of her maids. The street-door opened into a wide lobby, which ran direct into the men's court or quadrangle; the lobby itself communicated with the porter's rooms and the stables. Going across the men's court, a passage led the way through to the women's court. The rooms were all provided with doors, except perhaps the men's public rooms or saloons, which were closed by hangings. The windows of the apartments were partly in the roof, and partly opened into the courts. The street view of a house would not be so imposing as in ours, with their regular rows of windows. The doorway was usually architecturally adorned, and the front plastered, and sometimes ornamented with stucco; but on the supposition of there being only one floor, there would be no need for a great display of ornamental work: an imitation of the temples was not permitted. The roofs were usually flat. The heating was by fireplaces, not closed in, as with us: by the side of the hearth were the images of the household gods. The fire was sometimes contained in a portable brazier. The citizen hoplite is represented as having his armour hung beside the chimney. The

floors were of plaster, and the walls whitewashed, down to the fourth century B. C., when the practice of painting and ornamenting them with stucco-work came into use. Behind the apartments of the women there was a garden, when there was room for it. Beside the street-door was usually an image and an altar. The houses were built close on end, with party-walls. The streets were not paved nor lighted; hence in wet weather they were very dirty, and dark at night. The drainage and removal of refuse were indifferently provided for. Water for domestic uses had to be carried from the nearest public well.

The furniture of the houses, useful and ornamental, is pretty well known: in such articles as tables, beds and bedsteads, presses, shelves, and dishes, we must conceive a similarity to the modern type. The couch, or sofa, held the place of chairs at meals, and during idle hours. The bedstead was a wooden frame, like ours, with girths for resting the mattress upon, which was usually stuffed with wool, and covered with linen or woollen cloth. The coverlets were of skin or wool, varying in costliness with the wealth of the owner. A night-dress was used.

The want of glass is one of the characteristic features of ancient household establishments. All dishes were of pottery, wood, or metal; and mirrors were usually made of polished bronze.

Dress.—The body-dress consisted essentially of two articles—an inner and an outer covering.

The inner covering was called a *chiton*, and was a loose dress of woollen or linen, with sleeves or holes for the arms; worn short by men, but extending down to the feet on women. The outer covering was called *himation*, and was a large piece of cloth resembling a Highland plaid, put on as may be seen on the statues. Its folds reached to the knee, or lower, and it was so coiled on the shoulders as to leave the right arm free while the left was covered. There might be many ways of putting on the *himation*, according to the taste, rank, or occupation of the wearer.

The women's *chiton*, or inner dress, was much longer than their body, and was drawn up and fastened round the middle with a girdle, making an overhanging fold or doubling. The *chiton* might have broad sleeves, and rest on the shoulder by these, or it might be fastened over the shoulder by a clasp-pin. As the women's *himation*, or outer covering, did not entirely envelop the body, but acted more as a shawl or partial dress, the *chiton* was made ornamental in all its parts. It was made of the richest stuffs the wearer could afford, dyed of brilliant colours, and ornamented with borders, stripes, figures, and patterns. There seems to have been also in use among women a shorter garment under the *chiton*.

The *chlamys*, or scarf, was a variety of the outer garment; it was fastened on the right shoulder by a button, and hung down in a simple fold round the body, having tassels at the corners. It was the dress of grown-up lads, and also the usual riding-dress. It might, however, be worn in a great many ways, like a modern scarf or plaid.

Slaves, and the poorer citizens, wore only a single garment of gray woollen texture, being the natural colour of the wool. It was of the *chiton* form, having a sleeve for the left arm, and a hole without any sleeve for the right. It was the usual dress of the labourer at work.

There were two different articles of head-dress for men—skull-caps, of

the shape of half an egg; and hats with brims, the crown of these being of the round arched form. There were various shapes and sizes of brim. The stuff was *felt*, a very ancient manufacture among the Greeks. Artisans wore the simple skull-cap. A head-dress, however, was not in universal use. In merely walking out, or frequenting the gymnasia, or public places of amusement and resort, the head was commonly bare.

The hair was usually allowed to grow to a considerable length, and was trimmed or adjusted with great care by the better classes. On a youth attaining the age of eighteen, which was a grand epoch in life, his long hair was cut off with religious ceremony, and offered in sacrifice to the gods. During the next two years, or till twenty—the youth being then what was called an *ephebus*—the hair was kept short, and the broad-brimmed hat and scarf were worn as characteristic articles of dress. The athletes, or prize-fighters, had also short hair.

The beard was regularly worn, and considered a dignified appendage of manhood. Shaving, however, was also in vogue at an early period, but does not seem to have been popular at any time.

The women had as great variety in the modes of dressing and managing their hair as we find in modern times. They had also various caplike coverings—nets, bags, and cloths or turbans.

Coverings for the feet were worn only when out of doors. These varied from the simple sandal for resting the sole up to a complete envelop, like a modern short boot. The sandal was fastened round with thongs, taking their rise, one from the point between the great and second toe, and the other from the heel, and wound round the ankle, and even up the leg to the calf; but the regular shoe, with the high instep, was in constant use both by men and women. A boot extending halfway up the leg, and laced in front, was likewise in use. Shoes might be strong or light, coarse or elegant; the material was generally of leather, the soles having sometimes cork for their middle layer. A sock of felt was often worn as a kind of stocking. The usual colour of the shoes was the natural colour of the leather, and they were cleaned with a sponge; but white and party-coloured shoes were likewise worn.

Meals.—The Greeks were not in general luxurious eaters. The articles of food used by the masses were neither very numerous nor dainty. They had, as a rule, two meals a day—one in the forenoon, and another in the afternoon or towards evening, which last was the principal meal. Mention is also made of a repast, consisting of bread soaked in unmixed wine, taken in the morning after getting up. The forenoon meal had often to be purchased at the market on the same day; and the citizens attending the public assembly or the courts of justice, which met early in the morning, came home to it on these being adjourned. It was the first natural division of the day, and marked a general cessation from labour and retirement within doors. The afternoon meal corresponded to our late dinner, and generally closed the working day: leaving the evening for company and amusement.

Among articles of diet, we find, as a standing portion of the daily meals, bread made of wheat or barley meal, which was sometimes household, but in Athens was most frequently bought at the bakers' shops. Barley bread—which often included other ingredients to render it sweet and palatable,

such as wine, oil, honey, poppy-seeds, &c.—was the principal food of the poorer classes all over Greece. Among classes somewhat above the poorest wheaten bread was in use. Like their eloquence and philosophy, the bread of the Athenians had a high reputation. With the bread they ate cheese or vegetables, which were of various sorts—such as onions and leeks, garlic, lettuce or salad, cabbage, beans, &c. Onions seem to have been an especial favourite.

But in Athens, and everywhere in Greece near the coast, fish was in very extensive use as an accompaniment to the farinaceous diet—the commoner sorts by the poorer classes, the better sorts as an especial delicacy of the rich. Besides the fish brought up to the Athenian fishmarket every morning from the seaside, large quantities of salt fish were continually imported from the Hellespont and the Black Sea. The food of the armies and navies when on service was chiefly bread and fish: meal, cheese, onions, and dried fish they could carry along with them; and when they had no means of purchasing other varieties, they had to be content with this round of fare, with the addition of some wine and water.

Flesh was used in far less proportion than fish: mutton and pork seem to have been the most usual kinds. Sausages, nearly corresponding to what we should call blood puddings, were also eaten.

At a banquet, fish of various kinds, with flesh and fowl, were provided, and these were followed up by fruits and sweetmeats. Their fruits were such as olives, figs, nuts, with whatever fresh fruits were in season. Cakes were a principal feature of the dessert, manufactured out of such sweets as were available—as, for example, honey or grapes. Wine of course was used, but not apparently during dinner. There being no knives and forks, although spoons were in use, pieces of bread were serviceable in helping the morsels to the mouth, and the meat had to be cut to pieces before being served.

Entertainments.—The dinner party, or symposium, was an important item in the life of the sociable Greeks. The occasions of convivial feasts were numerous: a public or domestic sacrifice or offering to one of the gods was always followed by a dinner party, the remains of the animal sacrificed being cooked for the occasion. As there were a great variety of gods and heroes worshipped either by the state at large or by individual tribes, clans, or families, the days of their celebration were numerous; and an exceedingly pious person, who let no such day pass without making an offering of some animal or other, would give a great many entertainments in the course of the year. Birthdays, not merely of members of the family, but of esteemed persons living or dead, were likewise occasions of feasting; also occasions of public rejoicing. To these are to be added subscription dinners, very common among young people; and as inns were not commonly resorted to on such occasions, the party would meet at some private house, perhaps the house of one of the women termed 'female companions.' But besides all the formal occasions of convivial parties, we must include to an equal extent the custom of holding them at each person's own pleasure, as among ourselves.

The company came dressed in elegant attire, with flower-wreaths on their heads; and during the repast they reclined upon couches set with pillows, and small tables were brought in and laid along the couches.

On each person's arrival, a servant or slave took off his shoes and washed his feet. It was after dinner that the symposium, or drinking scene, commenced, with its varied entertainments of conversation, merriment, music, dancing, and other sports. The music and dancing were performed in the presence of the guests by hired artists, chiefly girls. A chairman, or symposiarch, was appointed by the company to regulate the drinking. The wine was never used as drawn fresh from the flasks or bottles, but was mixed with water in a large bowl by the symposiarch before the company. The waiters ladled it with a sort of spoon into goblets, and with these went round and filled the cups of the guests, who were not always at liberty to drink at their own discretion. From the praises of wine and intoxication occurring in Greek writers, we might imagine they drank very freely; but a talking, poetical people must not always be understood literally. Women were not allowed to be present at these dinner and drinking parties.

Sports and Recreations.—Among these we may include the gymnastic and athletic exercises at the public exercising-grounds, together with the minor sports of boys and youth, and also the games and amusements of in-door companies.

The gymnasium, or exercising-ground, was an establishment provided at the public expense. It was an extensive walled-in space, with grounds ornamented with trees, and surrounded by colonnades. There was also a quadrangular range of buildings containing baths, and public schools for the boys, who might, it appears, obtain their literary education as well as their gymnastic training in these establishments. Although there was in all likelihood separate grounds for different ages, as well as for different kinds of exercise, yet it would seem that one institution served for all. The youth at school were exercised under a master; the ephebi, or grown youths between eighteen and twenty, had their separate exercises; and the general population exercised themselves at discretion for their own pleasure, or to keep up the training necessary to make them able-bodied soldiers when they were wanted for the service. The exercises were such as running, shooting with the bow and arrow, throwing the javelin, playing at ball, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling, and boxing; and the name 'gymnastic' was given to them, from their being performed naked. The original purpose of the gymnastic art, to maintain bodily vigour, agility, and symmetry, was very much lost sight of by the Greeks in the secondary object of amusement. They frequented the exercising-grounds as lounging-places, to enjoy themselves by entering into contests of strength and skill, or by witnessing such contests as an agreeable spectacle. So intense was the excitement caused by these exhibitions, that they formed the entertainment of great world-renowned gatherings, such as the Olympic games. The daily exercises of the public pleasure-grounds offered in a minor degree the interest of the periodical contests on high public occasions.

The porticos of the public grounds were often the resort of philosophers, rhetoricians, and celebrated talkers and disputants; and knots of people would assemble there for the sake of the philosophical discussions and interesting conversation that went on. This was one of the means of gratifying the love of intellectual excitement inherent in the more cultivated

citizens. It seems to have been for an hour or two in the afternoon that the largest numbers sought their amusement at the gymnastic grounds. There were three famous establishments of this kind at Athens, situated in different suburbs of the town—namely, the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges.

The in-door games and amusements were various. In the after-dinner entertainments, the propounding of riddles was a favourite occupation. Each person had to take his turn in guessing and in propounding. The fine for not guessing successfully was to drink off a goblet of undiluted wine, and the rewards were chaplets, sweetmeats, or a kiss. The *kottabus* was a usual game: it consisted in squirting wine or water out of the goblet into a dish suspended like a scale, or floating in water, so as to sink the dish. This game was a love oracle, and prizes were given to the winner. There were species of games resembling our chess and draughts. Dice-playing was also in regular operation. The children amused themselves with the game of the five stones, still in use among ourselves. Cock and quail-fighting were common all over Greece.

Holiday Occasions.—Although the every-day life of the Greek was made as lively and amusing as possible, the stir of heart and soul was most intensely brought out in the holiday seasons, which were of varied character and of frequent recurrence. An existence much less dull than was habitual at a place like Athens would have been gladdened by the prospect and enjoyment of the frequent public rejoicings and outbursts of mirth, joviality, and hearty good-feeling which the great festivals presented. There being no regular holiday at a short interval, like our Sabbath, the seasons of public enjoyment came on at unequal periods, and lasted for two or three days at a time; and no doubt an ordinary Greek would consider that it was the sum-total of the holidays of his existence that made life worth having. Not looking seriously forward to a future life, having no reasons for asceticism or self-denial as such, he would throw himself with his whole heart into all the sweets and joys this world could afford him. Never was any people more thoroughly disposed to be happy in the ordinary meaning of the word. The feeling was unanimous and universal. Political hatreds, sectarian differences, the jealousies of rival states, were all forgotten at the common festivals and merrymakings. The art and the skill of managing grand occasions of public and heartfelt rejoicing, without danger to prudence, morality, and right sentiment, were possessed by the Hellenic world in a pre-eminent degree. Their pleasures were for the most part embodied in their religion, and constituted a portion of its many-sided aspects. Other nations have either found such a union impracticable, or believed it improper; but in Greece the harmony was complete. The worship of the gods was the happiest occasion of life, and all the sources of happiness were associated with worship. It is difficult for us to conceive the advantages of such a combination: our modern life seems a mass of contradiction and irreconcilables in the comparison.

As we mean in a subsequent Paper to dwell more fully on the religious feelings and beliefs of the Grecian people, we shall not at present enter into the detail of the purely religious ceremonial of the festival occasions, but shall confine ourselves to the entertainments of a sportive kind that accompanied them. 'Each city and each village,' says Mr Grote, 'had its pecu-

liar religious festivals, wherein the sacrifices to the gods were usually followed by public recreations of one kind or another—by feasting on the victims, processional marches, singing and dancing, or competition in strong and active exercises. The festival was originally local; but friendship or communion of race was shown by inviting others, non-residents, to partake in its attractions. In the case of a colony and its metropolis, it was a frequent practice that citizens of the metropolis were honoured with a privileged seat at the festivals of the colony, or that one of their number was presented with the first taste of the sacrificial victim. Reciprocal frequentation of religious festivals was thus the standing evidence of friendship and fraternity among states not politically united. That it must have existed to a certain degree from the earliest days there can be no reasonable doubt; though in Homer and Hesiod we find only the celebration of funeral games by a chief, at his own private expense, in honour of his deceased father or friend—with all the accompanying recreations, however, of a public festival, and with strangers not only present, but also contending for valuable prizes.

The most celebrated of all the festivals of the Pan-Hellenic character—that is, those that were open to all Greece, and formed a bond of common attraction and sympathy in the midst of the great political disunion that prevailed—was the Olympic games, or festival held every four years, 'on the banks of the Alpheus in Peloponnesus, near the old oracular temple of the Olympic Zeus, which not only grew up interruptedly, from small beginnings, to the maximum of Pan-Hellenic importance, but even preserved its crowds of visitors and its celebrity for many centuries after the extinction of Grecian freedom, and only received its final abolition after more than 1100 years of continuance, from the decree of the Christian emperor Theodosius, in 394 A.D.' 'The humble constitution of the Olympic games presented originally nothing more than a match of runners in the measured course called the Stadium. A continuous series of the victorious runners was formally inscribed and preserved by the Eleians (who had the management of the festival), beginning with Korœbus in 776 B.C., and was made to serve by chronology as inquirers from the third century B.C. downwards, as a means of measuring the chronological sequence of Grecian events. It was on the occasion of the seventh Olympiad after Korœbus, that Daiklēs the Messenian first received for his victory in the stadium no farther recompense than a wreath from the sacred olive-tree near Olympia: the honour of being proclaimed victor was found sufficient without any pecuniary addition. But until the fourteenth Olympiad, there was no other match for the spectators to witness besides that of simple runners in the stadium. On that occasion a second race was first introduced, of runners in the double stadium, or up and down the course; in the next, or fifteenth Olympiad (720 B.C.), a third match, the long course for runners, or several times up and down the stadium. There were thus three races, which continued without addition until the eighteenth Olympiad, when the wrestling match and the complicated Pentathlon (including jumping, running, the quoit, the javelin, and wrestling) were added. A farther novelty appears in the twenty-third Olympiad (688 B.C.)—the boxing-match; and another, still more important, in the twenty-fifth (680 B.C.)—the chariot with four full-grown horses. This last-mentioned addition is deserving of special notice,

not merely as it diversified the scene by the introduction of horses, but also as it brought in a totally new class of competitors—rich men and women, who possessed the finest horses, and could hire the most skilful drivers, without any personal superiority or power of boldly display in themselves. The prodigious exhibition of wealth in which the chariot proprietors indulged is not only an evidence of growing importance in the Olympic games, but also served materially to increase that importance, and to heighten the interest of the spectators. Two farther matches were added in the thirty-third Olympiad (648 B.C.)—the Pankration, or boxing and wrestling conjoined, with the hand unarmed, or divested of that hard leathern cestus worn by the pugilist, which rendered the blow of the latter more terrible, but at the same time prevented him from grasping or keeping hold of his adversary; and the single race-horse. Many other novelties were introduced, one after the other, which it is unnecessary fully to enumerate: the race between men clothed in full panoply, and bearing each his shield; the different matches between boys, analogous to those between full-grown men, and between colts, of the same nature as between full-grown horses. At the maximum of its attraction, the Olympic solemnity occupied five days; but until the seventy-seventh Olympiad, all the various matches had been compressed into one—beginning at daybreak, and not always closing before dark.*

Besides the Olympic Festival, there were several others of the same national character: the Pythian, celebrated near Delphi; the Isthmian, near Corinth; and the Nemean; the two last were held every second year. A prize at the Olympic games was one of the highest honours that could happen to any man, be his rank what it might; hence it became a great object of ambition, and many people spent long periods in laborious training at their own local exercising-grounds in order to become competitors. The select athletes at the gymnasia at Athens and in other cities went through a separate set of exercises solely with this view, and to see them rehearsing for the public festivals was one of the amusements of the afternoon loungers. So great was the consequence attached to a victory in the Olympic matches, and so great the popular admiration of the victors, that they became all at once elevated to a leading rank and position in the community, and were sometimes able to seize the highest political offices, or even to become despots in the state where they resided. The ceremonial demonstration in welcoming a victor home was magnificent and imposing: he drove into the town in a triumphal chariot, and went in solemn procession to the chief temple, where a sacrifice was offered, and a hymn sung in his praise.

It was of course the classes above the poorest that could best afford to frequent the great-general festivals, involving, as they did, a journey from home; but there went from the separate states a deputation, or solemn embassy, who sacrificed to the god in name of their several states, and presented donations to the festival. This embassy took with them gold and silver plate, and in their own tent provided a splendid entertainment, where the natives of other states were invited as guests. The numbers actually present from all parts of Greece were prodigious, and the stir and

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. iv. p. 76, second edition.

excitement of the occasion were universal; it must have been the uppermost subject of talk in all circles for weeks before and after. Every town had a stake if any one of its inhabitants were a competitor for a prize; for the victor conferred glory upon the place that gave him birth. None in modern times, except perhaps the sporting circle, can understand the enthusiasm of the Grecian games; and it will be difficult for even that circle itself to imagine a state of things in which their favourite pursuits were not merely respectable, but in the highest degree religious and honourable in the sight of an entire community.

Another great holiday occasion of much importance in Athenian life was the season of theatrical representations, which recurred three or four times a year. There were two days of representation, and in each performance there was a trilogy, or three serious dramas more or less connected in subject, and a satyric drama, so called because the characters were satyrs, companions of the god Dionysus (or Bacchus), in whose honour the drama was originally instituted. At first the admission was free; but as the crowd of persons was excessive and disorderly, a charge came to be made for tickets. In order not to exclude the poorer citizens, a system was introduced of giving the price of a ticket out of the public money to any citizen applying. With respect to this practice Mr Grote observes: 'It is to be remembered that all these festivals were portions of the ancient religion; and that, according to the feelings of that time, cheerful and multitudinous assemblages were essential to the satisfaction of the god in whose honour the festival was celebrated. Such disbursements were a portion of the religious even more than of the civil establishment.' In fact it would have been as discreditable to exclude a willing, devout spectator of the plays, as it would be to cut off any pious-minded worshipper in our own country from the privilege of attending the parish church.

Great pains were taken to get up good dramas every year, and to have them performed in the highest style. The poets entered into competition for the prize given to a successful play, and the expense of training the chorus and the actors was undertaken by some wealthy citizen, according to a practice common in Athens in respect to public burthens. As a general rule, the numerous dramas acted every year at the spring festival in honour of Dionysus or Bacchus, were all new or composed for the occasion. Considering the character of the dramatic compositions which have descended to us as specimens of the Greek tragic and comic literature, we cannot but be impressed with the high intellectual and artistic character of these displays, which are in this respect forcibly contrasted with the coexisting taste for athletic matches and horse-races.

Education.—As soon as a child was born, it was laid down on the floor in its swaddling-clothes in the presence of the father, who had to express whether or not he meant to rear it; the bringing up of a child being optional. If he lifted the child from the floor, he declared by the fact that he accepted the new-comer, and it was preserved accordingly; if he declined to take it up, it was exposed publicly either to perish, or to be adopted by some other person desirous of having a child. This was the Greek mode of obviating the evil of having too large a family. On the tenth day a festival was held, when the relatives and friends were invited to a sacrifice

and dinner, and on this occasion the child publicly received its name. Wealthy mothers did not usually suckle their children, but procured either slaves or the wives of the poorer citizens for the purpose. Boys and girls were nursed and kept together till their sixth year. Of play-things they had abundance; their dolls were images of clay painted. The hoop and the top were among the sports of the grown children; and there was a favourite amusement with a cockchafer, which they held by a thread fastened to its leg, as boys with us play with a mouse confined by a string tied to its tail. A species of blind-man's buff is enumerated among their sports. They were corrected by being beaten with slippers or sandals, and were not uncommonly terrified into obedience by bugbears. Of nursery tales, stories, and ballads, there was no lack among the inventive Greeks; they related to all that was wonderful and fascinating in the ancient mythology, and might be said to constitute the earliest religious education of the children.

About the sixth or seventh year, the education of the boys commenced apart from the girls; that is, they were sent to the public school, the girls always remaining at home to be trained up in household avocations. Before going to school, they would probably have attained some knowledge of their letters from their mothers or nurses; but at school the comprehensive education was commenced. The schools, as above stated, were apparently in apartments in the public exercising institutions; but there must have been many detached schools for literary education, the boys quitting them at regular hours to go to their gymnastic lessons.

The education at Athens was included under two branches—gymnastics for the body, and music for the mind. The gymnastic exercises have already been alluded to: they were conducted under a public master at set hours in the day. The boys of rich parents were conducted to the gymnasium and school by a slave called a *pædagogus*, who had a general charge of them, and was a sort of private tutor also. The gymnastics were considered to have the precedence of the literary education, and were commenced from the first day of going to school, and occupied the majority of the school hours.

Music meant properly all that belonged to the nine Muses, comprehending every species of intellectual accomplishment. Reading and writing were followed up by committing to memory passages of the poets—more especially Homer—which the pupils were taught to recite with the utmost propriety of pronunciation and elocution. There was also music in our sense of the word; namely, singing and touching the lyre, so as to enable the boys to bear a part in a choral company. The age of leaving the boys' schools was sixteen. The merits of the schools themselves were very unequal; the schoolmaster being paid on the voluntary principle. There were classes of superior teachers for grown-up youths and young men, the rhetoricians and sophists, who taught the practice of composition and public speaking, as well as gave instructions in the various sciences then known; their object being to prepare the youth for all the higher duties of citizenship. As every man might have to appear before a court of law as either prosecutor or defender, or to act as a member of the court, it was a great defect not to be able to speak with propriety and self-possession before a public audience, or not to know the laws sufficiently well to

decide all ordinary causes. Some would aspire to fill the higher offices of the state, or take a lead in public affairs; these, therefore, especially required the training the higher professors could give. Oratory, on the one hand, and legal, ethical, political, and scientific knowledge on the other, were laboriously acquired by almost every man ambitious of public distinction, as well as by the more modest citizen, whose desires went no farther than being respectable and useful in his day.

At sixteen, the devotion to the exercises of the gymnasium was increased as a preparation for approaching manhood, and, if need be, for military service. At eighteen the youth was enrolled in the register of citizens, after undergoing an examination as to his descent and title, and his bodily fitness to bear arms. He then became an ephebus, and was on the occasion publicly presented at a meeting of the assembly with a shield and lance; he also went through various other solemnities, and took an oath minutely expressing all the prominent duties of citizenship. The ephebus was in a great measure his own master, in so far as the state was concerned, but he was liable during the two years of this period of his life to perform home duty as a soldier in the protection of Attica. The guardianship of the frontier and the internal police were maintained by draughting soldiers from the roll of ephebi, so that every youth during those two years was liable to serve on this duty. At twenty the emancipation of the youth was complete, and he was to all intents and purposes a man, and must make his way in the world as he best could. If he were possessed of hereditary wealth, he could betake himself to a life of pleasure, of ambition, or of study, for all which there were abundant opportunities. The amusements and pleasures of youth were by no means discouraged by the laws and manners of the community.

Women.—The treatment of women by the Greeks made some approach to the Oriental system of the present day: they were always spoken of in a slighting and disparaging way, as if they were an inferior species midway between freemen and slaves. In the Homeric times women appear to have had much more of freedom than in the historic period. Their confinement and restraint in the later ages had no doubt something of the same motive as slavery in general—the prevention of disorder by coercing the greater portion of the community into implicit obedience. Every increase of liberty has a twofold effect—while bringing an accession of dignity to human nature, it entails a certain amount of risk from the abuse of the new liberty.

The only literary education of women was what they got at home, and they were expected to devote themselves chiefly to the domestic arrangements and household industry, or the operations of spinning and weaving. They had their own apartments, and were rarely allowed to leave the house; their chief public appearances were at festivals. After marriage they were more at liberty in this respect; attended by a female slave, they might go a-shopping or pay visits. Of course the wives of the poorer citizens could not be kept under such restraint, but even they do not appear to have gone to market so frequently as their husbands.

Marriage was considered as a duty to the gods, in order to provide for the continuance of their worship. The procreation of children was also a duty to the state. Moreover, the attentions paid to the tombs of deceased

ancestors would be suspended if a family were to become extinct, and this interruption in the worship of either gods or ancestors was considered a very great calamity. Marriages were for the most part urged by these religious motives, in combination with the maintenance of a household. Love-matches were the exception. It was not unusual for a father to choose a wife for his son. In general, more regard was paid to the connections and dowry of the bride than to her personal charms or accomplishments; these there was little opportunity for becoming acquainted with. Equality of rank and fortune was to some extent insisted on. Near relationship was no bar, excepting of course members of the same family, who were prohibited by public opinion from matrimonial alliance. It was generally arranged that the bride should be considerably the younger of the two. The giving of dowries was universal, and was one of the burthens entailed on a father of a family of daughters, so much so as to constitute a motive for refusing to bring up female children. A marriage was solemnised by various ceremonies. Some time before the wedding, an offering was made to the tutelary gods of marriage. On the wedding-day, the bride and bridegroom washed with water brought from a particular well. The marriage procession from the house of the bride to her future abode took place towards evening, and besides, the bride and bridegroom, consisted of a numerous train, both men and women, dressed for the occasion, and preceded by torch-bearers: the procession was accompanied with music. The wedding-feast took place at the house of the bridegroom or of his parents; and as an exception to the rule of dinner parties, the women were present, but at a table apart. Bridal cakes were distributed as an essential part of the ceremony. The bride was led off veiled to the nuptial chamber, and an epithalamium was sung before the door by a chorus of girls.

Household management, and the bringing up of the children, became thenceforth the woman's occupation. She shared the company of her husband, but was not allowed to be present at his convivial parties, nor to receive strangers in his absence. She had the management of the servants, who were slaves, and on her devolved the care of the sick, whether of the family or the domestics.

Gallantry to women in the modern sense was unknown; but in their presence men would,* it is said, maintain a certain stately dignity, to keep up the respect they considered due to themselves. But there were abundant instances of the utmost familiarity between married couples, as might be expected, and not a few cases of the reversed relation denominated petticoat government.

While the women, as a whole, were thus condemned to domestic drudgery, and to the degradation of inferior rights and inferior cultivation, there existed a certain class called *Hetairæ*, or female companions, whose position gave them more liberal opportunities of making themselves agreeable and accomplished. They were women who had broken loose from domestic restraint, and lived apart in free intercourse with the other sex, and were of all degrees of talent, character, and respectability. Some of them acquired so extensive a celebrity in their own time, that their names have descended with renown to posterity. They often possessed the highest charms of intellectual accomplishment, as well as beauty and personal fascination. Although they lived upon the liberality of their lovers, their houses were

resorted to by the wisest men of the country, for the sake of their instructive and interesting conversation. They came, many of them, from foreign parts, and settled in Athens, either choosing this manner of life from the outset, or being drawn into it by circumstances. Aspasia, who eventually became the wife of Pericles, was of foreign origin. These *Hetærae* generally lived in houses of their own. It was a peculiarity of the Greek mind to carry pleasures and enjoyments to a very great length without allowing them to relax and destroy the whole tone of the character; hence we must not attribute to these females or their lovers the same characteristics as would attach to similar characters in our own country. The Athenian youth spent much of their time and fortune in such company. There were besides *Hetærae*, an extensive class of prostitutes, who were slaves procured for that purpose, and kept in numbers at particular houses. Corinth was the most noted town in Greece for this species of voluptuousness.

Slaves.—The state of slavery was recognised all over the ancient world, and had for its sole justification the reluctance of half-civilised men to perform menial operations and observe regular hours. It was, however, maintained from other motives than this—namely, to uphold a small aristocracy in ease, wealth, and political power at the expense of their fellow-men. Domestic servants, agricultural labourers, and the artisans of manufacturing industry among the Greeks were slaves, though there were also some poor freemen who took service for hire.

There were various modes of acquiring slaves. In the first place, the captives taken in war were reduced to slavery. In Greece, however, there grew up a feeling of repugnance to hold Greeks in slavery, and in consequence there were facilities given to the ransoming of prisoners taken in wars between Grecian states. There was, however, no such squeamishness about foreigners or barbarians, as all the rest of the world were called by Grecian pride. Hence the slave community was in a great degree made up of Asiatics, Thracians, and other foreign races.

The second mode of acquiring slaves was by purchase. Many Asiatic and Thracian tribes sold their children for exportation as slaves habitually. There were slave merchants and a slave market at Athens. The purloining of freemen was not unknown to the regular slave traders. The prices varied according to their qualifications. Slaves were likewise born and bred in the establishment where their parents lived; and the offspring of slave women were slaves whether the father was a slave or a freeman.

The household operations of the wealthy were performed by domestic slaves of both sexes. The women were kitchen-maids, housemaids, spinners, nurses, ladies'-maids, and the men performed other portions of household work. When the master or mistress walked out, one or more slaves were always in attendance. The children were likewise constantly under the charge of slaves. In performing journeys, a slave accompanied his master to carry his luggage, and wait upon him.

The cultivation of the fields was by slave labour, under the eye either of the master or of a steward. Since many of the wealthy landed proprietors of Attica lived in Athens to enjoy the pleasures of city life, or to take part in public business, and as it was every man's lot to be occasionally absent on military service, the charge of farms and landed estates frequently de-

volved on deputies. A citizen hoplite, or full-armed soldier, was always accompanied by a slave to carry his armour.

The manufactures were carried on by artisan slaves, who bore a high price, and stood in various relations to their owners. The most natural arrangement was for the master manufacturer to possess as his property the slaves requisite for carrying on his business; and in this case their master found them bed, board, and clothing, exactly as if they were domestic slaves. But sometimes they were the property of one person while working for another, who paid them wages, out of which they had to give so much to their owner, and maintain themselves. Hence this class had a certain degree of independence not belonging to household servants.

But all the operations carried on by slave labour were also performed by poor freemen for wages.

There were, besides private slaves, a large number of public slaves, for attending on the government offices and executing public works. A great multitude were employed, for instance, in the silver mines belonging to the Athenian government.

The slave was in the absolute power of the master in all respects except putting him to death, which was allowed in Rome, but not in Athens, without a legal process. Slaves might be punished by flogging to any extent, or confined and fettered at discretion. When they gave evidence in a court of law, it was allowable for either party in the cause to demand that they might be put to the torture to make them speak the truth. They might also be branded, and this was a common practice with run-aways. Their only resource in the case of excessive maltreatment by their masters, was to flee to a public altar for protection; on which the master might be forced to sell them.

A master would sometimes manumit his slaves; and slaves were manumitted by the state in consideration of services rendered in war. Hence arose a class of men who were free, but had not the full privileges of citizenship. Although the slave community showed now and then examples of superior men, the minds of the generality were degraded to the level of their condition, and their habitual mode of viewing things was gross and grovelling.

Industrial Occupations.—In order to enter fully into a conception of the characteristics of Greek private life, we must allow our minds to dwell upon the occupations that formed the daily industry of the productive portion of the community, affording exercise to their skill, and calling forth all the interests and passions connected with the pursuit of gain, and the earning of a livelihood. It is not possible to classify completely all the ways which the mass of the people had of obtaining their subsistence; but by combining direct intimations with fair inference a great deal may be known. Viewing the country itself and its various products, we see the nature of the industry imposed upon its inhabitants as a matter of necessity. Mines of silver, copper, and iron, had to be worked, and all the processes connected with the extraction and purification of the metals gone through; involving classes of proprietors, overseers, skilled slaves, enginery, furnaces, mining villages, and termini of lines of traffic and conveyance. The marble quarries furnished employment likewise for an extensive population. The leading vegetable productions being wheat, barley, flax, wine,

and oil, each one of these must have been the centre of a round of busy agricultural industry, with all its peculiar associations and feelings. The seasons of sowing and reaping, the attention to the weather, the grumbling at the long-continued droughts, the terror of bad crops, and the harvest-rejoicings, would diversify then, as now, the feelings of the agricultural population. There was also all over Greece an extensive fishing community, who, besides selling fresh fish at the nearest villages, dried and salted it for the consumption of the large towns. Cattle breeding was an accompaniment of field industry, extending to sheep, goats, pigs, and black cattle; but cows' milk and butter being reckoned unwholesome, the milk of ewes and goats was used instead.

In respect to manufacturing industry, the practice was universal of carding and spinning and weaving at home the wool for the clothing and bedding of the family: this constituted the home occupation of the women. With regard to most other manufactured articles represented as in use, we must presume the existence of separate industrial crafts or professions. The following extracts from Aristophanes are, as it were, a dive at random into the industry of the time:—

‘To work in brass, or frame a ship, or sew,
Or manufacture wheels, or cut up hides,
Or to make bricks, or wash, or be a tanner,
Or having broken the earth's soil with ploughs
To crop the fruit of Ceres, if one might
Neglect all these, and live in idleness.’

————— ‘here sits one
And cuts out leather into shapes for sandals,
A fuller one—his neighbour washes fleeces,
A tanner this, another garlic cries.’

The houses, furniture, and household appurtenances, gave occupation, as a matter of course, to builders, carpenters, upholsterers, hardware manufacturers, potters, besides the painters, sculptors, and other artists employed in decoration. The finer dresses would not be entirely of household manufacture, and would involve the delicate operation of dyeing with rich colours. The armourer was much in demand, and there were very extensive manufactories for warlike instruments, which each citizen had to provide at his own cost—helmets, breastplates, shields, spears, &c.

Besides the manufacturer, we have to recognise the extensive class of dealers, shopkeepers, traders and merchants, both in home and foreign trade. Athens was pre-eminently dependent on the foreigner for food and everything else; and her own exports in return were such as ‘figs and other fruit, olives, oil—for all which she was distinguished—together with pottery, ornamental manufactures, and the silver from her mines at Laureion.’ It would appear that the practice of agriculturists bringing their own produce to the market, as well as many classes of artisans their wares, was extremely prevalent; although at the same time there were regular retail-dealers, who bought up the goods from the producer to sell again, and the countryman, not wishing to spend his own time in retailing, would drive his produce at once to their shops. In both ways would the wine, olives, flour, figs, flowers, vegetables, &c. come from the country to the supply of the town. The wholesale merchants and foreign traders resorted chiefly to the Piræus, or seaport, and sold their goods

there by sample in a sort of Exchange. Wine was hawked about the town, and sold likewise by sample.

The great part of the town-traffic took place in the public market-place, or in the streets around it. There appear to have been divisions for the sale of the separate articles. The portion most thronged, it is said, was the fishmarket, which was opened each day at a fixed hour by the ringing of a bell. The householders, rich and poor, rushed towards it on hearing the sound, to procure what was to them the chief requisite of the day's meals. The cheating, impertinence, and insolent language of the fishmongers were notorious. There was likewise the meat-market, the bird-market, the bread stalls, the place for the sale of wine, the crockery-mart, and the myrtle-market for the sale of chaplets and head-dresses—these being in constant demand, as a chaplet or wreath was worn by every one at a convivial party. In one place stood the tables of the money-changers, who were the bankers and capitalists of the city, and with them the monied citizens would naturally lounge and gossip.

The time of full market was in the forenoon, at about ten or eleven o'clock, and, as already mentioned, people went home from it to their forenoon or mid-day meal. It was not considered reputable for women to be engaged either in the public sale of commodities or in making the purchases for their own households. The master of the house, accompanied by a slave, usually made the purchases.

The shops of barbers, ointment-sellers, and others, were resorted to as places of gossip; so the shop of any artisan would sometimes be the place of rendezvous of a particular political or local clique. Political clubs were a regular instrumentality of party combination and political scheming, especially among the aristocracy.

The following picture of the market from Becker's 'Charicles,' brings together its chief constituents as they would present themselves to the passing spectator:—

'The market-place was filling fast when Charicles entered it. Traders had set up their hurdlework stalls all over it, with their wares exposed on tables and benches. Here the female bakers had piled up their round-shaped loaves and cakes, and were pursuing with a torrent of scolding and abuse the unlucky wight who happened, in passing by, to upset one of their pyramids. There simmered the kettles of the women who sold boiled peas and other vegetables; in the crockery-market, hard by, the potmen were descanting on the goodness of their wares. A little way off, in the myrtle-market, chaplets and fillets were to be sold, and many a buxom flower-weaver received orders for garlands, to be delivered by her in the evening. All the wants of the day, from barley-groats up to the most dainty fish, from garlic to the incense of the gods; clear pure oil, and the most exquisite ointments; fresh-made cheese, and the sweet honey of the bees of Hymettus; cooks ready to be hired; slaves, male and female, on sale—all and several were to be found in abundance at their customary stands. There were others who went about crying their wares, while every now and then a public crier crossed the ground, announcing with stentorian voice the arrival of some goods to be sold, or the sale of some house, or perhaps a reward for the apprehension of a robber or runaway slave. Slaves of both sexes, as well as freemen, kept walking up

and down, bargaining and inspecting the stalls in search of their daily requirements. Several, too, hovered longer than necessary about a pretty shopwoman; or approached some fruiterer's basket, and commenced a friendly conversation, under cover of which, while some other person was buying, or having a drachma changed, they would pilfer the fruit.'

In addition to the great classes of agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and trading industry, we recognise certain other departments allied to them. The money-lenders were a distinct class, and had large numbers of the population depending upon them. The debtor and creditor laws of the more ancient times were very rigid and cruel; and in Athens, down to the time of the legislation of Solon, the body of a debtor might be seized and enslaved for the payment of his debt. But one of the capital innovations made by Solon consisted in restricting the creditor to the seizure of the debtor's property. Interest had to be rendered monthly on the last day of the month. The trade of the pawnbroker was also known. An unfortunate man is made by Aristophanes to exclaim—

'For is there a shield or breastplate which this most
Accursed woman does not put in pawn?'

Of the lawless classes which in all ages prey upon honest industry there was no lack in Greece. The smuggler or exporter of contraband goods carried on his avocation in defiance of penal laws and professional informers, the so-called sycophants, who were themselves an unprincipled class, extorting hush-money from people by the threat of bringing accusations against them in the *dikasteries*, or courts of law. The common thief likewise finds a place among the habitual occupations of the community; and we have a full catalogue of the various species of depredators—house-breakers, footpads, cutpurses, stealers of clothes from baths, man-stealers, and sacrilegious wretches who robbed the temples. The mendicant profession was not so extensive in the times of slavery, inasmuch as the slave owner had to provide for his slaves so long as they lived; and when free citizens came to poverty, there were various ways of obtaining assistance from the public money. But still there were beggars, and one mode of relieving them was to erect, in various places where three roads met, a small shrine or chapel to *Hecate*, where the wealthier inhabitants of the district placed eggs and toasted cheese, to be taken by the poor passing by.

Passing from the avocations directly connected with the production of material wealth, we may now glance at some of the other departments of rewarded usefulness. And first of the Physician. The art of healing was accounted a divine art transmitted from *Apollo*, and hereditary in the various families or fraternities called *Asklepiads*; but this did not prevent it from being studied with the utmost efforts of human ability, so far as means would permit. Although the profession would most usually descend from father to son, it was not uncommon for practitioners to spring up in non-medical families, and to acquire their education by being apprentices under some qualified physician. They were both consulted at home, and visited the houses of their patients, as at present, receiving a fee for their payment. They compounded and dispensed their own drugs. A public license was necessary, and was granted on producing a certificate of apprenticeship under a regular practitioner. There seemed to have been a certain

number in the pay of the state, who probably gave advice and medicine gratis to the poorer citizens. The establishment of a physician would have to include an apothecary's shop and surgery, besides baths, which were largely used as remedial agents; his assistants, who might be slaves, would themselves give advice to patients of their own rank, unless the master was averse to risking his property in such hands. Besides consulting regular practitioners, people made use of a system of family medicine, containing prescriptions for all kinds of cases. There were also quacks, who sold medicines in the streets, or in booths in the market-places. As there was a general impression that a particular class of persons could induce diseases by incantations, tying magic-knots, and secret arts, it was natural to attempt to counterwork them by the same means; and charms were frequently had recourse to. The temples of Asclepius or Æsculapius were hospitals or dispensaries where cases were treated and students taught; the votive tablets of persons cured of their ailments were cases to study from. As the dissection of a human body was considered a species of sacrilege, anatomy had to be studied on animals and on the bodies of slaves.

The Teaching Profession has been already alluded to as consisting of the class of teachers of boys' schools, and the professors of the higher accomplishments of youth and manhood. They were all supported by voluntary pay, and their fees depended on their reputation. Enormous sums are said to have been paid to the most celebrated of the class; even these, however, did not always insist on extravagant rewards, but took whatever their pupils could afford to give them. The esteem and admiration that great teachers enjoyed all over Greece were quite independent of their wealth. The entire range of the intellectual cultivation of the time was included in the instructions of the Sophists; and the Rhetoricians undertook to give a thorough training in the arts of speech and composition. The class of Philosophers, including such men as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, would not be distinguished by the general public from the Sophists, or the teaching profession generally; and the peculiar distinction of such individuals in the eyes of posterity—namely, their scientific and philosophical originality—would not, as such, earn for them any special reward in their own time. The pursuit of scientific truth was occasionally encouraged by the munificence of individuals, but was not an endowed or rewarded avocation in a Grecian community.

The profession of Legal Advisers consisted of a number of persons who wrote speeches for parties engaged in accusation or defence in the law courts. A well-educated Athenian might in most cases be able to speak for himself; but if unable to do so, he got either a friend or a professional counsel to write a speech, which he himself delivered, as pleading by proxy was not allowed. These paid counsel were often at the same time teachers of rhetoric, and had to make themselves masters of the body of laws and decisions that ruled the courts, and of the art of persuasive address. The pleadings before the local courts were often most masterly displays, as may be seen from the specimens that have come down to posterity; but a part of their skill lay in the employment of appeals to the feelings of the judges.

Of Government Functionaries we are to distinguish the heads of departments, who were annually or periodically renewed—from the paid secretaries and other permanent officials that kept up the knowledge and traditions of

their respective offices. Besides the great legislative and administrative bodies—the Popular Assembly, the Senate of Five Hundred, the Senate of Areopagus, the Nine Archons, the Law Courts, the Arbitrators annually nominated, and the Judicial Persons who made a sort of periodical circuit round the cantons of Attica—there were a number of special magistracies for taking charge of peculiar departments; such were the Eleven, who were commissioners of police and crime, the Public Superintendent who presided over the Gymnasia, &c.

The professional Artists—architects, sculptors, and painters—would have to be paid by their employers, whether these were the state or private individuals. The other class of artists, who hired themselves out for purposes of amusement—actors, singers, and dancers—were in demand for convivial parties, for the theatre, and for the religious services. The actors and musicians that came on the boards were paid by the Chorégus; those employed in the temple services had to be paid out of the temple revenues. The dramatic poet, whose play was accounted the best at the competition that took place during the festival, received a rich prize. Poets, in general, occasionally enjoyed pecuniary rewards, as well as the reputation due to their genius.

The Religious Functionaries, consisting of the hereditary priesthood and all the officials required in the pompous worship of the temples, had to be supported by endowments and offerings made to their respective temples. Many of the temples were very rich, and supported wealthy and honourable families. But the priesthood was so far divorced from all other active employment in the state as not to have any civil or intellectual influence on the community. No intellect was required in the religion itself; even the hymns sung during sacrifices might be composed by laymen; hence the clerical orders were little better than masters of ceremonies and leaders of devotional rites. The oracular temples would occupy a somewhat different position. But the soothsayers or prophets, always kept by the state, and consulted on emergencies, as in the time of war, were special functionaries not connected with the ordinary priesthood.

The system of Ranks was pervaded by the hereditary principle, although considerably modified in Athens by an intense democratical spirit. All the great families traced their lineage back to some god or hero, and were looked up to by the community in consequence of this elevated origin; and in the race for political power, high descent always counted in a man's favour. By mere wealth great distinctions might be obtained, especially if it were laid out with liberality in the services imposed by the state on individual rich men, such as the getting up of plays at the dramatic seasons, the trierarchy, or serving as commander of a ship of war, and contributing by private expenditure to the perfect outfit and condition of the ship. We have already alluded to the distinction conferred on victors at the Olympic and other games. High public services naturally conferred consequence and power, but at the same time excited jealousies, and even demoralised the individuals so distinguished. According to a durable prejudice, the landed proprietor was reckoned more respectable than the trader; and the artisan was very apt to be looked down upon by the rest of the community. Talent and accomplishments raised a man to a commanding position as an orator, a politician, a military commander, a rhetor-

rician, sophist, philosopher, poet, or artist, in defiance of other points of inferiority; but genius, seconded by rank, was pretty sure to succeed best.

Burials.—The rites of sepulture were piously attended to by the Greeks. An honourable interment was considered a happy lot to the departed; and an unburied mortal was believed to be wandering through Hades in a state of mournful disquietude. After a battle, a truce was granted by the victors, that both sides might collect and bury their dead; and on the occasion of the naval battle of Arginusæ, fought shortly before the close of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenian generals, having neglected the duty of collecting the dead for interment, and the still more imperative duty of visiting the wrecks to save such of the living as clung to them, were received with a storm of popular indignation that ended in their being publicly condemned and executed.

In ancient and more barbarous times, the funerals of distinguished persons were accompanied with prodigious pomp and display: on the funeral pyre, which was an immense pile of wood, were burnt along with the dead body an immense number of cattle, and even human beings; such at least is the picture given by Homer. Games and athletic contests followed. But in the historic age the funeral rites were kept within sober limits. The first thing done after death was to insert in the mouth of the defunct the small coin called an *obolus*, to pay the ferryman of Hades. The corpse was washed, perfumed, crowned with a garland of flowers, and dressed in white; it was laid out on a bedstead for the usual length of time, not more than a day or two. A vessel of water was placed before the house-door, to purify persons leaving the house. Lamentation, or a wake for the dead, was practised by the women, although all the wiser portion of the community thought it a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. On the day of the funeral, the body was carried out early in the morning on the couch, accompanied by the train of mourners, relatives, and friends, including women above sixty; a chorus of hired flute-players performing on the way. The burial-grounds were usually without the town, but not always concentrated in a common cemetery. The rich might buy a spot of ground anywhere for a family tomb; for the poor a public place of interment was provided.

The two practices of burning and burying seem to have coexisted at all times; in what proportions, or under what particular circumstances one was preferred to the other, is not distinctly ascertained. In both cases graves, vaults, or built tombs, were required, and columns and various forms of tombstone were in use. The inscriptions contained the name of the deceased, with the occasional addition of an appropriate moral in prose or verse. Vases and various articles were placed in the grave with the deceased.

After the burial, a funeral entertainment was given at the house of the nearest surviving relation. There were also various sacrifices to be offered, ~~plenty~~ ^{namely} one on the ninth day, which concluded the ceremonies for the dead. A black mourning cloak, or himation, was worn for some time, the inner robe, or chiton, being the same as usual; and the custom prevailed of cutting the hair short. It became a perpetual obligation on all persons to visit and tend the graves of their forefathers: on stated days, such as the anniversary of their death, sacrifice was performed at the tombs; and

flowers and garlands were regularly brought to decorate them. At other times the survivors were expected to visit the graves of their departed relatives; and the approach of friends was considered agreeable to their spirits, while they received pain by the proximity of enemies. In short, acts of respectful attention and religious observance towards deceased relatives and progenitors were reckoned among the indispensable duties of life, and were one of the motives for keeping up an unbroken line of descendants.

SPARTAN LIFE.

The town of Sparta, situated in a mountainous defile on the right bank of the Eurotas, and at no very great distance from the mouth of the river, which flows into the sea at the extreme southern coast of Greece, was the capital or metropolis of the territory of Laconia, and the residence of one of the most remarkable populations known to history. The Spartans belonged to the Dorian race of Greeks; but their political institutions, and still more the system of their private life, was wholly unlike any other in the whole compass of the Grecian states. Indeed never in human history has a system of life been maintained of so artificial a kind, or departing so far from the impulses natural and congenial to man. A rigid and iron discipline, having got itself once established there, was kept up for many centuries with little relaxation, and was the standing curiosity and wonder of the rest of the world.

Following in our selection of topics an order similar to what we have adopted for the Athenian and Greek life generally, we may first allude to the system of the public mess established for Spartan citizens, who were, however, but a small aristocracy even in Sparta itself, not to speak of the Laconian population. No man was allowed to dine at home: 'a certain number of joint tables were provided, and every citizen was required to belong to some one of them, and habitually to take his meals at it—no new member being admissible without a unanimous ballot in his favour by the previous occupants. Each provided from his lot of land a specified quota of barleymeal, wine, cheese, and figs, and a small contribution of money for condiments. Game was obtained in addition by hunting in the public forests of the state; while every one who sacrificed to the gods, sent to his mess-table a part of the victim killed. From boyhood to old age, every Spartan citizen took his sober meals at this public mess, where all shared alike. Nor was distinction of any kind allowed, except on signal occasions of service rendered by an individual to the state.* The object of this system was to secure temperate and sober habits, and correspondence with the daily public exercises, which had to be gone through with military punctuality. The details as to the times and other minute arrangements of the meals are not communicated to us; but the comparison with a barrack life enables us to conceive with tolerable vividness the plan of board and lodging imposed upon the Spartan aristocracy. They were no more allowed to sleep at home than to eat there, but had to spend their nights at their barracks. A home they all had, tenanted by wives, mothers,

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. ii. p. 513. Second edition.

children, and grown-up daughters and sisters, but they were not allowed to visit them openly, and had to do so by stealth; while their wives are said to have come to their barracks disguised in men's attire. Although a greater latitude was allowed to the older citizens, the exclusion from home was rigid to the younger men.

Each day's life was spent in gymnastic, military, and other exercises calculated to impart a high vigour to the body, to insure military skill of the first order, to accustom to hardship and endurance, and to enable the men to take a part in the religious services of the gods. This last branch—their religious education, properly so called—consisted in the choral dances enacted at the festivals. Besides the military evolutions, their exercise included contests of two squadrons opposed to each other unarmed, but with full permission to kick, bite, box, or wrestle, where the combatants strove to the utmost extremity of their strength, and practised themselves in pugnacity, skill, strength, and endurance. The virtue of bodily endurance, which ranked high in their esteem, was put to a still severer test by a religious practice of submitting themselves to be scourged before the altar of the goddess Artemis Orthia, and by enduring the torture without a murmur, although it was sometimes carried to a fatal length. Pride in victorious action and bodily endurance was the predominant feature of the Spartan character as thus formed: these qualities formed the ideal of human perfection—their attainment was the consolation for all sufferings, and the ennobling spiritual element of life.

It is stated further, that the youth were sent out to the country, without provision of any kind, to maintain themselves upon hunting and stealth; in fact to practise themselves in living the life of a savage in the woods. If they were caught in a theft, they were severely flogged; so that they were thus put to the further trial of living between the two alternatives of hunger and torture. This feature, if maintained in fact, bespeaks a period when civilisation was not far enough advanced to secure the certainty of subsistence; and the Spartans were determined to be prepared for the worst emergencies of the lowest state of humanity. Like true Stoics, they did not sit down to enjoy what life brought, but kept constantly in view its inevitable ills, and prided themselves in maintaining a constant preparation for meeting them.

The Spartans, speaking of them generally, and allowing exceptions for the leading men, were not taught to read; but they learnt, as a part of their public education, to bear part in the religious or choric songs and dances, and to repeat more or less of poetical compositions. The arts of speech were neglected, and even despised. Long speaking was disagreeable to them, and every one was required to say anything he had to say in the fewest possible words. Hence arose the phrase of 'Laconic brevity;' this brevity being often accompanied with epigrammatic point, which the speaker would endeavour to impart to his curtailed discourse. Hence we may gather that the Spartan social intercourse was made up more of action and spectacle than of talk, conversation, or discussion; for not only was an education in flowery language wanting, but the matter for conversation was as limited as could well be. Intercourse with foreigners was prevented; no Spartan could travel without a special permission; and foreign visitors were discouraged from settling in the state.

There was no foreign trade. State affairs were managed by the government with the utmost secrecy, and without the participation of the people in any way, except on the rarest occasions. Their political wisdom consisted in a rigid adherence to their own narrow policy and habits; and their ascendancy in the field was neutralised by their want of ability in the conduct of affairs.

The position of their women was as exceptional in Greece and as much a matter of surprise as any other point in their institutions. The grand purpose of the state, with reference to the domestic relation, was to keep up a good breed of citizens; and for this purpose the young women were subjected to bodily discipline in the gymnasium, 'being formally exercised in running, wrestling, and boxing, agreeably to the forms of the Grecian contests.' Instead of the long tunic reaching down to the feet worn in other parts of Greece, they wore a shorter dress cut open at the skirts, leaving the limbs free and exposed in view, much in the manner of the men everywhere. The contests of the girls were open to the men, and on the other hand the women were allowed to be present at the exercises of the other sex. The contrast between Sparta and Greece in general on this head may be judged from the fact, that any woman caught intruding herself at the Olympic games was immediately to be put to death by being hurled headlong from a precipice. The Spartan citizen was said to have had a very great susceptibility to the feminine presence; hence it may be supposed that the free intercourse of the sexes in this way, as spectators of each other's exercises, would very much heighten the stimulus to exertion. 'We may well conceive,' says Mr Grote, 'that such an education imparted to the women both a demonstrative character and an eager interest in masculine accomplishments, so that the expression of their praise was the strongest stimulus, and that of their reproach the bitterest humiliation, to the youthful troop who heard it.'

On the same principle of attending to the breed of citizens, 'the age of marriage was deferred till the period supposed to be most consistent with the perfection of the offspring.' 'Marriage was almost universal among the citizens, enforced by general opinion at least, if not by law. The young Spartan carried away his bride by a simulated abduction, but she still seems, for some time at least, to have continued to reside with her family, visiting her husband in his barrack in the disguise of male attire, and on short and stolen occasions. To some married couples it happened, according to Plutarch, that they had been married long enough to have had two or three children, while they had scarcely seen each other apart by daylight. Secret intrigue on the part of married women was unknown in Sparta, but to bring together the finest couples was regarded by the citizens as desirable, and by the lawgiver as a duty. No personal feeling or jealousy on the part of the husband found sympathy with any one; and he permitted without difficulty, and sometimes actively encouraged, compliances on the part of his wife consistent with this generally acknowledged object. So far was such toleration carried, that there were some married women who were recognised mistresses of two houses, and mothers of two distinct families—a sort of bigamy strictly forbidden to the men, and never permitted except in the remarkable case of King Anaxandrides, when the royal Herakleidan line of Eurysthenes was in danger of becoming extinct.'

'O. Müller remarks—and the evidence, as far as we know it, bears him out—that love marriages and genuine affection to a wife were more familiar at Sparta than at Athens; though in the former marital jealousy was a sentiment neither indulged nor recognised, while in the latter it was intense and universal.'

Industry was entirely prohibited to the Spartan-trained aristocracy. Each citizen was the proprietor of a piece of land, yielding him a revenue in kind and money, and on this he lived, paid his quota to the public mess, and supported his family. As the sons of citizens were also citizens, and as property might be equally divided between sons and daughters, * families might become impoverished in time, and cases were of frequent occurrence of citizens being too poor to pay their subscription to the mess. By this defalcation they lost their position as citizens, and fell into a lower rank, no longer associating with the others in the exercises of the barrack life. The industrial community consisted of a free Grecian population, inhabiting Laconia, and enjoying property and political rights in the village communities, but not possessed of the Spartan franchise. Their designation was Pericœki, or surrounding inhabitants, and they carried on all the operations of agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industry, as well as the internal traffic of the country, foreign trade being prohibited. They lived a free and independent life, without either the dignity or the restraints of the Spartan system, but had an education suited to fit them for military service when they were required. As the total Spartan aristocracy was estimated (in the time of Herodotus, or about 460–450 B.C.) at about 8000 or 9000, they were not sufficient of themselves to supply an armament for any occasion of great consequence. The Spartans formed the exclusive governing body of the state, and the others were completely at their mercy. All had to pay the property-tax, but it is said not to have been so rigidly exacted from Spartan citizens as from the rest of the population.

The slave or rather serf community were a Grecian tribe called Helots, and were supposed to have been the pre-existing inhabitants of Laconia, reduced to slavery by the conquering Spartans. They were bound to the soil, and lived in the rural villages, 'cultivating their lands, and paying over their rent to the master at Sparta; but enjoying their homes, wives, families, and mutual neighbourly feelings, apart from the master's view. They were never sold out of the country, and probably never sold at all; belonging not so much to the master as to the state, which constantly called upon them for military service, and recompensed their bravery or activity with a grant of freedom.' 'The Helots,' continues Mr Grote, 'were thus a part of the state, having their domestic and social sympathies developed, a certain power of acquiring property, and the consciousness of Grecian lineage and dialect—points of marked superiority over the foreigners who formed the slave population of Athens or Chios.' They were also the domestic servants of the Spartan household, as well as the slaves employed by the government in the public business of the town.

By what means a discipline so rigid and severe could be at first imposed on any people is a curious question, but unsusceptible of being answered.

* Women might possess property at Sparta, but not at Athens.

The traditions point back to the ninth century before Christ as the time of its institution; and Lycurgus is named as the founder, he having been called upon by the state to provide a remedy for a condition of disorder and abuse that could no longer be tolerated—the same motive that led to the better-known legislation of Solon at Athens between two and three centuries later. The internal suffering, the personal ascendancy of Lycurgus, and the influence of the Delphian Oracle, are the only known influences that could be brought to support an innovation seemingly as outrageous and wild as the schemes of the most extravagant political theorist. But whatever the means of introducing it, the discipline itself was a subject of careful study to all the political philosophers of Greece, and it was to them a memorable example of what training could do for individuals or communities. The enlightened Athenian philosopher would naturally wish that the education of youth should comprehend a wider range of accomplishments than the Spartan curriculum, but he was so impressed with the efficacy of the training system, that he considered it indispensable in securing the high virtues and desirable accomplishments of a citizen. The Spartan example, in the treatment of women, likewise produced an impression upon the speculative Plato, who, in his 'Republic,' proposed to bring them under a system of physical training as well as the youth of the masculine sex. At the same time it is to be understood, that in Athens and in any cultivated city of Greece, the amount of training and discipline imposed on the youth by custom, and on the grown-up men by themselves, was far higher than anything experienced in modern Europe. Moreover, the full force of the Spartan energy of action and endurance cannot be appreciated without taking into account the scorching and enervating heat that had to be endured by a population resident in the thirty-eighth parallel of latitude.

The foregoing detail applies almost exclusively to the period when Grecian life had attained its highest perfection—that is, to the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ. The materials of such a description are primarily obtained from the literature of those and subsequent times, and from the commentators who wrote before the peculiar features of Greek society had become effaced by time and change, or had come to be forgotten through the loss of a large amount of original records. It is next to impossible to trace the growth of the state of things that we have attempted to describe, owing to the absence of information relative to the antecedent stages which the nation must have passed through. Almost the only helps for this end are the poems of Homer, which reflect the system of life of a period about four centuries earlier, and the works of Hesiod, dating about the seventh century before Christ. The descriptions given by Homer are evidently true to his own time, and afford a very striking contrast to the age of full-grown Greek society. We should require to go back eight or ten centuries to make as great a remove from the civilisation of our own time, as the Homeric period differed from the fifth century succeeding it.

We have not room for more than a slight reference to one or two of the more remarkable contrasts between these two epochs with regard to the system of private life. The condition of the women had altered materially

in the interval. In the earlier period they were much less cooped up within doors, but this was only that they might perform a larger amount of servile drudgery. Their greater usefulness made them more respected, and totally altered their situation in the affair of marriage. Instead of each bringing a dowry to her husband, the suitor had to make a present to the father of his bride in order to gain consent; a state of things always indicating that women are chiefly valued for their labours and usefulness. In the primitive times, when this arrangement holds, the mistress of a house and her maid-servants are on an exact equality in point of refinement, and perform the very same menial labours together. The book of Genesis affords a state of society the exact parallel in this respect of the Homeric Greeks.

Closely connected with this peculiarity is the regard paid to manual labour in general in those times. Handicraft industry in Homer is clothed with a dignity and a poetic interest that we find nowhere else. The monarch of those times, to use the condensed description of Mr Grote, 'must be brave in the field, wise in the council, and eloquent in the agora: he must be endued with bodily strength and activity above other men, and must be an adept, not only in the use of arms, but also in those athletic exercises which the crowd delight to witness. Even the more homely varieties of manual acquirements are an addition to his character—such as the craft of the carpenter or the shipwright, the straight furrowing of the ploughman, or the indefatigable persistence of the mower without repose or refreshment throughout the longest day.' In the historical times of Greece, manual labour came to have the same association with a mean position as it bears in our own time; and Homer may almost be said to stand alone and unrivalled as the poet of industry and handicraft.

Without entering fully into the state of law, government, and society in the early period, it is impossible to make obvious the enormous strides that had been taken from the ninth to the fifth century before Christ; but the following sentences from the same authority bring together the notable deficiencies in the various arts at the former of the two epochs:—'Neither coined money, nor the art of writing, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor imaginative architecture, belong to the Homeric and Hesiodic times. Such rudiments of arts, destined ultimately to acquire so great a development in Greece, as may have existed in those early days, served only as a sort of nucleus to the fancy of the poet, to shape out for himself the fabulous creations ascribed to Hephestus or Daedalus. No statues of the gods, not even of wood, are mentioned in the Homeric poems. All the many varieties in Grecian music, poetry, and dancing—the former chiefly borrowed from Lydia and Phrygia—date from a period considerably later than the first Olympiad (776 B.C.) Terpander, the earliest musician whose date is assigned, and the inventor of the harp with seven strings, instead of that with four strings, does not come until the 26th Olympiad, or 676 B.C.'

LADY MARJORY ST JUST.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS the only child of Lord St Just, an impoverished nobleman, whose income barely sufficed to keep up an appearance suitable to his rank. I saw scarcely any change in my father's aspect from the time when I can first remember him: his scattered hairs were gray, and his tall attenuated form was bent; but there were no strong indications of decay, which nevertheless gradually went on, and in the same ratio as the young sapling shot upwards. The parent trunk had been bared of all its other glories, and was ready for the woodman's axe. I was an infant, they told me, when my mother 'went to Heaven;' the sole survivor of a numerous family, all of whom had died in childhood before I was born—born, alas! not to bless and solace that gentle mother, whose loving eyes closed for ever almost as soon as she heard my first faint cry. While, from repeated bereavements, my father tremblingly clasped me to his bosom, dreading to place his hopes on the delicate baby, yet in spite of his fears, he felt for me a redoubled tenderness as the last precious bequest of an adored wife. I was brought up under the care and management of Fibsey, the faithful nurse who had tended and mourned over all the departed little St Justs; and when I attained the age of eight years a governess was provided, who roused much jealousy in old Fibsey's kind foolish heart by speedily winning a large portion of those affections which I had hitherto divided among my father, herself, and the sweets of nature at Edenside.

Mrs Edmondstone was a widow lady, pale, mild, and middle-aged, with an only son, who was completing a college education, and intended for the service of the church. Basil Edmondstone sometimes came to see his mother, but he was not a favourite of mine: he was a serious youth, and did not fondle and coax me, as my Uncle Mertoun did, nor would he call me 'Countess May;' and yet he had gentle, pleasant ways too with a child. This uncle was my mother's brother, the Earl of Mertoun, and I had ever been taught to consider myself his heiress: he was a bachelor, well advanced in years, and there seemed every probability that I must eventually succeed to the earldom, which is one of the few in this country that are exempted from the Salic law. He always designated me his 'pretty

Countess May,' and I well understood that it was a title of distinction, and to be coveted, and I was proud and vain as a peacock. My father's estates were strictly entailed on male issue, and in default of such, descended to a distant branch. Very rarely Uncle Mertoun visited Edenside, but when he did, it was a gala-day with me; and I watched, in a state of the utmost excitement, the approach of his equipage as the four splendid bays slackened pace up the slopes and declivities. And well I might, for he never came empty-handed, showering beautiful and expensive gifts upon me, to say nothing of the welcome music he whispered in my ears, ringing the changes in every variety on the theme of my future glories!

My father lived much in his library, and I was but seldom with him: sorrow and disappointment had rendered him unsocial and nervous, and whenever he took me in his arms, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Yet never a day passed without a bestowal of the fervent benediction—'God bless and keep thee, my darling!' Mrs Edmondstone, my governess, erred on the side of over-indulgence: she was one of those worthy matrons who look leniently on the vanities and follies of the young—saying 'that troubles come soon enough, and 'twere pity to break the spirit which must bend of its own accord by and by.' And had it been otherwise, Fibsey would have turned restive. I was the lamb saved out of a fine flock, and I must be left free to roam amid the green pastures and still waters, gathering health and vigour from every breeze that blew.

Beautiful Edenside! and quaint, beautiful old Fibsey! Surely never child or lamb had such lovely pastures to disport in, or listened to such marvellous antique songs and fables as delighted my childish ear! Then it was so charming to retail them to Uncle Mertoun, for he was in all respects like an overgrown schoolboy, and an attentive listener to the saucy prattle of 'Countess May.' I told him that angels flew over the house at night, showering down bright dreams from their starry perfumed wings, and that good people caught them as they fell. I told him that the shooting-stars were heavenly messengers, speeding on their flights of love and glory; and that the innumerable spirits sleeping among the leaves of the aspen-tree caused it to shiver. I took him to see the fairy rings, and the charmed well of Edenside; the well on whose clear surface was mirrored, once a year, the future of those who gazed with implicit faith! For my own part I had begun to study the 'Arabian Nights,' and I confided to my uncle that I had but one wish in the world, and that was to be Queen Zobeide, to live in the enchanted palace of the good Haroun Alraschid! 'Nay, nay, Marjory St Just,' he answered with a giggle of delight; 'you wouldn't like your husband to have other wives, I suspect—better be "Countess May" at home.'

This ancestral home of mine was neither a castle nor an abbey, but there was a dry moat on whose sloping emerald sides clustering flowers shed perfume and radiance; while at one end of the vaulted entrance-hall, an oriel window of elaborate tracery and brilliantly-stained glass threw a dim mysterious light on the tessellated pavement, suggesting a conjecture of ecclesiastical origin. The dwelling stood on a hill-side, and we commanded a fine range of diversified scenery from the windows of our sunny parlour—half nursery, half school-room, and at length half boudoir; for at Edenside there were no appointments of modern luxury—faded

hangings and antique furniture alone were to be found throughout the bare and deserted apartments. Yet the spot well deserved its name of Edeuside, for dark waving woods, shining waters, hill and valley, frowning granite crags, and patches of the loveliest greensward, met the eye everywhere, in apparently wild confusion, but confusion of a picturesque and enchanting description. The low massive building itself, with ivied buttress and rambling additions, all gray and crumbling nevertheless, seemed as if it grew out of the acclivity whereon it spread; and at evening fall even the gray rocks and gray lichens, sombre walls fantastically festooned, and recesses wherein owls and bats disported, presented no sad aspect to my imagination. For did I not know where periwinkles crept abundantly among the crevices, and where early violets hid? where hyacinths bloomed, whose faint delicious odours haunt me now? to say nothing—oh! nothing—of acknowledged garden hours, roses and lilies, and their sister bands of cultivated beauties?

'When I am a great lady, Fibsey,' said I confidentially, 'I shall wish for one thing above all others—and that is for continual sunshine.'

'And where would the verdure and flowers be, my dear,' suggested Mrs Edmondstone, 'if you banish clouds and rain?'

'Ah, I never thought of that; but I do so love sunshine!'

'There is a sunshine *within*, Lady Marjory,' responded my governess, 'which money cannot purchase; and as you grow older and wiser, I hope you will understand and realise the fact.'

I pondered over these words, and talked much to Fibsey about 'sunshine within;' and when Uncle Mertoun came to Edenside, I mentioned the matter to him: he laughed, and said 'that Mrs Edmondstone was a very worthy woman, but that in a few years hence the dazzling scenes of life would cause me to forget her prosy talk.' I pondered over these words also, and came to the sage conclusion, that in those unknown regions beyond the tall tree-tops were the dazzling scenes alluded to, far more to be desired for the future than the flowers, and birds, and solitude of Edenside. From that time forth, by slow and imperceptible degrees, my thoughts all centered in anticipations of shadowy glories to come. I did not think of my uncle's death without weeping, for he had ministered to my childish vanities and pleasures as no one else had done, and I loved him dearly; but more than once I asked Fibsey how long he was likely to live, because I could not wear the diamond coronet which Earl Mertoun said was laid up for me until he had gone to Heaven, where all my little brothers and sisters and my dear mamma awaited him. Basil Edmondstone overhearing such a query, called me to his side, and bade me remember that I might be summoned from this world even before my uncle; with impressive seriousness he added somewhat concerning an immortal crown alone worth coveting. This made me very low-spirited, and Basil's dark eyes seemed to haunt me with a look of reproach whenever I was proud or vain: I knew that he was good and gifted; for I had heard Uncle Mertoun say so, therefore I could not disregard his words. But Fibsey was angry, and declared 'she would not have Lady Marjory frightened and moped: such gloomy talk was enough to kill a child; and parsons ought to keep their preachments to their pulpits.'

Mrs Edmondstone was no match for Fibsey, and to Fibsey I always

resorted for consolation and sympathy—the burthen of her song ever being, ‘Never mind, dearie; never mind; you’ll be Countess May yet, and wear your diamond coronet, and make sunshine round wherever you go, spite of all the governesses and parsons in the world.’

Thus it was, that without being exactly discontented, I learned to regard the future with hope, as holding forth prospects of happiness, which, however, assumed no tangible form, but seemed to embody everything that was pleasant and delightful. I knew what poverty meant, comparatively of course; for Lord St Just had acquired the bitter lesson, and had not been able to conceal it entirely from his daughter. But it never occurred to me that my Uncle Mertoun, who was so free and generous, might have extended a helping hand towards my father; perhaps Lord St Just would not have accepted it, preferring self-denial and independence. At anyrate I had not then discerned the truth, and I did not think my uncle selfish and silly. If my father did so, he kept his opinion to himself: he was a reserved, silent man; his voice was low and sad, and his gait slow; and when we used to saunter down the hill towards the valley and the streams, it was with difficulty he could ascend it again. My heart often sank as I gazed on his bent form, and at those times I wished for Basil Edmondstone to discourse concerning the better land, a topic which my father loved to dwell upon; but Basil had gone abroad as tutor to young Lord Morley; and our retirement was unbroken, for Uncle Mertoun’s visits became less frequent than formerly, and at length ceased altogether.

II.

I had attained my eighteenth year when Mrs Edmondstone left us to reside with her son, who had been presented to the living of Barley Wood by his pupil Lord Morley; and to my great joy it was only distant about ten miles from Edenside. Basil had resided with us for some weeks at my father’s urgent request, for his grief nearly equalled mine at the idea of parting with Mrs Edmondstone; and he desired to retain her beneath our roof as long as possible, until every arrangement was completed, and no further excuse for delay presented itself.

Lord Morley’s mother, a lady of well-known philanthropy, wrote to my father, recommending as the successor of Mrs Edmondstone a young lady, who had filled the situation of companion to her daughter, in consequence of whose marriage, which had just taken place, the candidate, Mrs Danton, was desirous of finding another congenial home. Lady Morley spoke of her in the highest terms, assuring my father that she considered Mrs Danton a desirable addition to the family circle in all respects; and that her age would probably render her a pleasanter companion for me than even the worthy, sedate Mrs Edmondstone. Mrs Danton was of Spanish origin, but the widow of an English officer; ‘her Hidalgo blood,’ added Lady Morley, ‘only infusing into her the proper and laudable pride of wishing to be independent of her father’s family.’ My father entertained a profound respect for Lady Morley’s opinion, and he was accordingly strongly prepossessed in favour of Mrs Danton, and eager to secure her ser-

views. When Basil Edmondstone heard this arrangement canvassed—and Lord St Just gave him Lady Morley's letter to read—he appeared strangely confused and startled; his manner, coupled with words he let fall, causing my father to ask him if he was acquainted with Mrs Danton, and what opinion he had formed of her.

Basil Edmondstone's manner was at all times so perfectly self-possessed, and yet courteous and gentle, that when he exhibited this unwonted perturbation we naturally became curious in proportion to ascertain the cause. But he seemed to find speech difficult, and hesitatingly said, 'I scarcely know how to answer you candidly, Lord St Just; for it is a grave thing to withhold or give an opinion of one about to become domesticated in your family, and the intimate companion of Lady Marjory.'

'It is for that reason, Mr Edmondstone,' replied my father, 'that I desire to know the result of any observations you may have made on Mrs Danton's disposition, character, and demeanour in general. On Lady Morley's judgment I have implicit reliance so far as it goes; but I am aware that her ladyship's public avocations and charities prevent her attending so much to her private duties as perhaps might be desirable—while her daughter, lately married, was one of the gayest beauties who figured in the fashionable world. That of course is not against Mrs Danton, as no doubt she used all her influence for good.'

'I only saw Mrs Danton,' replied Basil Edmondstone, 'in the retirement of Lady Morley's country seat; and I certainly am surprised, from what I saw of her at that time, that she should voluntarily seek permanent seclusion; but perhaps she is not aware that her routine of life at Edenside would be one of privacy and simplicity?' Basil added with a hopeful look.

'Yes; Mrs Danton is fully aware of all particulars,' replied my father; 'but do you infer that such a mode of life might be distasteful to her—and for what reason?'

'My judgment would have led me to form this supposition,' answered Basil; 'but my reasons for doing so are more difficult to define. A very delicate pencil is required to paint a fair lady's faults, if faults there be'—Again he hesitated, coloured, and became painfully confused. 'But may I be understood to depict a certain degree of restlessness—a need of the stimulus of excitement, which I thought characterised Mrs Danton, and led me to conclude that solitude might prove irksome. She is a highly-accomplished lady, and, I have no doubt, an agreeable companion.'

'But Basil, my dear,' broke in Mrs Edmondstone, 'is she amiable and affectionate? You have not told us that?'

'I had no opportunity of judging, mother,' replied the son, as he added with a smile, 'these are close questions, and hardly fair, I think, to discuss.' And so the subject dropped, my dear father evidently pondering on what had passed, but coming to a pleasant conclusion in the end; for, said he to me, 'Mrs Danton is very anxious to come; and as she knows our mode of life, Marjory, my child—for Lady Morley has concealed nothing from her—we must naturally infer that, even if the opinion our good Basil formed of the lady was a correct one formerly, she has now changed her tastes, and become reconciled to a quiet life—such as is held out for her acceptance at Edenside.'

But when, eventually, my father told Basil that everything was settled, and that Mrs Danton was to be an inmate of our dear home, I could see a shadow of uneasiness pass athwart Mr Edmondstone's speaking countenance, which betokened a mind disturbed; and this impression communicated itself to me, for I had learned unconsciously to treasure and venerate all Basil's opinions, and to look up to him as my best authority on all points.

Not that I willingly allowed him to suppose such was the case, for I strenuously endeavoured to impress him with ideas of my own vast importance, and my great future expectations—vainly endeavoured, because whatever airs or impertinences I indulged in, they fell back on myself with redoubled force. For there was in Basil Edmondstone a certain grave self-respect (he never forgot his sacred office), tempered, indeed, with affability, which made me feel contemptible in my own esteem when displaying these vagaries before him: he was my superior in all respects, for I knew that, in virtue of his high calling, he claimed more than an equality as to temporal rank, and that he held mere temporal wealth but as means to an end—regarding men as stewards, hereafter to give an account of their stewardship. In short, there was no patronising Basil Edmondstone. I talked to him about my earldom in prospective, and he looked grave; I joked about hope deferred, and he gently rebuked me; I pouted, and tried to quarrel with him, but I read an indefinable *something* in the sad expression of his eyes—beautiful eyes they were!—which made me unable to continue my folly, and brought tears to my own, and blushes to my cheek. Then, angry with myself, that I—the future Countess of Mertoun—should stand abashed before *him*, I adopted an unbecoming hauteur—equally futile and useless, for Basil was imperturbably polite, kind, and considerate.

'I wonder if Mrs Danton is handsome?' I found myself inwardly saying over and over again. And from wondering if Mrs Danton was handsome, and hoping that she was *not*, I gained imperceptibly a knowledge of my own heart; and read there, alas! a page full of love and jealousy. Yet pride was stronger; and I determined to blot it out, and to remember how far apart Basil Edmondstone and I were in worldly condition. He never forgot it; of that fact I felt well assured, so far as worldly observances went.

There was an indescribable blank at Edenside when Mrs Edmondstone and her son had departed. There was sunshine without—the child's wishes were realised; but round the woman's path shadowy clouds were gathering, which already faintly obscured the sunshine within.

III.

Could it be possible that the presence of one individual had wrought such a change in the aspect of all things? or was it that I viewed them through a different medium, while the circumstances themselves remained unchanged?

Mrs Danton was singularly beautiful; and yet I felt no jealousy now,

for she spoke carelessly of Basil Edmondstone, called him a poor parson, and when I extolled him, and took his part with heightened colour and flashing eyes, she smiled, and said that I was a 'true champion for the absent.' I could not feel angry with her, for she captivated and enthralled me. Her extreme sweetness and gentleness of voice and manner, varied accomplishments, and constant flow of spirits, might have accounted for this captivation on my part, for I had never seen any one like her before. But it was not even these attractions which enchained me so completely; it was, that Mrs Danton identified herself with my hopes and wishes, and that, in an incredibly short space of time, I had intrusted her with all my secret and cherished aspirations: one subject alone excepted, but that I scarcely whispered to myself. Yet what secret escaped her scrutiny?—though she appeared to exercise no penetration, indulge no curiosity, her peculiar softness of demeanour, bordering on indolence, being redeemed only by a dash of wild playfulness, tender and winning as the pretty ways of some brilliantly-plumaged, delicate pet bird! Perfectly happy and contented with her lot she apparently was; describing the scenes in which she had mingled with graphic force, and picturing the gay world in such exciting and fairy-like colours, that I wondered she was resigned to quit it. She told me that I was formed to enjoy these delights, and to reign a star of the first magnitude, hinting that it was sad to see my youth buried in solitude; by slow and imperceptible degrees leading me to speak of my uncle's death as the only prospect of ultimate release.

I moved about in a sort of whirl or trance. In sleep I heard sounds of joyous music, and beheld lighted festal halls, wherein crowds of noble cavaliers worshipped at my shrine! I began to entertain an extravagant opinion of my own beauty and talents, and to think that Mrs Edmondstone and her son had underrated them. I grew weary of Edenside, and longed to fly away with Mrs Danton to realise my blissful dreams! Had any one asked me how all this was brought about, and if Mrs Danton had done it, I could not have given a satisfactory elucidation; for she was always cheerful herself, never complained of ennui, but sang and talked, and made the days pass swiftly. As to my father, he was perfectly charmed with our new inmate, and, contrary to his usual habit, he more than once remained in my apartment to listen to Mrs Danton's music; while even old Fibsey, now querulous and infirm, especially patronised Mrs Danton, that lady having listened respectfully to some of her most marvellous tales, and also adopted a specific remedy for cold, which no persuasions of nurse had ever induced Mrs Edmondstone to try.

'Mrs Danton is a sensible woman,' quoth Fibsey, 'though she be a foreigner like; and it does one's bones good to hear her merry laugh, for all the world like the tinkle-tinkle of the wether-bell from the distant sheiling coming across flowers and meadows, and making one think of all sorts of happy things. She's a bonny leddy; bless her lovely eyes, that melt like moonbeams on the dark sleeping waters!'

So it was: Mrs Danton gained the affections and good-will of all, whilst I absolutely clung to her, and much marvelled how I had contrived to drag on my monotonous existence when I had not her to talk to and confide in. Our constant theme of conversation was my uncle—his absence, and reported

ill health. There was no one to check or rebuke me now; no grave looks; but Mrs Danton spoke of Earl Mertoun's decease as an event to be almost 'hoped for'; adding, 'What a comfort it would be to Lord St Just to witness his daughter's elevation prior to his own summons home!' Viewing it in this light, it seemed no longer sinful or unfeeling to indulge anticipations of a brilliant future career; while the total cessation of his visits threw the film of distance between my once kind uncle and me, and I came gradually to regard him as a stranger or a memory. The past was forgotten; the present unheeded; 'and youth, health, rank, wealth, and beauty, all united in the person of 'Countess May,' summed up my friend, mimicking Fibsey's voice and manner. For Mrs Danton inherited that dangerous gift—she was an admirable mimic; even the worthy Mrs Edmondstone did not escape her; and I was weak and wicked enough to laugh at many such unkind exhibitions of miscalled talent.

I had watched the meeting which took place between Basil Edmondstone and Mrs Danton, soon after the arrival of the latter, with considerable interest. She accompanied me to Barley Wood; but I knew not how it was, Mrs Danton seemed out of her element there. The church and parsonage were both antiquated buildings; there was a homeliness, a substantial sort of comfort and sense of repose, pervading the place; a peace and holiness, if I may use the term, with which our worldly discussions and gay laughter had nothing to do. When there, a dim, lurking sensation of regret that Mrs Danton was my chosen intimate always arose in my heart. I remembered her mockery of dear, simple Mrs Edmondstone, and I was stricken with shame that I had encouraged it, and wept as my early preceptress clasped me in her arms, fondly calling me her darling child.

Mrs Danton seemed quite at ease, laughing, talking, and admiring everything; Basil was more reserved and silent than usual, though I detected a slight embarrassment when he first addressed my companion—a slight mounting of colour in his cheek, and a singular expression in his eloquent eye—such an expression that I had never encountered, thank Heaven! although I tried in vain to interpret it; but he quickly regained self-command, and assumed the courtesy of a host.

My father wished Mrs Edmondstone and her son to come to Edenside; but he excused himself on the plea of manifold pressing duties and occupations, though he added earnestly, 'When I can be of any essential use or comfort to Lord St Just, you know where to find me, Lady Marjory.' The words were conventional, but the manner in which they were spoken penetrated my heart; and as we rode back through the corn-fields and smiling pastoral lands, it seemed as if I had left peace of mind behind me. And yet our own fair Edenside was my childhood's home, and beautiful as ever. Alas! clouds were obscuring the 'sunshine within!'

I was now in a kind of feverish excitement: vexed and dissatisfied that Mrs Danton had gained such an ascendancy over me, which I could by no means shake off, though she was but six years my senior. It was I who was restless and dissatisfied, to whom excitement seemed necessary, not Mrs Danton. Surely Basil's opinion of her had been unjust, and was not my impatience of her influence unjust likewise?

'There is a mystery which I must fathom,' thought I. 'What has Mrs Danton done to offend Basil?—for, despite her beauty and fascination, he neither likes nor admires her, of that I am certain. I am not so sure, however, of her feelings towards him, notwithstanding her assumed indifference.' Assumed!—for excellent as her acting was, she had not altogether deceived me; my woman's heart was on the alert—for, alas! inexperienced silly girl as I was, I had already learned something of that mystic lore which is made up of trifles light as air.

I had observed Mrs Danton quail beneath Basil Edmondstone's open, truthful glance; I had also observed a momentary flash as she raised the drooping lids of her languishing eyes, which absolutely scared me. It was a lightning-flash, terrific in its passionate corruscation; but the silken fringes fell instantaneously, and veiled the storm-burst. Yes, it was but for a second; but that second had revealed Mrs Danton as a Medea in her reproaches and her agony. What a contrast to the gentle, playful, winning creature whom I had learned to love and fondle! I questioned her closely; but she evaded all my queries, assuring me that I was fanciful, and that she was not a favourite of Mr Edmondstone's, that was all.

'But is he not a favourite of yours?' I persisted, remarking the warm colour which suffused her clear olive complexion as she vainly strove to hide her face.

'Ah!' she replied with a forced laugh, 'he is a very worthy creature, too handsome and engaging for a mere country parson. But, Lady Marjory St Just, allow me to question you in my turn—is not Mr Edmondstone an especial favourite of yours?'

Vehemently assuring her that I had known him from his boyhood since I was an infant—that I regarded Mrs Edmondstone in the light of a mother, and Basil as a brother—covered with blushes, stammering, and protesting—I became inextricably involved in a labyrinth of falsehood, or, mildly speaking, equivocation. I was effectually silenced, however, nor ventured again to attack Mrs Danton on the delicate topic, while she regarded me with evident amusement, saying, 'You are as agitated, Lady Marjory, as if I had accused you of *loving* Mr Edmondstone: nothing so preposterous entered my imagination, I assure you, as that the beautiful, high-born Countess of Mertoun should bestow her affections so unworthily.'

'I am not Countess of Mertoun yet, Mrs Danton,' whispered I in a faltering voice.

'But you soon will be!'

Prophetic words! Shortly after this conversation, we had returned one day from an expedition to Barley Wood—where we often paid a flying visit, Mrs Danton taking the reins of our pony phaeton, being a skilful charioteer—to find the household at Edenside in a state of confusion and excitement—a summons having arrived express from Fonthill Abbey, my uncle's magnificent seat, requiring my father's immediate presence, as Earl Mertoun was not expected to live for many hours.

How my heart throbbed as I witnessed the departure of Lord St Just! my tears flowed when I thought of my dying uncle, boyishly good-natured and caressing as he had ever shown himself towards me. They were, however, but April tears, quickly succeeded by sunshine, as one variable mood chased another.

Two days subsequent to my father's departure, an official notification made me acquainted with my uncle's death; and I heard Mrs Danton's sweetly-whispered congratulation—'Long may the beautiful Countess of Mertoun live to enjoy her dignity!'

My father did not write to me, and I became surprised and uneasy at his silence, for I knew that he would remain at Fonthill until after the funeral obsequies were performed. Days passed over; the silence was ominous, and a strange creeping presentiment of evil took possession of my soul: even Mrs Danton was not exempt from the influence of a foreboding which too soon was fully realised.

Lord St Just returned to Edenside—not alone, and not to greet me, as Mrs Danton had done, but accompanied by a little boy of three years old, whom he introduced to my notice as the Earl of Mertoun—my deceased uncle's legitimate son by a private marriage with a girl of humble origin, who had died shortly after the child's birth. Shame had prevented my uncle's betrayal of the secret, and some contrition for having disappointed me; but on the deathbed things wore a different aspect, and he acknowledged his son's rights, confiding him to the sole guardianship of Lord St Just and the tender mercies of Cousin Marjory!

IV.

I can write these particulars *now*—and it might have seemed as if I was calm and reconciled *then*. I was, in fact, stunned by the heavy blow at first—the shock overwhelmed me—an evil genius was by my side, and no oil was poured on my rankling wounds. Rage and blackness usurped the place of woman's better nature, and the bitterest hate towards the unoffending child, who had not an adherent at Edenside save my noble-hearted father. Fibsey, contrary to her nurse-like propensities, flatly refused to have aught to do with the interloper; the other ancient retainers muttering among themselves 'that it was too bad for their young lady!' Mrs Danton shared my sorrows; but to my surprise and chagrin her behaviour took a different turn shortly, and she bestowed many endearments and caresses on the infant earl, who on his part, poor little thing! turned from the serious old faces surrounding him to the lovely, beaming countenance which looked kindly on his forlorn state. I taxed Mrs Danton with hypocrisy, and with clinging to the strong: her answer was remarkable: 'If I am a hypocrite, Lady Marjory, it is for you, and to do you service.'

What could she mean? Was her love for the child assumed, and for what purpose? My father was grateful and pleased when he watched little Cecil's fondness for Mrs Danton, and her attention to his ward; for though, God knows, I endeavoured to school my heart, it was awfully rebellious; nor could I feel or assume a tenderness which had no place there. Cecil was a fair, delicate child, and had evidently been much humoured, and frequently was fractious and naughty. I loathed his screams and cries, and his presence unnerved me; while Fibsey declared he was a changeling of the fairy-folk, and never would come to any good, though he *was* Earl of Mertoun!

Mrs Danton disliked children, which made her mode of procedure more extraordinary; and she speedily lost favour with Fibsey, who detested double-faces, and folks who left other folks when their golden days were down! Yet I felt in my heart's core that Fibsey was unjust to Mrs Danton; and that if she was playing a part, it was in some unaccountable manner to do me, as she had said, 'service.'

If my heart ever misgave me, it was when Basil Edmondstone came to Edenside, and I saw that he noted with pleased surprise Mrs Danton's motherly demeanour towards the young earl: it was but for a little while these misgivings arose—for never heretofore had Basil been so kind and tender towards me—so deferential and observant; while I read a language in his eye which made me almost ready to embrace my cousin with affection, and exclaim 'this loss is my gain!' Mrs Danton had read that language too; she knew that, as the poor Lady Marjory St Just, daughter of a ruined man, Basil Edmondstone might aspire to my hand, for he was well born—his ancestors of nobility equal to my own. But as the heiress of princely wealth, the gulf was impassable: Basil never would overstep it, even were a helping or beckoning hand extended. Again I observed the fiercely-flashing eye and compressed lips; but she bent over the child, and toyed with his flaxen ringlets, while I for the first time embraced my little cousin. Short-lived amity! The siren's voice was at my ear—she exerted all her powers of fascination to wean me from my dreams of love and peace—and, alas! succeeded. Were my days to be passed in this dull monotonous routine for ever?—beauty such as mine blooming in a desert!—poverty closing around me—and a life of comparative penury in store! Oh it was cruelly unjust, and I had a right to be angry and discontented! I listened and believed; and Mrs Danton wept with me, murmuring, as she placed her hand on my aching brow—'Life is always uncertain—the child Cecil is delicate—there is *still hope*.' I looked up in her face; the twilight shadows were gathering at Edenside, but a darker shadow than of twilight rested there. What did it portend? I knew not, yet shudderingly turned away.

'I am sure that Master Mertoun looks well enough,' said Fibsey (she never would give the child his rightful title); 'and yet Madam Danton most makes more fuss about the brat, and his precious health forsooth, than we did about all those little suffering angels as are gone to Heaven along with your dear ma—— I declare it provokes me to see her a-codling and a-pampering the sour-tempered babe, and a-telling my lord that he is a delicate plant; but I don't believe it: no—not I.'

This was fact, however; and Mrs Danton persisted in assuring my father and every one else that little Cecil was a sickly child, and required the utmost care and tending. My father took it all for granted, and merely said, 'Do not spoil him overmuch, my dear Mrs Danton: I fear your kind motherly heart may get the better of your wise head, you seem so fond of my interesting charge.' He added more impressively, placing his hand on her arm, to arrest attention—'I need not remind you of the peculiar and delicate position in which I am placed as guardian to this boy: my honour is concerned in his wellbeing. Man could give no higher proof of confidence in another's integrity than my deceased brother-in-law did, by committing his son to the sole care of one whose own hopes are

completely frustrated by that son's existence—an existence rendered doubly precious to me in consequence.'

Meekly, and with downcast eyes, Mrs Danton listened to Lord St Just, assuring him in return that she fully entered into and comprehended his feelings, and that she was devoted to his interests and to Lady Marjory's.

'I do not think the Earl of Mertoun will live to be reared,' whispered Mrs Danton to me in a careless way as we sat at our embroidery: 'I have hinted as much to your papa. Of course we are all *very* anxious for the child's welfare.' I looked up from my work, and met her eyes. What did I see there to rivet my gaze?—an inquiring mysterious expression, which seemed to say, 'Do you understand me?' But I did not understand her, and simply replied, 'Yes, indeed we are; for it would be very sad for papa if anything went wrong with Cecil.'

'Very sad for Lord St Just if anything went wrong with Cecil,' she repeated slowly and musingly. 'Yes, yes, certainly it would; but not if the boy died a natural death, or even by a *natural accident*.' Her voice sounded so hollow and unnatural as she said this, that, amazed, I exclaimed, 'By *accident*, Mrs Danton! Heaven forbid such a dire misfortune should befall us! Why do you frighten me so?'

'I have no intention to frighten you, Lady Marjory,' she answered quietly; 'I merely spoke a passing thought—spoke of a possibility, not of a probability: accidents *do* sometimes happen, you know,' she continued; looking at me with a smile so full of dark meaning, that, scared and bewildered, the work fell from my hands as I tremblingly cried, 'Why do you speak in this manner, Mrs Danton? Have you any forebodings or apprehensions for the child's safety?'

'Ah, you know I am not superstitious, though I humour old Fibsey's nonsense; and as to apprehensions, life is uncertain to us all. Sickness or accident may remove this impediment from your path, and you still may inherit your rights, Lady Marjory—for rights I must ever consider them, though so cruelly set aside.'

She said this in her softest, blandest manner, keeping her eyes fastened on the embroidery before her; while I—almost alarmed at the ideas she had put into my head, and shrinking from them as they would return again and again—endeavoured to speak carelessly, but my voice faltered—'I think we ought not to contemplate the possibility of this child's removal, my dear friend: it seems dishonourable and cruel-minded to do so.'

She shrugged her shoulders, saying, 'You have been dishonourably and cruelly dealt by, Lady Marjory; nor can you help contemplating the possibility of that which I allude to, despite your efforts to the contrary.'

Her words rang in my ears when I was alone—'despite my efforts to the contrary,' creating painful disturbance in my mind. My hopes of worldly distinction and power, my ambitious schemes and vain projects, had all been dashed aside and annihilated; and now, when the first faint whisper was heard of another hope springing up, I had not strength to close my ears to the voice of the charmer, but permitted my thoughts to wander on the verge of that boundary-line which conscience—that sure monitor!—pro-

claimed with its 'still small voice' might not be passed without iniquity. These thoughts suggested—'The child *may* die; but I am sure I hope not.' Yes, I added the latter sentence; but the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all created things, and did I deceive myself when I believed that I actually felt that hope?

Mrs Danton by degrees drew me on to discuss these waking dreams, until I became inured to them; they were but dreams, she said; and there was no harm in building castles in the air, which could not injure a mortal creature. So we gradually and imperceptibly fell into a strain of conversation which appeared quite natural and proper, as we hinted no wishes, but canvassed what 'might be;' yet 'pretty Countess May' fell on my ear with a harsh, grating sound, as in playful mood Mrs Danton once more mimicked poor old Fibsey's almost forgotten pet epithet.

Of late, Mrs Danton had carried on a constant correspondence with her relatives in Spain, informing us that she expected her brothers, Don Guzman and Don Felix d'Aguilar, to visit the English shores immediately: they were cruising in a pleasure yacht, and intended to touch at a place on the coast which was distant from Edenside about fifty miles across the country.

'They are persuading me to join them there,' said Mrs Danton, 'for it is some years since we met; and if Lord St Just, and you, Lady Marjory, can dispense with my stupid society for a week or two, I shall crave permission to go? I dote on the water, and it is just the season for enjoying those charming excursions which my brothers promise me.'

Of course we said all that was kind on the occasion, my dear father adding many gullant speeches, and remarking that he did not know what would become of little Cecil during 'Mamma Danton's' absence.

'By the by,' said Mrs Danton, as if struck by a sudden thought, 'it would do the darling a great deal of good to have some bracing sea dips; and if you will intrust him to me, Lord St Just, I shall be proud and delighted to take the dear boy with me.'

'But your brothers, my dear madam,' replied my father in a hesitating manner, yet looking pleased at the proposal; 'they may not like the presence of a spoiled child?'

'Oh, they will do whatever I bid them,' answered Mrs Danton laughingly; 'so we must consider it settled; and the earl accompanies me, together with his nurse.' The nurse was a sturdy peasant girl.

'May we not hope to see your brothers at Edenside, Mrs Danton?' said my father: 'we can promise them a cordial welcome, though I fear we are unprepared to do honour to noble guests, so far as exteriors are concerned.' Mrs Danton gracefully acknowledged the courtesy: there was a proud humility and sadness about Lord St Just whenever he alluded to his poverty. Then—— I always hated my uncle's memory and my uncle's son, and Mrs Danton read my inmost soul, and knew I did.

'Lady Marjory,' she whispered, 'be comforted—the child is going with me.'

Good Heavens! my blood curdled at her voice and manner. Was I mad? What did she mean to insinuate? Dared I ask her? No! I could not bring my tongue to frame a sentence. I must be a very wretch myself to suspect another of evil designs, and that other the gentle Mrs Danton!

'Away with these detestable suspicions,' I cried, 'or I shall go mad in reality: yet how her eyes haunt me—they imply more than tongue can express!' Fever was in my blood—I was miserable. I longed to fly to Barley Wood, and confide my feelings to Mrs Edmondstone and Basil. But what had I to confide? Mrs Danton, they knew, was anxious about the child's health for my father's sake, and she kindly proposed taking him with her to R—for change of air and sea-bathing: *they* had not seen her looks or heard her voice, and how *dared* I hint my foul suspicions? I loathed myself, and began to doubt my sanity.

On the evening previous to Mrs Danton's departure, which was to take place at an early hour, in the morning, in order to perform the fifty miles' journey by easy stages for the child's sake, she joined me in the corridor, where I was pacing to and fro in the streaming moonlight.

'I fear you are not well, my dearest,' she said caressingly, passing her arm round me; 'you appear feverish and restless.'

'Oh, Mrs Danton,' I exclaimed, flinging myself on a settee, and burying my face in my hands, 'God knows what ails me; but I am haunted by horrid fancies which I cannot name—it is as if a demon had taken up his abode in my bosom!'

'You must take a composing draught, dear Lady Marjory,' she replied, 'and you will no doubt be quite well in the morning.' I know not what impulse caused me to kneel down beside her and crave forgiveness. 'Forgiveness!—for what?' she exclaimed: 'your looks are wild, dear Lady Marjory; what have I to forgive in you?'

'Injurious thoughts. Oh ask me no more; I dare not name them; but promise——promise me to guard and watch over my uncle's son with fidelity and truth!'

It was her turn now to gaze with wild amazement on me, as with passionate emphasis she cried, 'Your acting is excellent, Lady Marjory St Just; but wherefore waste it on me? Why not reserve your strength for future emergencies, when the audience may be worthy of such display?'

So saying, she left me kneeling in the moonlight, pressing my hands on my throbbing temples, stupified and tearless. What had I done or said? Had I insulted Mrs Danton? Did she guess the thoughts that were swiftly passing through my mind, and abhor me for them? The wailing winds were sweeping round the gables, and waving the dark tree-tops like funereal plumes, seeming to my excited imagination as if innumerable wings were swiftly rushing past—good and guardian angels forsaking Edenside!

V.

Nights of delirium and days of exhaustion succeeded Mrs Danton's departure; Fibsey saw that I was ill, and plainly told me it was the sickness of the mind, urging me to confide my grief to her who had nurtured me from my birth, and received me from my dying mother's arms.

'Oh, Fibsey,' I cried, 'would that I dare tell you my misery—I comprehend it not myself. It seems as if some baneful unseen influence was

coiled around me, and that what I would not, that I think. Fibsey, did you ever hear there was madness in our family? Perhaps I am the victim of insanity.'

Tenderly and assiduously Fibsey sought to allay my fears, assuring me that the St Justs had always been considered a peculiarly sensible and well-conducted race; and that the shock and disappointment I had sustained on my uncle's death were quite sufficient to account for this derangement of my nervous system. Yes, that was it doubtless. I snatched at the idea: it was my nerves that were disordered; and Mrs Edmondstone, who came to Edenside, agreed with Fibsey, commiserating my pallid looks and wretched condition.

Racked nerves accounted for these morbid fancies and baleful visions when sleep brought no refreshment; but still—still, oh I was cunning, as mad people often are, and I knew it. I never hinted that it was the child's absence with Mrs Danton that worked upon me now; I never told them how I yearned to clasp him to my bosom, and hold him there in safety for evermore.

In Mrs Danton's letters she dwelt on the exhilarating enjoyment of their sea expeditions, when little Cecil, with his nurse, always accompanied them. At length she wrote that Don Guzman had sailed for Cadiz in his yacht, being suddenly summoned on urgent business. 'He left us this morning, but Felix remains here for the present; and as the day is calm, is waiting to row the earl and myself on the sunny sea, an exercise in which he delights. Unfortunately Fanny (the nurse) has a lethargic sick headache, which confines her to bed, consequently the charge of the dear boy devolves on me, and his spirits are so wildly exuberant, that he requires unceasing care and watchfulness, for if he fell overboard, I certainly should fling myself after him. Excuse this haste. I see the green speck on the waste of waters which is to bear so precious a freight. Felix is impatient: oars in hand. Adieu.'

What was there in this letter to account for my paroxysms of agony? The climax had come, and I was raving! I flew to my father: I told him that I had received a letter from Mrs Danton, which made me desirous of setting off instantly to join her; and when he expressed surprise, I told him that I could not bear to be separated from Mrs Danton, and that loneliness made me fearfully nervous. The good, guileless man said this was quite natural, that Edenside was dull for me, poor thing! And when I gave him Mrs Danton's epistle to read (I was impelled to do so by an impulse I could not resist), he continued—'Good creature! yes, I'm sure she would risk her own life to save the dear boy's: he is safe enough beneath her fostering wings. But it is unfortunate Fanny should be ill—such a strong blooming lass too! However, my darling girl, your wishes shall not be thwarted. I will myself accompany you as soon as you can get ready.'

'I am ready this moment, papa,' I exclaimed; 'I must go at once. Do you not see that Mrs Danton does not ask me to join her? It may not be agreeable, but I cannot help that. Let me go alone with Fibsey—I must not tear you from your quiet home, papa, dear, and I shall soon return well and strong again.'

These, and many more such representations, were needed ere my father gave his consent to my departure: but he was averse to quitting Eden-

side even for a day, and it would have proved a heavy punishment had he been compelled to sojourn at a watering-place, so that he was easily persuaded to forego the journey; and seeing my feverish restlessness increase, his permission at length was won.

Fibsey, indeed, had privately told my father that immediate change of scene and air would prove the best restorative, to say nothing of Mrs Danton's cheerful company. How far her own anticipations of a pleasant trip had to do with this sage advice I know not. We started the next day, intending to halt but once for rest and refreshment at a small roadside inn (the hostess of which was a gossip of Fibsey's) about twenty miles from the coast. Here we alighted: yes, I remember alighting, entering a parlour, and finding myself in Mrs Danton's arms. She looked pale and agitated, while Fanny sat cowering and weeping in a corner. They were on their way to Edenside, and had halted for the same purpose that we had. I looked hurriedly round, and my head swam. Where was the infant earl? '*Where?*' I screamed.

'Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory,' said Mrs Danton. Surely her eyes shot forth sparks of fire as I encountered their glare, her voice seeming to issue from a subterraneous cavern as she repeated, 'Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory. Pity me, not the child, who has gone to join his kindred angels. He sleeps in twenty-fathom water! Pity me: how am I to face Lord St Just?'

Nothing more—nothing more I heard or saw. Years seemed to pass, and in those years haunting demon eyes surrounded me on every side, shrieking voices screamed in my ears words of fiendish horror, while whispers more terrible and distinct in their import sounded close—close to my face like fiery breaths passing over it! A life—a long life was to come of chaotic and impenetrable blackness. Ages rolled on. I was borne along on sluggish rivers, slimy hands pressing me down beneath the surface! When I struggled, choking, the roar of ocean surges and the screams of a child mingled with everything!

Weeks, they said, I had lain at the roadside inn unable to be moved, tended night and day by Mrs Danton, assisted by Fibsey; and when I opened my eyes to gaze forth on the earth again, it was with such feeble perception, body and mind being both utterly shattered and prostrated, that I was as a helpless infant in the hands of my attendants.

Even when they carried me to Edenside—and I found that my home was desolate, and that I was an orphan—not a tear flowed, not a sigh escaped, merely a dim consciousness of overwhelming affliction pressed crushingly on my heart. Afterwards I knew the catastrophe of his sudden end—it was the disastrous blow which struck my father down. He accused himself of having permitted the precious child to leave his roof; his honour was tarnished, though he never cast a shadow of blame on Mrs Danton, who, he was told, had only been withheld by her brother from seeking a watery grave. The unfortunate boy, in unmanageable spirits, during a sudden squall, when the boat was difficult to manage, had been plunged into eternity. My father listened to the dismal tale, spoke but little, and a fit terminated his career of sorrow.

Gradually I awoke to realities at Edenside: Mrs Danton never quitted me—to her care I owed my life; in the ravings of delirium she had

smoothed my pillow, and now in the weakness of my utter prostration she watched over me as a mother watches a babe—exercising all her powers to soothe and solace, to fascinate and charm me.

I met the tender gaze of her soft eyes—and how could I have fancied they were ever fierce and passionate? Ah, it must have been a dream of fever! Her sweet voice sounded like subdued music, and yet—yet a serpent's folds seemed inextricably coiled around me; and when I impotently struggled to be free, they twined more firmly. I never questioned her. I was passive in her hands, and did whatever she bade me: she prohibited my seeing Mrs Edmondstone until I became stronger, the medical men enjoining perfect repose. When they addressed me as Countess of Mertoun, I felt an involuntary shudder convulse my frame. Mrs Danton noticed this—assuring me that time would work miracles, and reconcile me to the change.

I had formed determinations concerning the future, which I kept fast locked within the secret recesses of my inmost heart—saying to myself, 'I am too feeble yet; wait for a while, hapless Marjory!'

I went forth amid the birds and flowers again; and I gazed after the birds skimming the summer air afar off, wishing that I, too, had wings to flee away and be at rest.

As I grew stronger, Mrs Edmondstone was admitted to see me. I thought her manner cold and constrained, but all agitating topics were avoided. Mrs Danton was always present during these visits; and I observed that Mrs Edmondstone never looked at or addressed her, save when strict courtesy demanded it.

Another guest was now admitted at Edenside without my knowledge or permission—this was Don Felix d'Aguilar; and Mrs Danton seemed to view it as a matter of course that her brother should be almost domesticated beneath the same roof with her. I was hers—yes—*hers!* She claimed me by a silent, mysterious influence—as if I had invoked a Zaniel—ever ready to envelop me in the shadowy folds of a mantle of blackness.

I had seen pictures of Spanish brigands, and I thought that Mrs Danton's brother resembled one of these; but his manners were pleasing, though his appearance was fierce. It was by very slow degrees that his evident desire to please assumed the form of an assiduity which became offensive; nor was it possible for me to mistake the meaning of his attentions. Despite continued repulse on my part, the persecutions of Don Felix increased to such an unbearable extent, that, notwithstanding my weak state, I saw it was imperative that I summoned up courage to speak explicitly to Mrs Danton, and remonstrate with her, if necessary, on the annoyance her brother's presence caused me.

'My brother loves you, Lady Marjory,' she replied in answer to my mild representations: 'he woos you for his wife. Nor will you be degraded by union with a D'Aguilar, for our blood is more ancient than your own.'

'But it is impossible, Mrs Danton,' I exclaimed with more spirit than I had yet had the power to evince—'it is impossible that now, or at any future time, I can listen to your brother's addresses; and let me hope that,

after this explanation, I may be released from further persecution. My decision is unalterable; and you will oblige me by requesting your brother not to intrude upon me again.'

I had been led to speak thus by the provoking smile of insolence which distorted Mrs Danton's beauty: yes, absolutely distorted it. She looked a bold, designing, revengeful woman.

'This to *me*?' she cried in an angry, taunting voice; 'this to *me*? Is *this* your gratitude? Do you dare to brave me?'

'I understand you not, Mrs Danton,' my voice faltered; 'and I would fain hope that I am deeply grateful for your care during my long sickness, though I cannot see how even that may warrant your using such singular language.'

'I have witnessed your excellent acting more than once, Lady Marjory; or I should say, with all due deference, Countess of Mertoun!' Here she curtsied ironically.

'Oh, would to Heaven,' I cried, 'that the hated title were not mine!'

'You are a little too late in your wishes,' she continued in her former strain. 'You thought rather differently previous to my going to the coast.'

'Say not so, Mrs Danton; oh say not so, if you hope for mercy hereafter, or I shall be mad again! What you hint at is too frightful for me to contemplate, and live.'

'And yet you did not think it too frightful for me to do, Marjory St Just. You are young to be so consummate a hypocrite and deceiver!'

Her voice hissed in my ear, and I remembered the fiery breath that had fanned my cheeks when I lay in the roadside inn, when raging fever scorched my veins. Was delirium returning again, with the horrible visions of the past?

'Mrs Danton'—I spoke with unnatural calmness; I staked my all on her answer—'what dark deed do you allude to which you infer I was cognisant of?'

'Oh, this is too—too much!' She laughed wildly, as with the gestures of a fury she screamed, 'I *infer* nothing, but I affirm that you *wished* for the child's death, and I claim the price of his life at your hands: deny it on your peril! Consent to be the wife of Don Felix d'Aguilar, and your share in this deed—your share by abetting and consenting—shall be hushed up for ever. Refuse, and I will brand you to the world—to Basil Edmondstone. Ay, you may start, for I know your heart's secret—even to my own destruction! We will perish together. Think you to pass free—think you to escape—with such a debt as this between us? Remember, ere you decide, that revenge is sweet when love has flown.'

I knelt in abject misery before Mrs Danton, though a mist and gathering darkness seemed closing around me. I knelt, imploring her to recall those dreadful words: not to save me from exposure to the world and to Basil Edmondstone, for I was ready to swear that I would never see him more, if she would but express her belief that I had not wished the death of the innocent child by unfair means.

'Pay the price of his life,' she cried vehemently, 'and I will say whatever you desire, and *endeavour* to believe you!'

'Never! I deny the debt, and repel the charge with detestation,' I exclaimed, the proud, determined spirit of my ancestors swelling and boiling in my outraged, breaking heart. But, alas! my steps tottered, the room swam round, and my weakened frame lost a sense of mortal sorrow in the oblivion of long-continued insensibility.

VI.

For days succeeding this scene with Mrs Danton I was sensible of being closely watched, and literally a prisoner in my own house. Fibsey attended upon me, but she looked scared and bewildered, spoke little, and avoided entering into conversation. It is true that she was always accompanied by Mrs Danton, who had evidently regained all her former influence over the old woman, doubtless by humouring her prejudices and foibles; for Fibsey, despite an affectionate nature, was often obstinate and domineering. Mrs Danton treated me as a petted child, coaxing and caressing; but I quailed beneath her eye, and when I clung to my ancient nurse, intreating her not to leave or forsake me, but to send for Mrs Edmondstone, she looked appealingly at my tyrant, who whispered something in her ear, and turned to me with an authoritative air, oddly mingled with a show of tenderness—a show, indeed, for I read hate and revenge in the expression of her countenance.

How inexplicable was my situation! What did it portend? Was I mad, and were they treating me as a lunatic? Never left alone; watched night and day; and even my dear old nurse leagued against me! Those resolutions for the guidance of my future conduct which I had formed in the solitude of a sick chamber when too feeble to express them resolutely, I determined now to impart to Mrs Danton in Fibsey's presence: they might free from persecution, and relieve me from Don Felix's hated addresses. That evening, as Mrs Danton sat beside me, Fibsey busying herself about the apartment, I opened the subject by commencing—'I have long wished to speak with you, Mrs Danton, on a painful topic from which I shrink; nevertheless, I must delay no longer informing you of my unalterable decisions respecting the future. I am utterly careless of the constructions that may be placed on my conduct, for this misery is greater than I can bear.'

'And what may be your sage resolves?' said Mrs Danton with a pitying smile of contempt.

'Never to assume the hated title which my uncle's son inherited—never to touch the fatal wealth! To cast it from me as I would cast the wages of iniquity, and in poverty, reproach, and humiliation, to lead a life of self-subjection; for I have tampered with guilt—not the black guilt which you impute to me—but that which is more shadowy, and more leniently viewed by the world—the guilt of contemplating with satisfaction the possibility of the unfortunate boy's accidental decease. Oh, Mrs Danton, say you have trifled with me; say that his end *was* accidental—that he fell not a victim by your contrivance and at my suggestion! Spare me, spare me, or take my life too; for reason is nearly unseated!'

I tried in vain to check the hysterical paroxysms that gained the mastery, and I thrust their proffered services away with violence. Then I overheard Mrs Danton whisper to Fibsey, 'I fear we cannot hush up the matter much longer; she is becoming worse, and we must call in help.' I saw Fibsey shake her head, and I essayed to speak calmly, but my struggles nearly choked me.

'Fibsey, Fibsey, what does all this mean? I am not ill—I am not mad; but you will make me so! Send for Mrs Edmondstone. Who dares prevent it?'

Mrs Danton exchanged a look of concern with my nurse: to me that look conveyed a plot of deep-laid villany and daring on her part, and I saw that she had belied me to my old attendant. Suddenly my resolve was formed; I became passive, and received Mrs Danton's farewell for the night, she bending over me, and hissing in my ear, 'To-morrow, Lady Marjory St Just, you and I must come to an understanding.' Aloud she added—'Pleasant dreams, Countess May!'

Fibsey slept in an adjoining closet which communicated with my apartment, the door being left open. I refused the night-potion, saying I felt drowsy without it, and closing my eyes, as if asleep. Very soon I heard indubitable signs that Fibsey was in a deep slumber, and soon after the midnight chimes, I rose, threw on my clothes, and a large warm cloak and hood which amply protected me. The key of my chamber door was in Fibsey's pocket, which, with the rest of her apparel, lay by her bedside: tremblingly I extracted it, applied it to the key-hole, and stood in the corridor, where the moonlight streamed in as it had done on that well-remembered night previous to Mrs Danton's departure for the coast. All was still, yet my poor heart throbbed almost to suffocation: here, in my own house, to be stealing out like a criminal, it was verily strange and dreadful! I had but one overpowering desire—to reach Barley Wood, to throw myself on the protection of those dear friends, and to unravel or break the meshes of that detestable web which was closing around me like the grave.

I gained the garden entrance at the end of the corridor, and succeeded in unfastening the door. Mrs Danton's room was at the other end, and I did not fear that she would detect the noise. I sprang down the steps—across the greensward, glistening in the cold moonlight with heavy dew; I threaded my way among the well-known but intricate paths and defiles—passed the shrubbery—down towards the valley and the streams—through the wicket-gate—out into the open pastures: there I stood alone—Barley Wood ten miles off, my weak frame tottering, but my spirit brave. 'Onward, onward, or death!' I cried. I have no clear idea how I gained a small farmhouse, distant about a mile and a-half. Farmer Aston, the proprietor, had loved and respected my father, who on more than one occasion had befriended him in times of need. I succeeded in gaining admittance, and in persuading the farmer to drive me in his covered cart to the spot I yearned to reach. I made Dame Aston comprehend that I was flying from persecution and despair, though she glanced at her goodman with a puzzled air, as he dubiously shook his gray head, and hinted that I had best return to Edenside.

'No, no!' I cried: 'if you will not have pity on me, I must toil on on

foot; but I *must* reach Barley Wood ere daylight dawns; and *can* you do wrong, Farmer Aston, in conveying me to the good Mrs Edmondstone?’

‘Nay, nay, I doan’t think I can, your ladyship, though my missis and I be sore grieved to see ye in such a plight like. But I’ll put to Dobbin, and carry ye over to the minister’s in less nor an hour.’

I bade him go to Edenside on his return, and tell Fibley that I had sought refuge with Mrs Edmondstone; for notwithstanding her late singular behaviour, I knew how agonized the old soul would be when she awoke and found her caged bird flown.

I gained the blessed haven - I nestled in my early friend’s bosom. Basil held my hand, and in a torrent of wild incoherent words I discharged my bosom’s load. Passionate floods of tears came to my relief, relieving the overcharged brain, and assisting to clear my clouded apprehension. I was sensible they did not loathe me; they believed me innocent; and I sank to rest in Mrs Edmondstone’s arms, and slept like a wearied infant. I had heard Basil say, ‘We will talk over these distressing matters in the morning, my dear Lady Marjory; but be comforted—put your trust in Him from whose scrutiny nothing is hid.’

In the morning I recapitulated to Basil and his mother all that had taken place: I made a full confession of the past: of my own weakness and culpability in harbouring thoughts of ‘possibilities,’ suggested by Mrs Danton; of the horrible suspicions she had awakened by her tone of voice and looks, and of my shame to breathe these foul suspicions to any human creature; of the frenzy her letter from the coast wrought in me—all the rest they knew—attributing my illness to the sudden shock. But one circumstance had impressed them strongly against Mrs Danton, which was this: Fanny, the deceased child’s nurse, now a domestic at Barley Wood, having partially recovered from her attack of lethargic headache (which she persisted was ‘a very odd one’), unexpectedly entered the apartment where Mrs Danton and Don Felix d’Aguilar were closeted on their return from that fatal excursion. Fanny had not learned the disaster, but she heard them laughing and talking, and sought the little earl. Mrs Danton, whose back was towards the entrance of the apartment, indulged in prolonged bursts of merriment, mimicking some absent individual (Fanny declared it was me), until a sign from Don Felix caused her to look round; when, on seeing Fanny, she assumed a grave countenance, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. But it was too late: the panic-struck girl listened with dismay to the sad tale of the child’s accident and loss, but she shrank from Mrs Danton with ill-concealed disgust.

This was the occasion of Mrs Edmondstone’s marked coldness to that lady at Edenside; for a suspicion of the reality had never crossed her pure mind. ‘Basil, my dear,’ she said, ‘can you not fathom Mrs Danton’s motives for committing this crime—was it not to secure Lady Marjory’s hand and fortune for her brother, by terrifying her into compliance if all other means failed?’

‘That was one of her motives assuredly, mother,’ he replied thoughtfully. Hereafter I drew from Basil an elucidation of another motive which had influenced this beautiful fiend.

I impressed upon these dear friends my resolution of never profiting by

the child's death—of never claiming the title or property. I told them that peace of mind had flown for ever; that Mrs Danton's belief in my guilt embittered existence; and that I must live a prey to remorse.

'Lady Marjory, she does not believe that you are guilty of aiding or abetting her in this crime of darkness,' said Basil Edmondstone; 'but she affirms it in order to obtain a hold and mastery over your actions. I perfectly agree with you in the noble resolution you have formed as to the title and its adjuncts, and I advise that immediate steps should be taken as to the necessary disposal of these affairs. I will also instantly depart for Edenside, tax Mrs Danton and her brother with the crime she has boldly confessed to you, and deliver them up, if needs be, to the hand of justice.'

'But remember, Basil, my dear,' said his mother, 'that we have no proof. She may deny her own words; and besides, what a situation it would place Lady Marjory in if the wretched woman accuses her publicly of consenting to it!'

'Alas! mother, I see it all,' sighed Basil. 'What a mesh of entanglement! Nevertheless, we must walk in the plain honest path, and leave the rest in His hands who will not suffer the innocent to be wronged.'

'But you must not go to Edenside,' I cried in alarm.

'Wherefore?' replied Basil in astonishment. 'What else remains to do?'

'Oh I am afraid of that fierce, desperate man: he may insult you, Basil; and then'—

'Then what?' said Basil smiling, as he tenderly took my hand. 'Do you forget that I am a man of peace—my office, my garb— His insults, Lady Marjory, will glance off the armour I wear without injury to me.'

He spoke with gentle dignity, and I felt reassured, though I had betrayed more than a prudent maiden would willingly have done as to the state of my affections. This was not the time to speak or dream of love, yet there was a softness in Basil's eye, and a tenderness in his voice, to which I had been long a stranger.

Farmer Anson had seen Fibsey, according to his promise; but when Mrs Danton heard of my escape, her rage knew no bounds, and she accused Fibsey of neglect, who in her turn began to suspect that her credulity was imposed on, and her young mistress ill-treated. Mrs Danton had told my nurse that I had tempted her by bribes to remove the impediment; but that she, the gentle Mrs Danton! had rejected them with scorn, and had taken the boy with her out of harm's way. She made Fibsey believe that I was insane, for that I actually accused her of the deed, which I myself had originally suggested, but which the interposition of an Almighty hand had decided in the way already known. She promised Fibsey never to divulge my premeditated guilt, and impressed upon her the necessity of not calling in a witness. Poor old foolish Fibsey! she believed me mad—not guilty; and self reproaches shortened her days when she found that Madam Danton had deceived her. 'But she had such winning ways,' quoth Fibsey, 'that she most made one believe black was white, if she had a mind.' And in this, alas! I was able too fully to corroborate my nurse.

But she had flown from Edenside with her brother Don Felix hours

previous to the arrival of Basil Edmondstone. Every means was used to trace the fugitives, but without success, and the affairs were speedily placed in competent hands. My existence being so little known beyond the retired precincts of my home, curiosity was not aroused, save in the distant heir who so unexpectedly succeeded to the property, and the wary lawyers who were engaged in transferring it.

I was eventually the affianced bride of Basil Edmondstone. Long, long I had combated with my own heart, and refused to listen to his addresses, until the foul aspersion cast upon me by Mrs Danton was cleared away. 'And how can that ever be hoped for?' said Basil; 'in all human probability you will never hear of her again, and would you sacrifice my happiness, Marjory, to a false notion of honour? Do not I know your purity and innocence? If you wait to become my bride until Inez Danton does you justice, you may wait in vain. Marjory, she is a disappointed and a revengeful woman!' And then he told me a tale which caused my cheeks to tingle, and my eyes to seek the ground—a tale he never would have betrayed to mortal man or woman save to her about to become his wife.

Mrs Danton had confessed her love for him unasked. She had flung herself in his way, and passionately sought him. Need it be added, that not her excessive beauty, talents, or fascinations, had power to touch a heart like Basil Edmondstone's, when modesty, that first and sweetest charm of woman, was wanting. He mildly repulsed her, but decisively; and he told me (blessed assurance!) that my image at the moment reigned in his bosom, and forbade the entrance of another, even if that other had been everything he could have loved. I returned to Edenside, to complete final arrangements prior to quitting it for ever, and taking up my rest at Barley Wood as the pastor's helpmeet—sweet title!—blessed hope! Yet I was not happy; for though I tried to be convinced by Basil's arguments that Mrs Danton did not in her secret heart attribute consent to me, yet to recall that precious child to life again I would willingly have renounced my most cherished hopes.

VII.

Happy? oh far from it! I was not even tranquil. The storm in which my young life had been passed had swept by; but the surges it had left still rose black, and dreary, and ominous around me. Was it possible that a fault like mine could be so atoned? Were we really at that conclusion of the history in which it was said, in the fairy tales, I loved when a girl, 'and then they lived happy all the rest of their lives?' I could not believe it—at least never when alone. When Basil left my side, with love on his lips, and hope and heaven in his eye, I looked strangely after him; and then, turning round, I gazed as if expecting to see a phantom. I wondered what was to come next, and whence it was to come. I felt as if it was a denying of Providence to suppose that the end had already arrived.

This idea more especially beset me at night. Often have I sat up in my solitary bed to listen for what was to come; to try to penetrate the dark-

ness that surrounded me like fate. In the daytime, when Basil was not with me, I went about like one in a dream; and when anybody talked to me of my approaching happiness, I stared with a wondering and incredulous look. This, it may be said, was the remains of my fever—an affection of the nerves! It was an affection of the conscience; it was an instinct of faith; it was the heart's secret acknowledgment of a just, awful, and mysterious God.

Some evenings I was alone, for Basil's time was always at the command of the distressed and the dying, and on such occasions I loved to saunter along my favourite path, bounded on one side by a solemn pine wood. One evening the twilight was more than usually beautiful, and I looked, in passing, with more than usual admiration down the vistas formed here and there by the trees, where the dim religious light faded away into impenetrable gloom. At this hour the picture was rarely enlivened by the human figure; but on the occasion I refer to, some belated wanderer appeared to be threading the paths of the wood, for I saw, although only for an instant, a woman appearing, and then vanishing among the trees. It was a feature of the picturesque which in another frame of mind would have interested me, but just now I felt disturbed, as if by an intrusion. I suddenly found that the gloom had increased, and that there was a chillness in the air which warned me to return; and retracing my steps, I hastened home.

'Has anything alarmed you?' said Mrs Edmondstone.

'No, nothing.'

'Did you meet any one in your walk?'

'No one: the only person I saw was a woman coming out of the wood.'

'You look pale, my love: you should go to bed and rest: the early morning would be a more cheerful time for your solitary walks.'

I did go to bed. I had not seen Basil for many hours, and perhaps that made me more uncomfortable than usual; but I remember my last waking thought was—I wonder what is to come? Yet my eyelids were heavy, and I slept soon. I know not of what I dreamed, or if I dreamed at all; but in the middle of the night I awoke suddenly, and sat up in my bed. What fantastic tricks are played by the imagination! The belated figure which I had seen only distinctly enough to recognise it as that of a female, was now before my mind's eye, and it was associated, nay, identified, with that of her who had caused the unhappiness of my life! The figure, which I had forgotten before I went to bed, now haunted me after my sleep was over; and the solemn wood, the dim vista among the trees, and the flitting female, were before me till night and its spectral show were dissolved in the dawn.

The next evening I was again alone, and I was glad of it. This, however, I tried to conceal from myself, for I was ashamed of the sickly fancies that had beset me. I set out, nevertheless, on my lonely walk, skirting the pine wood anew, examining anxiously every vista I passed, and coming to a dead pause at the one where I had turned back the evening before. I looked down the natural alley of trees, their branches meeting at the top like the arches of a cathedral, and the dim light fading slowly away in the gloom beyond. I felt awed, and yet firm; and when a figure emerged from the farther darkness like a spirit, and glided slowly up that solemn

aisle, I stood still and self-possessed, as if I had come by appointment to hear its errand.

As it approached, I wondered how it was that my eyes had not recognised at a glance the truth which my heart felt by instinct; how ~~the~~ figure should have impressed itself slightly and dimly, like an indifferent thing, upon my memory, and have there burned, and deepened, and blackened, like hot iron! There was no mistaking that noiseless footfall, that gentle carriage, that graceful form; and long before her slow step brought her to me, I was prepared to see, to hear, to confront *l'nez* Danton. She was shrouded in a long black cloak, the hood of which concealed her face; and so silently and shadow-like did she glide along the path, that I might have supposed her to be a messenger from the dead.

She threw back her hood, and I was startled by the alteration in her appearance. Her eyes were hollow and sunken, her cheeks emaciated and sallow; excessive mental suffering, and the struggles of passion, were impressed indelibly on every lineament of her face. Perhaps it was weakness on my part, but I had loved her once, and I was touched by these traces of sorrow and misery.

'You pity me, Lady Marjory?' said she.

'I do, from my heart.'

'You find me changed?'

'Oh yes.'

'And you?—are *you* happy?' I recoiled from the hissing tone with which she spoke these words.

'You know,' she continued, 'you are about to be married to Basil Edmondstone. Is not that happiness? Is there anything in this world for which you would exchange such a fate? Come, bethink yourself, for impossibility is a fable. Is there anything in existence—any boon so vast, so unheard of—as to buy back your plighted hand?'

'This is futile, Mrs Danton!' I cried in some alarm, my trepidation increasing each moment as I beheld her excitement. 'Let me warn you, that in case you are discovered, your person will be secured. Pass on your way, and suffer me to pass on mine—our paths are different for the future, believe me.'

'Not so far apart as you may imagine. Listen, Lady Marjory St Just!—Cecil, Earl of Mertoun, lives!'

'You are mocking me, Mrs Danton!' I cried in extreme terror. Her hand was on my arm, and her dark eyes flashed fire.

'Nay, I am not jesting or mocking, Lady Marjory,' she said in a grave, low voice; 'that child lives in health and safety, and I have come to tell you so.'

'Then you will restore him—then you will hear my blessings heaped on your head'— I had thrown myself on my knees before her, for I doubted not the truth of her asseveration: her tones and gestures bore the stamp of veracity. 'Oh wherefore have you played this cruel part, Mrs Danton? Why did you affirm his death, and hasten my poor father's end?' I scarcely knew what I said or did, the rush of mingled feelings was so tumultuous, banishing reason momentarily; but Mrs Danton quickly recalled my scattered intellects by sternly rejoicing— 'Heed not the past, Lady Marjory St Just—with the present you have

enough to do. The Earl of Mertoun *lives* I tell you. I transferred him to my brother's vessel, which hovered a few miles from the coast. Safe in the mountains of the Ronda the boy is concealed; but he shall be restored uninjured within a month from this day if you are willing to abide by the condition I propose. If not—her countenance grew, oh, so dark and dreadful—'his fate rest on your head—you will never see or hear of him more.'

'Name the condition: it must be hard indeed if I refuse compliance,' I uttered steadily, meeting her gaze as she slowly and deliberately said, 'You must swear, as I shall dictate, never to become the wife of Basil Edmondstone; and, moreover, never to reveal to mortal aught of what has now passed between us!'

My heart sank despairingly, but a glimpse of hope supported me. 'If the child really lives,' I cried, 'the hand of justice shall recover him.'

With a taunting laugh Mrs Danton exclaimed, 'Recovered from our mountain fastnesses! You know not what you say, Marjory St Just. My kin are bold, daring men, amenable to no laws, and a word from them seals the boy's doom. They demand a ransom; but the ransom is mine: it is that which I have named. And were you to offer me all the gold of the universe in exchange, I would fling it from me as worthless dross!'

Alas! I wished to gain time, for she was becoming impatient; and I murmured, 'How can I believe that you would abide by your part of the covenant were I to bind myself as you desire? And oh, Mrs Danton, wherefore do you exact so hard a compact?'

My heart whispered too well the wherefore.

With a glance of scorn she replied, 'First, unless my part of the condition be fulfilled within a month from this day, yours will be null and void—your oath cancelled. Believe me when the child Cecil stands before you in health and safety, and not till then. As to your other question'—her voice faltered, her head drooped—'let your own heart answer it.'

I was silent and undecided. She continued more vehemently, 'My time is short; decide, and we part for ever!'

Appeals, supplications were unavailing; she folded her arms, drew her cloak around her, and stepping slowly backward, coldly said, 'I give you five minutes more, Lady Marjory, to decide your own fate and the child's. Then farewell!'

She withdrew into the black shade of the trees as she spoke, and as she stood there mute and motionless, I *felt* that her eyes in their snake-like beauty were fixed upon mine, and I trembled half with terror, half with indignation. Was it reasonable to suppose that even a desperate woman would commit so horrible a deed as she hinted at, when it could no longer answer the slightest purpose? Might not her kinsmen be wrought upon by motives to which passion made her deaf? Would it be difficult to move even the government to interfere in circumstances involving the life of a grandee of the empire? Was I called upon, when such matter for hope existed, to give up the betrothed of my heart, and, setting aside my own feelings, to inflict upon him a blow so terrible? Such were the first reflections that chased each other across my brain; but by and by they were effaced by a

different and better train. My father—my dear father—seemed to stand before me in that cathedral gloom, fixing surprised and sorrowful eyes upon his child. It was he who had been murdered—not the youthful earl. He had died of the wound inflicted on his character, and had descended broken-hearted into a dishonoured grave. To accomplish what the sacrifice demanded of me was to purchase, he would have given every drop of blood in his body; and was I, the daughter of that noble spirit, to stand thus coolly calculating chances? Was it even a real sacrifice that was sought to be extorted? It would be impossible for me to enjoy a moment's happiness situated as I should be; and it was a fallacy, therefore, to say that I abandoned any by complying with Mrs Danton's terms. Since unhappiness was to be my lot in life, it would be more easily endured with peace of mind; and better even for Basil to suffer a thousand disappointments than marry a woman whose days would be passed in unavailing remorse. With these reflections there came that sense of guilt to which I have already alluded—the consciousness that I did not *deserve* the bliss to which I clung; and so fortified, ere the allotted five minutes had elapsed my decision was formed, and I bound myself by a solemn vow never to divulge what had passed, and to adhere to the other condition of the cruel ransom. Oh the wild exulting laugh that rang through the dark pine wood as, in promising to keep the compact, I added, by way, I suppose, of retaining some gleam of hope, 'Unless absolved by herself!'

Basil Edmondstone and I were parted for ever in this world.

'Farewell, Lady Marjory!' she said, 'you will receive due notice of the day when your presence is required at that point of the coast so fatal in your history; on that strand where the music of the sad sea waves shall chant the dirge of love!' Passionately she clasped her hands, as she added, 'Oh, fool! is *this* your love? Me, who would have lost my soul for him, he slighted and rejected; while you—tame, cold, passionless idiot—he loves; you, who give him up, for what?—for a child's worthless life! Basil Edmondstone loves you, Marjory St Just, and Inez Danton is revenged! Farewell! Yet one word more'—she lingered and spoke more softly, 'When he demands an explanation of the mystery surrounding you—when your heart yearns tenderly towards him, yet you reject his approaches—then, then remember Inez Danton, and in your own suffering picture hers!—But no; you cannot! Tell him that you have purchased peace of mind, and that his love is nothing in comparison with that!'

My wrung spirit struggled to be free, and I was wonderfully sustained, replying with a calmness which astonished myself, 'You are right, Mrs Danton; not even Basil Edmondstone's love may be placed in competition with that "peace which passeth all understanding"—a conscience lightened of a heavy burden—the "sunshine within" I was told of when a girl, but which as yet has shed but little illumination on my unhappy life.'

The memory of happy childhood's hours arose vividly before my excited imagination as I uttered the well-remembered words, and I was transported back to other days. I heard a voice retreating in the distance

exclaim—'Adieu, Lady Marjory; "Countess May" no longer!' The rocks and woods re-echoed the sound—'Countess May no longer!' and I stood alone, with the quiet stars looking down upon me. Was it an illusion of the senses, or had all this really happened? Was a load of care removed from off my heart, even while I was separated by an impassable barrier from him I loved? Yes, it was reality; for though bewildered and agitated, genial tears flowed forth, with supplications and thanksgiving to Him who had removed from me a great affliction. I supplicated for strength to bear my approaching trial—above all, praying earnestly for the fulfilment of Mrs Danton's promise. Yet I loved Basil Edmondstone as few in this world have ever loved; but he himself had warned me not to trust in my own strength, but to pray for strength from above—and who ever offered up such petitions in vain?

It were tedious to dwell on subsequent hours and days of suspense and weariness; of Basil's wounded heart when I postponed our marriage indefinitely, giving no reason, but intreating him not to judge me harshly, but to wait for coming events. He saw my restless anxiety, and he tenderly intreated me to confide my sorrows to him; then, then, Inez Danton, you were revenged indeed, as I silently turned away, though my full heart yearned to pour itself out at his feet. 'Remember your oath' seemed traced on the blue skies, and on the summer flowers; the birds of the air re-echoing and prolonging the admonition with a dismal wail.

The allotted month had nearly expired—but two days more remained—and my rebellious heart was so treacherous, that lurking hope actually found its way there, for truly the 'spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak.' Happy Marjory! Human love was strong, and conscience slumbered; but, praised be God, events are not in our own hands, and I received the promised missive, appointing the next day for the ratification of Mrs Danton's part of the contract. I set off to keep the fateful tryst alone, unknown to Basil Edmondstone, as I had stipulated. I stood on the beach, the waves curling and foaming at my feet, watching the approach of a small skiff which had put off from a foreign-looking barque in the offing. There were two persons in it, one of them a child. My heart throbbed to agony, the booming waters hymning a funereal dirge over buried love, as I clasped the restored boy wildly to my breast. I held him at arm's length; I contemplated his blooming beauty; the 'sunshine within' chased the dark shadows away, and the funereal dirge was changed to angel-songs of joy!

VIII.

It is easy to look back upon fifteen years, to recall the prominent features which stand distinctly forward, and to sum up those thousand trivial occurrences which, for pleasure or pain, constitute the aggregate of daily life. But were we desired to retrace our feelings step by step, to record minutely the joys or sorrows which have changed or warped our hearts, the task would be a difficult, nay, hopeless one. I might describe the delighted amazement of Mrs Edmondstone and Basil on my return to

Edenside with the dead restored to life; of the questions unanswered; of the painful mystery shrouding the transaction; and finally, the terrible ending of all, when I told Basil that I never could be his.

He never doubted my affection, and I was sustained by that belief: he trusted and believed me when I affirmed it was unchangeable, a fatal barrier interposing to prevent our union. His glance rested on the child; mine had done so involuntarily: I had no explanation to offer, but I earnestly assured him that, were such in my power, he would not condemn the course I had adopted. He divined somewhat very near the truth; but the exact truth was too wild and startling for imagination to conjure up distinctly; nor did he consent to the dissolution of our engagement without making strenuous efforts to fathom the mystery of my conduct. The struggles, the tortures I endured during that season of probation are indescribable; for Basil, noble and excellent in every respect, was but human, and it was a hard case for him; and when he complained in bitterness of spirit, I wept in silence and agony.

There was a strange, deep love springing up betwixt the child and myself. I could not bear him out of my sight; my eyes literally devoured him; while he returned my anxious care with a clinging tenderness and docility which made me often wonder how I could ever have hated such a fair and promising creature. No longer fractions or sickly, the sojourn among his Spanish captors had restored bloom to his rounded cheeks and strength to his symmetrical limbs: no longer pampered or spoiled, he was a brave, spirited, but obedient little fellow. They had truthfully shielded him from evil; and when I fondled his golden locks, and his bright blue eyes closed in happy slumbers, I bent over the cherub, remembering with a shudder Mrs Danton's dark threat in the pine wood. At those moments I forgot even Basil Edmondstone's disappointment.

Cecil became a ward in Chancery, though I, as next of kin, continued his natural guardian or 'nursing mother.' I pass over the unnecessary and troublesome details of the law, the identification of the heir, and complication of the affairs, whose settlement afforded much pleasant work for honourable brethren of the long robe. We continued to dwell at Edenside; but though a short ten miles from Barley Wood, Basil Edmondstone and I were as strangers and pilgrims in the world. We seldom met; for, loving each other as we did, it was hard to be something more than friends, and less than lovers! Yet Basil, by his superior judgment and well-timed advice, materially assisted in superintending the earl's education and pursuits, while the sweet boy's love for Basil almost rivalled that which he cherished for me.

Fifteen years! Yes, there were many tedious weeks and months in those years, despite the dearly-purchased peace of mind. To be so near, yet so far apart! to say cold, conventional 'how d'ye do's' and 'good-by's,' when we were one in heart—the secret between us unexplained! This state of things perhaps made the lines of time be more deeply traced on Basil's open brow, and the silver threads meander in my brown hair sooner than age demanded.

As to dear worthy Mrs Edmondstone, she was puzzled and provoked, and never fully forgave me; openly declaring, however, that 'that wretch, Mrs

Danton, was at the bottom of it all.' She endeavoured to make Basil's home a cheerful and happy one, and I doubt whether he would have been better off during those fifteen years had I been his wife; at least I once told him so, when he smiled and said, 'Tis easy to look back when we have attained the summit of our desires; but a steep road always in prospect makes it painful for the weary wayfarer to ascend.'

I heard from Mrs Edmondstone that Basil had departed for the metropolis on a hasty summons to attend the sick-bed of his former pupil Lord Morley, who was dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

A correspondence and firm friendship had continued between Lord Morley and Basil. Old Lady Morley was dead, but her son trod in his mother's steps—his public career and private fortune and time being devoted to the amelioration of human misery in all its varied forms. Lord Morley's recovery was tedious, and Basil having left a competent substitute at Barley Wood to discharge his ministerial duties, consented to remain another week with his friend, who thankfully deputed him as his almoner on many charitable errands. One of these was to seek out the abode of some destitute foreign exiles, victims of revolutionary violence, who had solicited aid in their extremity; officers of rank were among them, with their wives and children, perishing of cold and hunger in a strange land; unable to procure employment, but willing enough to toil at the meanest drudgery could they have found it. White slender hands were outstretched for food; and fairy feet, once scarce pressing the ground for 'very delicateness,' now bare and toil-worn.

In a close dingy alley, amid the intricacies of lanes near Leicester Square, Basil entered a confined tenement, ruinous from neglect, and ascending to the garrets, inquired for Captain T——. A woman pointed to a half-open door, at which Basil knocked, when a young man presented himself, whom the visitor rightly conjectured to be the individual he sought; for notwithstanding poverty, squalor, and untrimmed moustache and beard of many days' growth, the stamp of 'gentleman' was still distinguishable, as, gracefully bowing, he ushered Basil into the interior of the miserable apartment.

A dirty little child was crawling about on the floor, while from a bed in one corner, whose curtains were closed, the faint cry of an infant proceeded. They conversed in French, and the exile informed Basil that his wife was just confined of her second babe (they had only been married three years), and that, owing to privation, her situation was so critical, as to admit of no hope of her rallying from the fever which had attacked and nearly consumed its victim.

The gentleman appeared a mild, amiable person, and he assured Basil Edmondstone that his wife's ravings were frightful in the extreme: he feared that she had some painful secret pressing on her mind, and disturbing her last hours; and adding that she had been high-spirited and unbending when in health, Basil did not draw an inference favourable to the poor man's wedded felicity.

However, in Lord Morley's name, Basil requested that nothing might be left undone for the sufferer's immediate relief, so far as human aid could go.

He was still speaking, when a shriek issuing from the bed caused him to look round, and he saw the curtains withdrawn violently by the sick woman, who was leaning forward with eyes that shone like stars from out the deathly pallor of her face. She screamed rather than spoke—

'Whose voice is that? 'Tis his!—'tis his! Basil Edmondstone, come near, or you will be too late! I am dying—come near, or you will be too late!'

Basil approached, for even then, in that awful hour, changed, dying, he recognised Inez Danton. Her cheeks were hollow, and the rounded lines of youth were gone; but the hectic of fever lent an unearthly glow to the countenance, and the large wild eyes flung over the whole a perfect blaze of beauty. The shock of his sudden appearance seemed to have been too much for her feeble reason; incoherent exclamations succeeded the wanderings of delirium; but again she was calm, and more faintly ejaculated—'Come near, or it will be too late!' Basil bent over the bed.

'Has she kept her covenant with me? Are you married?' she continued.

'I know not what covenant you mean,' replied Basil mildly; 'and I am not married.'

'Is Lady Marjory St Just married?'

'No; she also remains single,' answered Basil.

'Do you still love each other?' said the dying woman, placing her thin hand on Basil's arm, and fixing her wild eyes on his.

'We do,' was the low but distinct reply.

Her eyes slowly fell, a spasm convulsed her face, and a strange expression struggled with the calming power of death. But these were only momentary. She raised her eyes once more; and while her features softened almost into a smile, she said—

'Then listen: tell her that she is absolved from her oath; that I release her; that she is free to confess all! Tell her that Inez Danton died a penitent; for oh, Basil, darkness is closing around me, and on the deathbed revenge and jealousy are obliterated and forgotten: mercy and forgiveness are all we care for!'

She never spoke coherently again; and ere morning light dawned, the once gay and beautiful Inez Danton was no more—the dead babe sleeping on its mother's bosom.

She had run a race of profligacy in her native land, until at length a young, handsome, and prosperous man, fascinated and blinded by her allurements, made her his wife. Political reverses were at hand, and, with many others, they were compelled to fly, seeking an asylum in the country which has always proved a haven of refuge for the exile.

'Absolved from her oath—free to confess all!' These words rang in Basil Edmondstone's ears, chiming vague promises of hope and joy. An overruling Providence was manifested in leading his steps to that death-chamber: never did he deem it chance, nor did I.

He came to Edenside; he conveyed to me Inez Danton's parting message. Ah, need I add how fully and freely I tendered my confession, or how gratefully he received it?

When I soon afterwards demurely hinted to Basil that I was too old to think of marrying now (fifteen years had passed away since I had first promised to be his bride), pointing out to his observation my silver threads, he paid so many flattering and gallant compliments about

‘The line of timeless snow,’

that in self-defence I was obliged to return them in kind. And in truth mine were not undeserved; for Basil was one of those men whose appearance is improved by years—their figures acquiring only dignity, and their features only precision, from age. About myself I ought to say less; and yet I will candidly admit that I grew a good deal younger after marriage; that the fifteen years of weariness and mystery appeared to have been gradually blotted from my life; and that therefore my union with Basil can only be reasonably counted from the time when I promised to be his. When we did at last grow old, we grew old together, and had therefore no invidious comparisons to draw. Even the young Earl of Mertoun is now a man in the prime of life, with a charming countess by his side, and children growing up at their knees. He is beloved in private life, and felt, in the influence of virtue and intelligence, in the councils of his country. This doubtless carries forward the view through a good many years, and the reader will consider that Lady Marjory Edmondstone, *née* St Just, is by this time a somewhat elderly dame, and her husband verging towards patriarchal honours. It may be so. All I know is, that although our snowy heads show traces of many a winter frost, our loving hearts retain the ‘sunshine within,’ which warms and cheers when the departing light of day is fast waning in the west.

SCIENCE OF THE SUNBEAM.

IT is to be regretted by the student of the phenomena of nature, that the science of the sunbeam is almost wholly of modern origin. In its completeness and development it is entirely so; but, as we shall immediately have to notice, glimpses of truth upon this subject were not altogether wanting in the conceptions of the philosophers of a former period. Yet the science of optics has, during the revival of philosophy, received large attention, and has become a highly-abstruse and widely-developed department of human knowledge. The Newtonian theorist yet exists to aver that light is an emission of particles from bodies, and is opposed by the follower of Young and Fresnel, who affirms that it is a mere undulation of a highly-subtile medium. Yet neither thought of inquiring into the influences of this wonderful agent upon nature; an inquiry, as we have presently to show, more real in its character, and even more interesting in its results, than all those learned, and often almost vain, speculations upon the nature of light. It is to this inquiry we are invited by the title of the present Paper: and it will be found, as we proceed, that a beautiful connection subsists between the various realms of nature and those subtile beams of light whose gleamings on the river, and whose reflection and decomposition by the flowers, the grassy plains, and heathered hill, give to the earth on which we dwell so much of its lustre and loveliness.

The science of *sunlight* is, therefore, a very different theme from that of *light*; by which would be implied the deep and abstruse philosophisings we have alluded to, and the laws and principles of optics. Let us, in the endeavour to present a sketch of this science, defining it as already defined, take a step back, and inquire into its past history. From the cause to which we have already adverted, attention was not early drawn to the constitution of the sunbeam, or to its connections with the kingdoms of nature. The philosophy which exercised itself in intricate calculations, and confined its range of vision to the paper on which its formulae were depicted, had little taste for the less formal study which would have revealed the almost magical powers in the external world possessed by the principle of which it treated. The old philosophers were well acquainted with many of the laws of reflection and refraction of light, and of its decomposition, but remained in ignorance of its precise operations on the world. Poets could sing of the pervading, bright, life-giving principle which flowed around the earth; and all mankind, even in the

most savage state, must have felt, as early dawn chased away the shades of night, that, in the words of inspiration, it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun. Nor could those who dwelt in rural scenes, who saw the flower lift up its painted beauties to the greeting of sunlight, and beheld all nature silently rejoicing in its rays, have remained ignorant of the fact, that the sunbeam must have been in some manner connected with the well-being of every object enjoying animal and vegetable life. This was the extent of their knowledge; and the dim recognition of this connection, and of the life-sustaining influence of the solar ray, led doubtless to the impersonation of the fact in the mythological personages, Apollo and Baal, the unenlightened mind of the heathen leading him to the adoration of the creature in the place of the Creator.

But as science was developed, it became evident to philosophers that the principle of light was not simple. The solar ray was not merely light; with it were combined heat, and a certain principle with the properties of which they were unacquainted, though not with some of its effects. This is apparent from many of the writings of those who lived at the dawn of philosophy in the middle of the seventeenth century. The following remarkable words are found at the sixteenth chapter of the Jesuit Kircher's book on 'Sunshine and Shadow:':*—'It is certain that in the sun, moon, and stars, besides light and heat, and other primary qualities, other properties exist, as is evident from various effects of a curious or even paradoxical nature produced by them.' Among the effects, Kircher, with his usual credulity, classes falsehood and truth together. For instance, he gravely tells us that a wonderful stone brought from India—it is always India which is the parent of these prodigies—which was of a spherical form, and of the bigness of a pigeon's egg, and black in colour, exhibited the waxing and waning of the moon by the increase and decrease of a certain spot of light upon it: when the moon was at the full, this was as large as a pea; when it was new moon, it had shrunk to the size of a millet seed! We are told also that this greatest of nature's miracles was sent as a present to one of our kings! Yet reading farther on, the influence of solar light upon plants is plainly acknowledged. Though, in all the properties referred by these philosophers to the sunbeam, and to the rays of the moon and stars, it is manifest that there existed much erroneusness of conception; yet it is very certain, that though they could not either demonstrate its existence or ascertain its nature, they distinctly recognised in sunlight the presence of a third or a fourth principle, which modern science has now revealed in magnetic and actinic force. Kircher distinctly declares the existence of a force corresponding to the magnetic force in the solar ray; and the experiments of Mrs Somerville, to which we shall again have to refer, together with those of other investigators of the phenomena of light, appear to prove that the sunbeam does possess a degree of magnetising power.

The alchemists were fully convinced that light produced extraordinary changes in bodies. In fact it was one of their delusions, that upon the presence, abundance, and absence of this principle in metals, depended their appearance in the baser forms of lead or iron, or in the nobler condition of

* 'Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae.'

gold and silver. 'In 1556,' says Mr R. Hunt, 'it was noticed that horn-silver was blackened by the sun's rays, and other peculiar influences which the alchemists observed led them to fancy that the subtile element light was one of the most important agents in giving to nature her infinite variety of form.' And in the writings of Homberg there occurs the following paragraph:—'The light of the sun impinging against terrestrial bodies, modifies them according to their several textures. The luminous matter insinuates itself into the substance of bodies, changes the arrangement of their parts, increases them, and consequently alters the substance of the body itself, after as many different manners as in different quantities it can be differently placed.' Sir Isaac Newton entertained a similar idea, and he asks, 'whether gross bodies and light are not convertible into one another? and may not bodies receive much of their activity from the particles of light which enter into their composition? For all fixed substances, being heated, emit light so long as they remain sufficiently heated; and light mutually stops in bodies as often as its rays strike upon their parts.'*

The doctrine of the influence of light upon external nature recognised by many in the middle ages, was intermingled with a multitude of fables. We read of strange sympathies subsisting between sunlight, moonlight, and starlight, and plants and animals. Such, in fact, formed the basis of the delirious dreams of astrology. It was held as a certain truth that molluscons and crustaceous animals waxed fat when the moon was rising to her full, and wasted away when she paled her silver orb. Yet it was also well known that on many plants the full glare of the solar ray had an injurious influence, and that the green shadow of the woods defended them, and favoured their development. Again, to set the fact between the fables, it was asserted that the modified light falling under a shady walnut-tree gave one a violent headache, while that under a lime-tree immediately cured it! The necessity of sunlight to the production and development of colours appears to have been generally known.

That firm and entire possession of certain clear and distinct general ideas which, as Mr Whewell observes, is necessary to sound science, was wanting in all the knowledge about light and its influences which at this time existed. The philosophers who might have investigated with success many of the properties of this subtile agent, were busied with its nature and laws. And while a Newton was occupied thus, a Kircher—the very type of a middle-age philosopher—was playing the oddest conceivable pranks in the sunlight, frightening and astounding his disciples and the world, but giving no certain guidance to the development of scientific truth. Nearly two hundred pages of Kircher's book are occupied with natural magic by means of natural and artificial light. There we may learn how to exhibit spectres in the air; how to arrange a landscape that, when the sun shines, will give us shadows which form various figures; and among a variety of similar ingenuities, we are taught how, by the sun's rays, to set a machine in motion which would set fire to a mass of incense on an altar, light the tapers by its side, and, the sacrifice ended, would set a fountain playing which would extinguish the burning incense, and put out the lights! But of this enough.

* 'Researches on Light.' R. Hunt.

With the advance of the science of chemistry, the knowledge of the properties of the solar rays became progressively developed. The celebrated chemist Scheele, in a series of careful experiments, exhibited the operation, and analysed the influences of the different-coloured rays, forming the prismatic spectrum upon nitrate of silver. Dr Priestley, in his well-known and deeply-interesting investigations touching the effect of light upon plants, opened the way for the most beautiful discoveries of later days, and indicated in a novel manner the dependence of the vegetable kingdom on the quickening influences of the streams of sunlight. Light was now distinctly perceived to possess the power of setting in action certain chemical changes, although the existence in the sunbeam of a distinct class of rays producing such results was not yet made out. Towards the end of the eighteenth century an elaborate research was undertaken by Count Rumford on the chemical properties attributed to sunlight, in the progress of which several remarkable evidences of the chemical phenomena occurring in substances exposed to light were developed.

The first experimental evidence of the existence of a third principle in sunlight, in addition to its heat and light, was obtained by Ritter of Jena. He found that there existed beyond the violet extremity of the prismatic spectrum, solar rays which did not affect the eye with the sensation of light, but yet produced the most powerful chemical effects upon preparations of silver subjected to their influence. Beyond the red rays of the spectrum it was also found that there existed a class of invisible heat-rays.

The first application of the solar rays to produce pictures—in other words, the first attempt at photography—was made by the celebrated Mr Wedgewood. His account is so interesting and instructive as a record of the progress of this beautiful art, that it well deserves extraction into our pages.* The preparation employed was a solution of nitrate of silver applied to white paper or leather. It was found that an exposure of two or three minutes to the direct rays of the sun was sufficient to produce the full effect; and that blue or violet light produced the most decided and powerful effects. 'When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains white, and the other parts speedily become dark. The copy of a painting (paintings in glass were employed in these experiments) or the profile, immediately after being taken, must be kept in an obscure place. It may, indeed, be examined in the shade, but in this case the exposure should be only for a few minutes. By the light of candles or lamps, as commonly employed, it is not sensibly affected. No attempts that have been made to prevent the uncoloured parts of the copy or profile from being acted upon by light have as yet been successful. . . . Besides the applications of this method of copying that have just been mentioned, there are many others; and it will be useful for making delineations of all such objects as are possessed of a texture partly opaque and partly transparent. The woody fibres of leaves and the wings of insects may be pretty accurately represented by means of it; and in this case it is only necessary to cause the direct solar light to pass through them, and to receive the shadows upon prepared leather. The images formed by means of a camera-obscura have been found to be too

* For this extract *vide* in full 'Researches on Light.'

faint to produce in any moderate time an effect upon the nitrate of silver. Such was the first, and unfortunately unsuccessful attempt, to produce pictures by sunlight.'

The rise and progress of the present beautiful art, by which the Daguerreotype pictures are produced, is very interesting. We can only afford space for a few condensed observations thereon. In 1814 M. Niepce of Châlons instituted a series of ingenious experiments upon this subject. He was followed by M. Daguerre in 1824, at first with no better degree of success than had attended Mr Wedgwood and Sir Humphry Davy. Subsequently these experimentalists united their efforts, and agreed to pursue their investigations in concert, and for their mutual benefit. Their processes were very ingenious, but remained tedious to the last degree. M. Daguerre, however, ultimately succeeded in perfecting the art; and 'in January 1839,' says Mr Hunt, 'the discovery of M. Daguerre was reported, and specimens shown to the scientific world of Paris. The extreme fidelity, the beautiful gradations of light and shadow, the minuteness, and the extraordinary character of these pictured tablets, took all by surprise; and Europe and the new world were astonished at the fact, that light could be made to delineate on solid bodies delicately-beautiful pictures, geometrically true of those objects which it illuminated.' The French legislature rewarded the author of this discovery with a pension for life. 'This discovery,' says M. Arago, 'France has adopted: from the first moment she has cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it— a gift to the whole world.' Yet it happens, rather oddly, that, in spite of this generosity, the process is protected by patent in England. The gift was perhaps repented of, and withdrawn! The Talbotype process is one of photogenic, or rather heliographic drawing, discovered about the same period as M. Daguerre's invention by Mr Fox Talbot. Prepared paper is employed in the camera.

Leaving the proper history of the principles resident in the sunbeam, let us now advert to the facts which modern science has revealed upon the constitution of sunlight, whence we shall proceed to consider its connection with the phenomena of external nature. Were the philosopher to isolate one of the beams of sunlight which fly on their life-sustaining errand from hill to hill, it would be found to be a compound ray, in which three distinct forces of light, heat, and chemical energy would be discovered. Sunlight is not only light associated with heat; every ray is a combination of at least three principles; and these are separable from each other. It has been decided to distinguish them by the respective terms light, heat, and actinism. They are separable by the instrumentality of the prism. When a sunbeam falls upon this apparatus in a dark chamber, it becomes decomposed. Its subtle constituents are mysteriously disturbed, and precipitate themselves at different distances from each other on the white tablet which displays to us the phenomenon of the prismatic spectrum. This beautiful strip of colour deserves our attentive examination. On one side we behold a pencil of brilliant sunlight falling undivided upon the surface of the glass; on the other it is to be seen flattened, as it were, into a painted ribbon, glittering with purer beauty than ever shone on artist's palette or lady's dress. In the three primary colours—blue, yellow, and red—out of which all the

others are composed, we behold the analysis of *light*. But this is not all. If a sensitive finger were held in the yellow rays of the spectrum, a degree of warmth would be felt greater than if it were held at the violet end. But if it were carried to the red rays, and there stationed, the heat perceived would be greater than either in the yellow or in the violet rays. With a sensitive thermometer these results are strikingly conspicuous. In the blue ray the mark will be 56° Fahrenheit, in the yellow it will have risen to 62°, and a little beyond the red ray it will be 79°. Were we to take a band of undecomposed solar light of precisely similar dimensions, and use the same method of investigation in ascertaining the relative proportion of heat in its parts, no difference would be shown. The thermometer would mark the same calorific degree in all its parts. The prism has therefore acted in a second direction upon the solar ray; and we are called upon to acknowledge, in the unequal heat of the prismatic colours, the separate existence of a second principle in sunlight—that is, *heat*. The same instrument gives yet another and not less singular result. But here we must call in the powers of chemistry to our aid, if we would reveal the fact, that our sunbeam has undergone a still further disturbance. To this end, recourse must be had to a piece of paper prepared for the photographic process. On exposing this to the band of colours, it will be found that it is most blackened at and even beyond the blue and violet rays. Here, it is manifest, chiefly resides that principle in light which either produces or excites chemical change in bodies—and this principle is *actinism*.

The application of the prism to the solar ray thus reveals to us the composition of its beams—light disunited into its primary colours, heat separated and revealing itself most intensely at the one end of this painted band, and actinism at the opposite extremity. The process of separation is considered to be as follows: the prism affects variously the course taken by the rays of light, heat, and actinism. Light, represented by the yellow ray, being taken as a point of departure, heat lies or is turned away from it on the one side, and actinism on the other. These all, however, blend together, and are diffused through each other in most parts of the spectrum.

It thus appears that in the sunbeam there reside either three distinct principles, as we shall continue in the present Paper to consider them, or a similar number of modifications of a single great principle; but upon either view, producing the varied phenomena attributable to light, heat, and actinism. Of these, the luminous principle is that which paints the world and decks our fair creation in all its glories—which, softened, tinges the blue heaven above—and, reflected, gives warmth of colouring, or depth of tone, to the flower beneath. The calorific principle spreads life and motion round the world, bids the seed awake, the wind arise, and the waters flow; and the chemical principle acts assiduously not only on all animate, but on all inanimate bodies—quicken life in the plant, and effects a thousand molecular changes in various substances.

Let us now proceed to notice the sway exercised by the solar beams upon creation; and, first, upon the influences of the purely luminous principle upon the vegetable kingdom. If we plunge into the recesses of the forest, where only a few scattered rays come glancing down among the

SCIENCE OF THE SUNBEAM.

dense foliage overhead, and from thence pluck any common plant, and contrast it with one of the same species growing by the wayside, and luxuriating in a copious flood of sunlight, we shall find a remarkable difference between them. If, again, we were to form a scale of colours by which the prevailing hues of the tropics would be contrasted with those of our temperate clime, a difference yet more marked would be perceived. This difference is in the intensity of colour; the wood-born plant, contrasted with its lusty fellow nurtured by the wayside, is a pale, blanched, and delicate thing; and the leaf of the palm-tree of the tropics, contrasted with those plucked from an English orchard, has a depth of tone to which the latter is a stranger. The cause of this difference is the proportion of the principle in question to which the plants in the one and in the other case are exposed; hence it is evident that sunlight has a most intimate connection with colour. A simple experiment will prove this. If we take a geranium, which has hitherto enjoyed the full influence of daylight in the open air, and confine the plant to a sitting-room window, where, long after daybreak, the shutters are closed, and where light can only fall upon it in one direction, a remarkable effect is produced: the stalks of the leaves lengthen on the side away from the light, and thrust the leaves from a horizontal into an almost perpendicular direction, so as to place them in such a position that they shall receive most largely the scanty beams to which the plant is now exposed. The entire aspect of the plant is altered. In a little while it presents all the appearance of distortion; and blanching from a full to a sickly green, affords us a complete specimen of vegetation debilitated and diseased. If the same plant is now removed to its former position, it speedily recovers, and testifies by its luxuriance of growth and vivacity of colour that a mysterious bond of union exists between its vitality and the solar ray.

Modern science is engaged in dealing with this interesting discussion. Already numerous facts exist which demonstrate in the clearest manner the dependence of colour upon light. A very natural mistake may arise upon this point, against which it becomes necessary for us to guard—for light has no uniform arbitrary power of producing colour. A mineral dug from the earth's recesses may have the property, when brought to light, of displaying the most brilliant colours, although up to that time not a beam had ever fallen upon it. A fluid prepared in the dark laboratory of the chemist, when examined by daylight, will reveal the most exquisite tints. But this is a mere physical property of matter. We are not able to explain it; but we know that the property of reflecting such colours has not been produced in the mineral or in the fluid by the agency of light. It is not so, however, in plants. When a potato germinates in the dark, and puts forth its long, pallid* shoots in quest of sunlight, and when such a plant is brought into the light, it still remains colourless. Let it continue, however, to be exposed to the light for a few days, and the growing part becomes dark and green. In this case it is quite evident that the sunlight has in some manner acted upon the vegetable tissues, and endowed them with the property of reflecting certain coloured rays. In the vegetable world, therefore, it is certain that, as a general rule, light exercises the most important and direct

*A plant in this condition is said to be etiolated—that is, blanched.

influence upon colour; and, as a consequence, upon the healthy development and perfection of vegetation.

The vegetation of the tropics illustrates this remark very strikingly, disregarding individual exceptions which abound; and if we take the sum of the chromatic intensity, in no other region of the earth shall we find such magnificence of colouring as in the flower-crowned tribes whose home lies there. Look at some of the tropical orchids to be found in our various public conservatories, and contrast their gorgeous colours with those of the primrose, the daisy, and the chaste blue bell. What humble, feeble tints are these! What lustrous and glorious hues are those! And if we ask, what made them to differ? Let us seek a part of our answer in the effulgence of these sunny regions, where the creations of the Divine Hand appear clad in raiment by the side of which the most gorgeous robes of majesty grow pale.

'No language,' observes the distinguished authoress of the 'Physical Geography,' 'can describe the glory of the Amazons and the Brazils—the endless variety of form, the contrasts of colour and size. There even the largest trees have brilliant blossoms: scarlet, purple, blue, rose-coloured, and golden yellow, are blended with every possible shade of green. Majestic trees, as the *bombax ceiba*, the dark-leaved *mora*, with its white blossoms, the fig, cashew and mimosa tribes, which are here of unwonted dimensions, and a thousand other giants of the forest, are contrasted with the graceful palm, the delicate acacia, reeds of a hundred feet high, grasses of forty, and tree-ferns in myriads. Passiflora and slender creepers twine round the lower plants, while others, as thick as cables, climb the lofty trees, drop again to the ground, rise anew, and stretch from bough to bough, wreathed with their own leaves and flowers, and studded with the vividly-coloured blossoms of the *orchidee*. An impenetrable and everlasting vegetation covers the ground—decay and death are concealed by the exuberance of life; the trees are loaded with parasites while alive; they become masses of wiry plants when they die.* In a country like our own, on the other hand, where the luminous principle is less abundant, the skies less bright, the soil less fruitful, a subdued tone of colour prevails, and every hue in which nature is adorned is chastened and attempered accordingly. Were we to regard nature in her various aspects simply as we do the work of an artist, we should find the most exquisite harmony prevailing. Bright flowers were ill seen in a dull light, and quiet-toned flowers would seem ill placed in a tropical glare. Without a doubt the minutest circumstances in creation are associated in a common bond of union. All is 'in keeping,' to use the technical expression. The pictures formed for man's enjoyment and contemplation by the Divine Author of nature exhibit the most admirable 'feeling' throughout. That this is really so, the most consummate artist acknowledges, and acknowledges most in his constant aspirations after, so to speak, a similarity of style in his artificial productions.

These considerations render it evident that light and colour are in the closest relationship in the organized creation. With regard to the extent and nature of this relationship to the colours of flowers, and to any parts of

* The vegetation of the sea exhibits the same fact. The sea-weeds that lie basking on the shore are often of the most beautiful colours, while those taken from a lower zone are paler, and quietly-coloured.

a plant not coloured green, much remains to be investigated. The green colour of plants is due to the formation and existence in their cells of a peculiar compound, rich in the element carbon—called chlorophyll. It is an ascertained fact that this compound is produced in the plant directly in consequence of its exposure to light. No plant grown in the dark is green; but on exposure to light, chlorophyll is immediately begun to be formed in it, and in process of time the plant becomes green simply because this green colouring matter has been deposited in its cells. The formation of this principle, therefore, may be unhesitatingly referred to some action determined by the sun's rays. Analytical experiments, undertaken with the express object of discovering which of the principles of the sunbeam produced this effect, have plainly revealed to us that it is due chiefly to the influence of the rays of light as distinguished from heat and actinism. An anecdote related in the 'Gardeners' Magazine' may be taken as an apposite illustration of the greening influence of the sunbeam. Over the vast forests of North America clouds sometimes spread and continue many days, so as almost entirely to intercept the rays of the sun. Such a circumstance took place in a particular district, and the sun was obscured for twenty days, during which time the leaves on the trees, growing fast under the influence of heat and moisture, had reached nearly their full size. Having developed their tissues in the absence of a sufficient degree of illuminating power to produce chlorophyll, they exhibited the extraordinary aspect of a pale-whitish hue. The clouds dispersing, at length the sun broke through, and poured a golden flood of light upon the leaves. The effect was highly remarkable. Chlorophyll was instantly in process of formation; by the middle of the afternoon the whole forest was dressed in green, and the declining rays of the sun fell upon it adorned with hues as verdant as though they had been developed in the ordinary way. In what way light acts in producing this effect the chemist is unable to state. It is remarkable, inasmuch as it shows us that those rays of sunlight which are not ordinarily associated with the production of chemical change, supply in this instance the really exciting principle which sets decomposition in movement.

Upon the production of chlorophyll by the agency of light depend consequences the most momentous to man and the animal world. We presume it is now all but universally admitted that plants derive the chief part of their solid constituent carbon from the atmosphere. At anyrate such is the fact; the fractional quantity of carbonic acid present in the air is the true source whence a large proportion of the wood, which in its various developments adorns the earth, in field, forest, and flower garden, is derived. Light falling upon the young seed-leaf of the up-springing plant develops chlorophyll in its tissues, and the formation of wood begins with the dawn of above-ground life in the seedling. Woody tissue scarcely forms at all if the actinic and calorific principles alone, or unitedly, and separated from the purely luminous energy, fall upon the plant. Let the reader pause and reflect—it was the subtile ray of light which consolidated and gave firmness to the structure of the oak; without it, it had grown in a little while a pallid, soft, and succulent thing, fit to be broken by an infant's hand, and had perished after an abortive attempt to exercise the functions of its nature.

Directly in connection with the formation of chlorophyll, and the development of ligneous tissue in the plant, is the decomposition of carbonic acid

and elimination of oxygen gas, a process of respiration not more important to the animal than to the vegetable kingdom. Excepting at night, plants during life are constantly engaged in inhaling the carbonic acid of the air, and exhaling oxygen arising from its decomposition. This process is strictly dependent on the excitement of light. Soon as morning breaks, the plant, obedient to the early light, commences its daily task. The leaves, dancing in the fresh and dewy air, drink in its carbonic acid; the sunbeam falls on them, and quickens them to their function of decomposition; the gas, yielding to the powers of vital chemistry, surrenders its carbon and oxygen to the plant, which, retaining the former for its own use, dismisses the latter on its errand of health to animals and man. The livelong day science teaches us to behold streams of this pure element rise from every grassy field and leafy wood—the while we are also instructed in the mysteries of the growth and solidification of vegetable organisms. The sun goes down, indicating the hour of rest, and all nature responsive sinks to repose. The forest and the field rest also. Deprived of the stimulus of light, the plant still decomposes carbonic acid, but in greatly-diminished quantities, and it, too, may be considered to take its repose—to commence again with the morrow's sun its round of duties.

Wonderful and mysterious connection between vegetable life and light! Light spreads her green mantle over nature. The poet, had he substituted 'light' for 'spring,' had expressed a truth as scientifically correct as it is poetically beautiful—

— Great Spring, before
Greened all the year.

Light paints the flowers. Light, as it were with magic wand, touches the slumbering leaves, and wakens them into activity. Obedient to the impulse, the vegetable world resume their office; and while they grow in strength and vigour themselves, pour a flood of a pure and indispensable gas into the atmosphere.

Light is also of high importance to the health and wellbeing of animals. Self-evident though this statement may appear, its practical influence is only just beginning to be felt even in our civilised and scientific period. Light is undoubtedly necessary to healthy life and organization. We can scarcely conceive how animal existence can be carried on in its entire absence. Yet an animal unquestionably exists, in the *Proteus anguinus*, to whose wellbeing light does not appear essential. This anomalous creature wanders through the dark waters of its native caverns alone, in silence and eternal night. There it lives, dies, and is succeeded by others of its kind, to whom the charms of sunlight and the glories of colour are alike unknown. Yet to other animals light is absolutely necessary, as is rendered apparent by the simple fact, that animal life, together with vegetable, ceases with the diminution and ultimate loss of light. The researches of Professor Edward Forbes exhibit this truth in a remarkable manner. In the report of the dredging experiments undertaken by this talented observer in the *Ægean Sea*, the following remarks occur. It is necessary first to premise, that Professor Forbes distributes the extent of sea bottom upon which traces of vegetable and animal life exist into zones, the lowest of which, or

eighth, was at the depth of 300 fathoms. Beyond this was no trace of either animal or vegetable life existence. It is calculated that light may penetrate to the depth of about 700 feet, but in all probability its faint and scattered rays extend deeper than this. Mark the results obtained by experiment:—‘A comparison of the testacea, and other animals of the lowest zones; with those of the higher, exhibits a very great distinction in the hues of the species—those of the depths being for the most part white or colourless; while those of the higher regions, in a great number of instances, exhibit brilliant combinations of colour. The results of an inquiry into this subject are as follows:—The majority of the shells of the lowest zone are white or transparent: tinted rose is the hue; a very few exhibit markings of any other colour. In the seventh region, white species are also very abundant, though by no means forming a proportion so great as in the eighth. Brownish-red, the prevalent hue of the brachiopoda, also gives a character of colour to the Fauna of this zone: the crustacea found in it are red. In the sixth zone, the colours become brighter, reds and yellows prevailing, generally, however, uniformly colouring the shell. In the fifth region, many species are banded or divided with various combinations of colours, and the number of white species has greatly diminished. In the fourth, purple hues are frequent, and contrasts of colour common. In the third and second, green and blue tints are met with, sometimes very vivid; but the gayest combinations of colour are seen in the littoral zone, as well as the most brilliant whites. The animals of the testacea and the radiata of the higher zones are much more brilliantly coloured than those of the lower, where they are usually white, whatever the hue of the shell may be. Thus the genus *trochus* is an example of a group of forms mostly presenting the most brilliant hues both of shell and animal; but whilst the animals of such species as inhabit the littoral zone are gaily chequered with many vivid hues, those of the greater depth, though their shells are almost as highly coloured as the coverings of their allies nearer the surface, have their animals for the most part of a uniform yellow or reddish hue, or else entirely white.’

Doubtless the chief cause of this beautiful gradation in intensity and brilliancy of colouring, from the lower to the higher zones, is the gradual increase of light toward the surface. The feeding-grounds of the animals may exert a modifying influence, but it is principally to the varying intensities of the light in those sea-depths that we are to look for the explanation of the phenomenon. Professor Forbes has beautifully demonstrated the fact, that these zones of marine life present us with just such a picture of the relations of climate to organization as we find represented by a great mountain in a tropical country, at whose base the palm flourishes, while ascending its steep sides the vegetation assumes a more northern character. The law he would establish is, that parallels in latitude are equivalent to regions in depth—that is, proportionately as the zone of life lies deep will the animals it contains find their allies in regions toward the pole. Just as the lichen growing near the limit of perpetual snow on some stupendous mountain in the tropics is a representative of the vegetation of the polar regions, so the shells and animals found in the lower zones of the marine provinces are representatives of the forms found on the coast in regions far north of the place of experiment. This supplies us with a beautiful illustration of

the influence of light on colour in the different regions of the globe. The cold and pale north is represented by the white or transparent animals of the deepest zone, the fuller light of temperate regions by the gradual enlivening of the colours as we near the surface, and the glowing lustre of southern skies is picturesquely revealed to us in the exquisite banding and intense brilliancy of the shells and animals which bask on the sunny shores of the *Ægean*.

The same law prevails equally with regard to the colours of terrestrial animals as with the pelagic inhabitants. This is beautifully exhibited in the plumage of birds. Contrast the whistling swan of the north with the flamingo of the tropical rivers, and what a contrast it is!—the first, a beautiful bird, snowy-white all but a yellow patch on its head, wintering in the cold bays of Iceland, and filling the dark, still air of the arctic night with its violin-like notes; the second, a bird in blushes, all dyed with rose-colour of such intensity as to be almost unbearable in the sunlight of the scenes which it haunts. Take, again, our russet-coloured birds, and place them by the side of the gaudy paroquets or the lustrous humming-birds of African forests, and had we not our compensation in their song, we might feel abashed at the comparison. But of many of these sun-painted and exquisite creatures their external colouring is their only recommendation. The colours of mammalia, of reptiles, insects, and fish, are in like manner adapted to the scenes where their habitats lie. Under the burning luminary of the tropics, and in those glowing scenes where the courts of the kingdoms of light and heat appear to be placed, creatures of hues the most bright and lustrous are the occupants of the earth, sea, and air. In colder regions, and under duller skies, these colours fade, and become converted into the less obtrusive tints with which we are most familiar.

It is necessary, however, that we should revert to the influence of the luminous principle of the sunbeam upon animal life itself. The most striking and remarkable facts are in connection with this subject. 'I thought,' writes Dr W. F. Edwards, 'that I might perhaps find an example of the effect of light in the development of animals—that is to say, in those changes of form which they undergo in the interval between the dawn of life and adult age. I wished to determine what influence light, independently of heat, might exert upon the development of the batrachians. With this view, I placed some frogs' spawn in water, in a vessel which was rendered impermeable to light by dark paper; the other vessel was transparent. They were exposed to the same degree of temperature, but the transparent vessel received the rays of the sun. The eggs exposed to light were developed in succession; of those in the dark, none did well; in some, however, I remarked unequivocal indications of the transformation of the embryo.' A similar series of experiments was then tried upon tadpoles, which, as need scarcely be said, is an intermediate state between the frog and the egg. A tin box, divided into twelve compartments, was prepared, each compartment being numbered and pierced with holes, so that the water might readily pass through the box. A tadpole, which had been previously weighed, was put into each compartment, and the box was then placed in the river Seine some feet below the surface. A larger number were also put into a vessel filled with Seine water, but fully exposed to the light. These soon underwent their metamorphosis; but of the

twelve placed under water, *ten* preserved their form, although many had doubled and even trebled in weight! It should be observed—and it strikingly illustrates the influence of light in determining development—that all these tadpoles were of the size, when first put in the water, at which the metamorphosis usually takes place; yet the stimulus of light being wanting, they appeared unable to undergo the change, and continued to increase in size in their as yet imperfect condition. Their health was not impaired by the deprivation, but their development was arrested. These experiments, therefore, unite in proving that the presence of solar light favours the development of form—a process of growth which observes different laws from that of the mere increase of size. It may, indeed, be asked whether the *Proteus* itself, which presents naturalists with the extraordinary instance of a creature possessing at the same time gills for respiring water, and lungs for the respiration of air, may owe its anomalous condition to the physical circumstances in which it is found? In the waters, and crawling on the mud, in the Grotto of the Maddelena at Adelsburg, and in other deep subterranean lakes, these animals have been found far from the influence and joy of sunlight.

It cannot be questioned that the life and organization of man himself are influenced to a remarkable degree by the physical agents. It appears to have been thought that the finely-organized human frame could receive no detriment from the absence of agencies which in nature are ever employed by the Divine Creator and Sustainer of the world to quicken, invigorate, and develop life in its various forms. No delusion can be greater. Light, in particular, has been disregarded to a melancholy extent in its influence upon health. Were a sufficiently-extensive investigation undertaken, it is highly probable that a marked difference would be seen in respect of bodily development between the dwellers in the holes and corners of our cities and savage tribes. Speaking of the Chaymas, Humboldt makes the following remark:—‘Both men and women are very muscular; their forms are fleshy and rounded. It is needless to add that I have not seen a single individual with a natural deformity. I can say the same of many thousands of Caribs, Muyscas, and Mexican and Peruvian Indians which we have observed during five years. Deformities are exceedingly rare in certain races of men, especially those which have the skin strongly coloured.’ To this may be appended, for the sake of contrast, the following extract from a note to the ‘Medical Gazette’ of 1832:—‘There is at present,’ observes the writer, ‘in Paris an artist of the Louvre, an eminent historical painter of the name of Ducornet, who paints with his feet. He was born without arms, of poor parents, at Lille. There are also about the French metropolis a number of beggars, twelve or thirteen of them at least, all deformed in various ways, and all born at Lille in certain dark caverns under the fortifications. The effect of these places, from their want of light, in producing malformed births is so notorious, that the magistrates at Lille have issued strict orders to prohibit the poor from taking up their abode in them.’ The deformities of cretins have been, among other causes, attributed to their residence in deep shady valleys, where the direct light of the sun seldom penetrates.’ Sir A. Wylie states that the causes of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St Petersburg were for many years in the proportion of 3 to 1 on

the side enjoying the full solar beam. Dupuytren relates a case equally illustrative. A lady residing in a dark room, on which the sun never shone, had baffled the therapeutic skill of the most eminent practitioners in Paris. After a careful consideration of the circumstances of her case, Dupuytren was led to attribute her maladies to the absence of light; and on her removal to a more exposed situation, her complaints speedily vanished. What an appeal to our unwise legislators do these facts constitute, revealing to us, as they do, that to the healthy existence of mankind in cities or elsewhere, air itself is not more necessary than are the pure and genial influences of the sunbeam!

It is well known that, under certain circumstances, heat has the property of becoming *latent*. When a mass of ice is liquefied by heat, the fluid arising from its liquefaction is no hotter than the ice was: the thermometer is still at 32° Fahrenheit. Here a vast amount of heat has disappeared, has hidden itself; in a word, has become latent. Now, the question has been asked—and asked repeatedly since the days of Newton, who evidently had his own views strongly decided on the subject—May not light become latent as well as heat? May not some of the luminous principle absorbed by bodies during the sunshine hours actually remain an indweller in their substance, or are we to suppose it in part annihilated when it falls upon them? The idea thus presented is striking; and it is possible that such may be the explanation of several phenomena which now sorely tax the efforts of philosophy. In Sir D. Brewster's 'Letters on Natural Magic,' the singular experiment of reading the inscription on coins in the dark is described. An old coin, well polished, on being put on a heated mass of iron, displayed its inscription in a faintly illuminated condition. If a portion of fluor-spar in powder be thrown upon a heated shovel in the dark, phosphoric light will be seen to be emitted by the mineral. Mr Wedgwood found that a number of other minerals might be made to emit light in the dark by a similar proceeding. And Sir D. Brewster has furnished a list of nearly sixty minerals which he found to possess this singular property. In the year 1663, the Honourable Robert Boyle observed that a diamond gave out a light almost equal to that of a glow-worm by the influence of heat, or by attrition, or by simple pressure. M. Dufay states that some emeralds, and another author that the lapis-lazuli, has the same property. We have always been accustomed to treat the account given us in Arabian tales of the gleaming of gems in the dark as only a part of the fable in which it was narrated. Remembrance, doubtless, will be had of that fortunate individual who found a jewel which served him and his family for a domestic light. Yet these statements, though overcoloured, are, after all, the expression of a scientific truth. Benvenuto Cellini, in his treatise on jewellery, which was published early in the sixteenth century, distinctly states that he had seen a carbuncle ~~shine~~ in the dark. He also states that a coloured stone of the same kind had been found in a vineyard near Rome by the light which it emitted in the night! In 1768 Mr Canton laid before the Royal Society, 'An easy method of making a phosphorus that will imbibe and emit light like the Bolognian Stone;' which was by the calcination of oyster shells. When this material was exposed to sunlight, and then brought into a

perfectly dark room, it emitted sufficient light to discover the time by a watch, if the eyes of the observer had rested by being shut for two or three minutes before. Saturn and his ring, and the moon in her various phases, were thus represented in the dark by pieces of wood covered with a paste of this substance.

This has been the subject of scientific investigation. And it has been found that the production of phosphorescence in such bodies as become so after exposure to solar light, is an effect due to a particular class of solar rays. Some of the phosphorescent substances having been spread on paper, and exposed to the influence of the solar spectrum, were found to present the phosphorescent property only in those portions exposed to the rays which excite chemical change, and even the dark rays beyond the violet produce a lovely phosphorescence, which the red and heat rays extinguished. M. Becquerd, in a valuable memoir in the '*Annales de Chimie*,' enters at large into this singular subject. The light-producing rays of the spectrum he distinguishes by the term *Phosphorogenic*.

It is remarkable that a similar, if not an analogous phenomenon, is exhibited by some flowers. 'It,' says Mr R. Hunt, 'a nasturtium is plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has reposed for a short time, will discover the flower by a light emitted from its leaves.'^{*} It is stated also that the human hand, held in strong sunlight for half an hour, will emit light for some minutes in the dark.

In 1842 Professor Moser of the university of Königsberg excited great interest by some communications made by him to the scientific world on the subject of what he oddly called invisible light and latent light. He drew the conclusion from some of his experiments, that a portion of light becomes latent when any liquid evaporates, and is again disengaged when the same vapour is condensed. All bodies, according to him, emit light even in absolute darkness—which he calls the proper light of bodies. According to his views, light produces the same general effect upon all substances; and this effect consists in its modifying their surfaces so as to make them condense vapours differently. By a series of singular experiments, Professor Moser considered he had proved the existence of light in this anomalous condition. These experiments were of the following character:—a polished plate of silver was placed within the twentieth of an inch of a cameo of horn or agate, with white figures upon a dark ground. After remaining that distance ten minutes, the figures engraved on the cameo have impressed themselves upon the silver surface, and may be rendered visible by throwing upon that surface the vapours of mercury or water. 'A silver plate was iodised during the night, and even without the light of a candle, a cut slab of agate, an engraved metallic plate, and a ring of horn, were then laid upon it, and the plate was afterwards introduced into the vapours of mercury. A good, clear picture of all the figures, of the stones, the letters of the plate, and of the ring, was obtained.' It was even rendered evident that when two bodies are sufficiently approximated, they depict each other. Upon the polished interior of a watch-case the figures of the maker's name were depicted upon the unengraved by the engraven surface.

* *Poetry of Science*, p. 127.

These results are very curious. But it appears, on investigation, that while the facts observed are correct, the deductions from them are in all probability inaccurate. It is remarkable that the impressions made are not merely on the surface, but penetrate a slight depth into the metal. It has been hoped that the images thus fixed might be rendered sufficiently permanent, so that the plates might be used by engravers for working on. These facts indicate the existence of some energetic principle in action. It has been considered that the results noticed are due to the radiation of heat from bodies possessed of different conducting powers. These radiations are presumed to produce a degree of molecular disturbance in the particles of the metallic surface, which appears in the representation of the image thereon. Altogether, the subject requires the further investigation of philosophy.

It will be manifest from these remarks that the 'latent light' of Professor Moser is not to be confounded with the remarkable property of the solar rays to which allusion has been made above under a similar name. The light which, in the instances enumerated, appears to be first absorbed and then emitted by bodies, is a *visible* ray, and is quite appreciable by the human eye. What may be the precise value of this property, possessed by many bodies, and, in the opinion of some philosophers, by all, of retaining the subtle rays of light within their structure, and again gradually emitting them, in the operations of nature, we can scarcely assert. Man is surrounded by marvels, of which the unassisted senses fail to inform him. Many species of insects and other beings are strictly night-wandering creatures. When the day comes, they retire to rest; and soon as the evening shades prevail, they are out upon the still night air, rioting among the unclosed flowers, or roaming in search of their mates. When the sky is clouded, and neither moon nor stars appear, what is to be the guide of innumerable thousands of these creatures to their food or to their prey? Must we suppose them endowed with visual perceptions infinitely more acute than our own? And if we may, to what purpose the gift of sight without the medium for its impression? In a word, may we imagine that at night the light absorbed during day is gradually emitted again? The question may excite surprise, but it deserves consideration. Humboldt has shown that the earth itself is luminous: that our planet, beside the light which it receives from the central body—the sun—shows itself capable of a proper luminous act or process. The intensity of the earth-light is said to exceed by a little the light of the moon in her first quarter. To this luminosity is ascribed by M. Arago the pale diffused light which serves to guide us in the open air, in thickly-clouded autumn and winter nights, when there is neither moon nor star in the firmament, nor snow upon the ground. Granting that a portion of this earth-light is due to the chemical or electrico-magnetic phenomena taking place on its surface, may not a part of it be due to the emission of light absorbed during the day? These inquiries are perplexing, but they are full of interest: to many of them the solution lies out of the reach of philosophers; but an investigation of others would probably lead to discoveries of a remarkable character in the science of the sunbeam.

In its mere relation to man, and the animal world, and vision, the existence of the luminous principle in the solar ray well deserves our attention.

It is possible to conceive the existence of a world whose supply of light falls far below our own. Uranus is an example. In this far-distant orb, the sun appears like a small brilliant star, and the sum of the intensity of light is but the one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of that received by us. Plants and animals, constituted like our own, are therefore not to be found in that far-revolving world. The beauties of a summer's day, the glories of the skies, even had Uranus an atmosphere, the exquisite colouring of earth and all its fair inhabitants, are almost unknown. All the enjoyment we receive from the contemplation of the kingdoms of nature is directly dependent upon the luminous radiations by which objects are rendered evident to the sense of sight. And to be deprived either of the faculty of perceiving these exquisite effects of the sunbeam, or to have had the intensity of the solar rays so diminished as to render them scarcely cognisable by the organs of vision, were to lose one of the most beautiful of the golden links which connect us with the material world, and to its revelation of the works of God in creation.

We must not quit our considerations on this principle without adverting to the attractive influences supposed to exist in light. The ancients were fully persuaded of the existence of a power of attraction in the solar ray, to which they attributed the bending of plants towards the light. Certainly the idea was natural. When we behold the upbursting plume of a young plant thrusting itself towards the genial sunbeam, as though drawn to it by an invisible or mysterious power—and when we notice plants, shaded on one side, doing obeisance to sunlight, by bowing on the side exposed to its influence—the conception of some attractive power resident in these rays is far from unnatural. What is perhaps still more singular, is the fact, that even inorganic matter yields obedience to the 'attractive' influences of the light of the sun. If a bottle, in which a lump of camphor is contained, is exposed to the light, the diamond-like crystals of the gum will be found deposited in a brilliant coating on the interior of the jar on that side exposed to light. How strange this phenomenon, how mysterious the link between the sun-ray and the crystallogenic forces! Yet we must be careful to avoid error in this matter; and the error might be great, strong as the evidence of a guiding power is, if it were confounded with the force of attraction in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Professor Macaire states, that in the case of plants, light does not act by a physical attraction, properly so called. It has been found that the *blue* rays are the most active in thus influencing vegetation. Plants turn violently away from the *red* rays.

The light received by us by reflection from the blue overarchng atmosphere is in a very remarkable condition, and differs from that of the direct sunbeam: light in this condition is said to be polarised. To use Newton's idea—if we compare an ordinary sun-ray to a long, smooth, round wand, a polarised ray may be likened to a long, flat, straight stick having sides. Light in this state possesses peculiar properties, and is incapable of reflection and transmission in certain directions. The position of the sun in the sky causes a constant variation in the plane of the polarised rays, and this can be rendered visible, by proper apparatus, to the eye of the observer. Professor Wheatstone has ingeniously seized upon this fact, and has applied the principle it involves to the construction of what he

has called the Polar Clock. This instrument—of which a description would only be intelligible to those familiar with the general subject of polarised light—on being directed to a particular point of the sky, will mark the apparent solar time with great accuracy. Since it is not necessary that the sky should be cloudless, although the effect is much more brilliant when that is the case, the polar clock is a far more useful instrument than the sun-dial. It may be employed even before sunrise, and after sunset; in fact so long as any portion of the sun-rays are reflected from the atmosphere. When the air is clear, when the sky is without a cloud, blue and unfathomable, then the sun's rays, reflected by the atmosphere on to the earth, are in their most intensely-polarised state. These polarised rays thus falling on the earth all the day through, must undoubtedly accomplish some definite purpose. As yet, the peculiar effects of polarised light upon creation have not been studied. Possibly they may be more active in the development of chemical phenomena.

II. It is time the inquiry were now directed to the influences of the solar heat-rays, the companions of the beams of light whose operations have detained us so long upon the realms of nature, and the great globe itself. A ray of heat, when near the close of its long and swift career from the sun to our planet, strikes and darts through the thin upper strata of our atmosphere. In its passage towards our earth, it becomes influenced by the medium through which it speeds its way. The result is, that a considerable portion, about one-third of the heat-rays emitted by the sun, and penetrating our atmosphere, are absorbed. Professor J. D. Forbes, in a series of experiments in the pure regions of Switzerland, fully demonstrates this fact. It follows, therefore, that the beautiful aerial envelop in which our globe is shrouded forms in reality a screen to the earth's inhabitants from the full, and perhaps destructive, influence of the sun's heat. It appears probable that a part of this sheltering influence is due to the aqueous contents of the air, through which, in a state of vapour, the heat-rays become retarded. Impinging upon the surface of our globe, these rays produce effects scarcely less remarkable than those of light; and, together with them, equally necessary to the wellbeing of the organized creation. Their intensity on reaching the earth, and becoming sensible to man, is dependent upon the relative distances of the earth and sun, and also upon the manner or direction in which these rays fall; hence, though in winter the earth nears the sun by about one-thirtieth of its greatest distance from that orb, the oblique rays strike our northern hemisphere, and produce little sensation of heat. The relative position of the earth and sun indicates, together with all the other revelations of the science of creation, the wisdom and beneficence of a Divine Author. The springing of a buttercup in the meadow, and the green luxuriance of the grass by which it is surrounded, are as direct a consequence of the earth's distance from the sun, as are cosmical events of a thousandfold greater magnitude. A very little alteration in the mutual position of our planet and her central world of revolution, would introduce conditions of existence upon the former which would at once alter the entire aspect of the organized world. The primrose and the cowslip, unable to endure the tropical heat if our earth were approximated to the sun, would wither, and their place be occupied by the

palm-tree, the cactus, and the tree-fern. Or the earth being at a greater distance, the verdant fields of temperate regions would be enveloped in perpetual snow, and the splendid plant-inhabitants of the tropics would yield to the barren and stunted vegetation of northern regions. Similar results would affect the animal creation; and in either case the earth would no longer remain the same beautiful and fair abode for man. It is therefore literally true that there is not a flower that grows, or an animal that breathes, which does not depend for life itself upon those beautiful attractive laws, instituted and maintained by a Divine Creator, which link our rolling sphere to the great source of light and heat.

If we can imagine a globe similar to our own covered all over with a shell of solid ice forty-six feet thick, the whole quantity of heat received by us in one year would be sufficient to melt this enormous mass of solidified water. The heat-rays, striking the earth, become dispersed in a variety of ways, and in each fulfil a number of different intentions. The warmth of sunshine, though diffused as variously, must not be lost. A part flies back by reflection from the surfaces on which it falls; these rays passing through the air seek, together with the heat-rays radiated from bodies, the immensities of space, and become scattered therein. Another part becomes absorbed by bodies, which again lose it by radiation. Other rays warm the earth, and then warm the overlying air, and expanding it, rise with it to the upper regions of the atmosphere. By far the greater part in summer penetrates the earth, and descending to a certain depth, being conducted from particle to particle of the earth's crust, there remains for a time. Hence it is dispersed laterally, warming the surrounding strata. In winter, this heat partly returns to the surface, supplying the place of that lost by radiation, &c. at this season, and ultimately becomes dissipated into the air, and from the air into the boundless regions through which our rolling world travels in her annual route. As we descend into the earth, it has long been noticed that the temperature rises, and formulæ exist by which it is possible to come at an approximation of the depth of a cavity made into the earth by an estimation of its temperature—so regularly in many instances does the temperature rise as we descend. At a certain depth, however, below the surface, a stratum exists which maintains an invariable temperature, and has been so called from that fact. In certain mines the changes of the seasons are unknown. The warmth of a perpetual spring cheers these dark regions where its light and gladness penetrate not. The sun's rays are felt, therefore, where his beams of light are never seen. The great overlying beds of solid rock give a slow passage to these subtler rays down to this point, refusing to let the elements of light and actinism accompany them. The temperature of this zone is also maintained by the internal temperature of those unknown depths lying beyond the reach of human investigation. This zone varies in depth with the latitude. Toward the poles it lies deeper than toward the equator. In the caves of the French Observatory, the thermometer invariably marks 53° on Fahrenheit's thermometer. These caves are ninety feet below the surface, and no change has ever been observed in their temperature. The stratum of invariable temperature may be taken as the limit of penetration of the heat-rays of the sun, and of those which some philosophers deem to have origin in the incandescent centre of our globe.

These remarks render it evident that the absorbing powers of the crust of the earth for heat are considerable, and the results are highly important to the organized world occupying the surface. The rays of solar light which gave beauty to the earth and skies in spring, summer, and autumn, vanish and become lost to us with every declining day. No property of matter can retain them for our purposes when the night comes down upon the world. A fresh day only supplies us with its daily portion, which ceases at the completion of its circle. And the animal and vegetable world, unable to retain the fugitive beams, are reduced to the only alternative left them : in the matter of solar light the motto runs *carpe diem*. Not so with heat. The store of the day is not lost in the night, though much may be then dissipated. The sun of heat received by the earth in the warm days of summer is gathered up in the dark recesses of the globe. In the short nights little is radiated, and thus a quantity of heat is laid up in the earth's crust, which becomes highly valuable in the bleak days of winter. The returning rays of heat revisit the surface when the earth lies ice-bound, and the waters of the rivulet become petrified with cold. The deep-rooted trees enjoy the benefit of this warmth at the very time that their branches groan under a load of snow, or stand encased with ice, or fantastic with glittering pendants. In their passage upwards through the soil, the severity of the winter's frost is mitigated; and the rays, warming the overlying air, become still serviceable to the operations of nature, only dispersing into space when their offices in reference to the creation and constitution of our planet are all discharged. Were the crust of our globe differently constituted, an entire alteration in these phenomena would be the result, accompanied by the destruction of vegetable and animal life over a great portion of the earth.

When we contrast the glorious productions of a tropical country with those of our own, it requires some little abstraction of mind, in seeking for the cause, to refer it to the heat-rays of the solar beam. Unquestionably, as we shall have again to remark, the varied influences of sunlight are all needful to the wellbeing of organized creation. Neither heat, nor light, nor actinic force, can alone perfect the plant, or contribute to the wellbeing of the animal. In the proportions in which Divine Wisdom has commingled them in the sun-ray, they are required by the creation they illuminate and invigorate. Yet to the conjoined influences of heat and light must much of the luxuriance and splendour of nature in the tropics be attributed. Climate, with all its varied phenomena, though not solely dependent on the solar heat, is so to a large extent, and is altogether influenced thereby. The deserts of Sahara exhibit to us the solar power in its destroying intensity; the forests of Brazil in its life-fostering efficacy and force. Hence we perceive that the effects of the solar heat-rays are influenced by the nature of the region. The Sahara lies prostrate, flat, and desolate under the consuming ray; the luxuriant groves of Brazil are sheltered from its destructive influences by the variations in the surface of the land, by the stupendous mountain-chain which binds the new world almost to both the poles, and by a variety of circumstances dependent on those forms of nature, and originated by them. Yet the solar-ray is the grand sustaining instrumentality upon which depend the glories and the

beauties of creation in these torrid regions. Deprived of its desolating power by the abundant moisture of the atmosphere in the regions of fertility, the warmth animates and quickens life in an extraordinary degree. Von Martius speaks of the palms as the offspring of Phoebus and Terra; and the astonishing productiveness of the soil in these regions gives birth in the pages of those who have beheld them to a variety of expressions indicative of the quickening influences of the solar beams. It is a highly-remarkable fact, that it is almost exclusively in these warm and cloudy portions of our globe that the indications of vegetable irritability approach almost to the manifestation of life, as seen in animals. By the banks of the Ganges exists a vegetable form, so quick of life, as to resemble some of the lower animals in its motions. This plant thrives not nor moves but when placed in a position where the temperature approaches 100° Fahrenheit. The *Desmodium* at Kew is in one of the hottest conservatories. The leaflets of this singular plant are in perpetual motion; one leaflet will rise by a succession of little starts, and then fall in like manner. While one leaflet rises, another falls; and so on the motion continues. Demonstrative of its large dependence upon heat, these movements do not cease at night, and in the still hot hours of Indian summer evenings they are very active; in fact the movements are more vigorous in the shade. In a tropical stove at Kew may be seen another of these singular evidences of vegetable motion—the Venus' 'fly-trap.' The sensitive plant requires in our climate artificial warmth for the development of its bashful phenomena. In the warm plains of Senegal is the 'good-morning' flower, which bows to the passer-by: the movement being connected with vegetable irritability. It is true similar instances are not altogether wanting in our own country: the stamens of some plants may be excited to movement by irritation with a needle, and the English bogs boast of a fly-trap in the 'sundew;' but we seek in vain for the analogue of the *Desmodium gyrans* in our cooler climes. The connection of solar warmth with vegetable irritability, and with the profuse luxuriance of growth characterising the tropical regions, conveys a striking idea of the dependence of this beautiful part of the creation upon the genial influences of the sunbeam. Heat and movement are mysteriously connected throughout nature. The experiments of M. Dutrochet on the circulation in the vessels of the *Chara* illustrate this remark. At the freezing-point, the circulation is slow; but if the water in which the plant is placed be gradually heated, it becomes accelerated just in proportion as the temperature is increased up to 113° Fahrenheit. Light, on the contrary, has no influence upon it.

A curious and suggestive experiment was long since performed by Franklin. Placing variously-coloured pieces of cloth on the snow, he found that, when exposed to the sunbeam, the snow melted more rapidly under some than under others—thus indicating that the colour and condition of the surface exerted a great influence in the absorption of solar heat. If we extend the application of this discovery to the objects of nature, a highly-interesting train of thought is awakened. We learn that bodies around us, according to their colour and the condition of their surface, are not equally influenced by the sun-ray shining alike upon all: some receive more, some less of the solar warmth. Doubtless these phenomena are all beautifully adjusted by Him who has adapted all the

parts of our creation-plan into one harmonious whole. In the inorganic and in the animal world it is not always so easy to trace the adaptation of colour to requirements respecting solar heat, although in the latter the change of colour in the natives of various regions has a direct relation to the calorific influences; but there is evidence easily attainable, that the colours which give charm and variety to the vegetable world are not merely intended to gratify the eye, or to deck out the flower in more than regal attire. The experiments of Franklin and Davy have been repeated by Dr Stark; and the general result attained has been to show that the absorbing power of bodies differently coloured is in the following order: black the most; after this brown, green, red, yellow, and white. If the bulb of a sensitive thermometer were placed on a sunshiny day in the bosom of a damask rose, and another in that of a pale white one, both flowers being similar in respect of size and density of petals, the thermometer in the red rose would mark a higher degree than that in the white. Can it be questioned that this result is designed? The flowers, all radiant with beauty, which bespangle the garden or the wayside, have each a faculty bestowed upon them, by means of their colour, for drinking less or more of the genial warmth of the sunbeam. 'Every tree,' observes an author before quoted, 'spreading its green leaves to the sunshine, or exposing its brown branches to the air, every flower which lends its beauty to the joyous earth, possesses different absorbing and radiating powers. The chalice-like cup of the pure white lily floating on the lake, the variegated tulip, the brilliant anemone, the delicate rose, and the intensely-coloured peony or dahlia, have each powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warming life-stream of the sun, and for radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere. These are no conceits of a scientific dreamer; they are the truths of direct induction, and by experiments of a simple character they may be put to a searching test.* By what a world of unseen marvels are we encompassed! The colour of a blade of grass is not the choice of accident, nor the exquisite painting of a flower a simple display of ornament. It has been said an Almighty Hand painted even the wing of a fly; and we are taught by science, that in adorning a flower in a similar manner the very tints were all specially chosen, and all accomplish a certain specific end. The heat radiations are in part essential to the production of flowers, and then to the ripening of the fruit.

The condition of the surface of bodies has a remarkable influence also in the radiation of heat. The nettle and the sage stand bathed in dew, while the surface of the laurel is dry. This is due to the fact, that surfaces which are smooth and polished radiate heat much less rapidly than those which are rough and uneven. It is found also that the colour of bodies influences this property. In proportion as a body possesses high absorbing powers for heat, it possesses high radiating powers also. This connection of properties apparently so opposite has its importance in the operations of nature: if the nettle, all rough with hairs, absorbs much heat, it thereby has much fluid which passes off in vapour, and therefore requires a speedy restoration of the lost watery particles. Eventide is the time for the reparation of its loss. The cloudless sky suffers its radiant heat to

* Poetry of Science, p. 53.

escape into the air, and the moonshine falls upon the plant all bedecked with watery jewels. The evergreen, on the contrary, receives little heat, reflects much, and requires, therefore, but little fluid to repair its losses by evaporation.

That the warmth of the solar ray is intimately connected with the well-being, and even the existence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, appears when this principle is diminished in quantity. What a contrast exists between the poles and the equator! In the one, vegetable life of a high order is impossible; in the other, behold the grandest display of the riches of the plant world. What a contrast between winter and summer! The latter, all radiant with forms of life and beauty; the former, cold and silent, stern and unjoyous. The commonest observer of nature draws this simple deduction. The philosopher alone can explain the consequence of the phenomena, and fully appreciate their interest and beauty. It appears that the heat-rays of the sunbeam have an important connection with the ripening of the fruits and full development of the flowers. In the comparatively low proportion, so to speak, of these rays in the sunshine of our climate, we may seek the cause of the non-productiveness of many fruit-trees, which in lands nearer the sunny south are luxuriantly fruitful. Horticulturists, by various expedients, and particularly by the reverberating effect of brick walls, frequently succeed in producing fruit upon such trees—evidencing the fact, that it is the absence of heat, rather than of the other principles of the sunbeam, which renders the same trees ordinarily sterile. The development of animal not less than that of vegetable life is dependent upon the vivifying solar warmth. The history of insects affords us a remarkable example of this. A large number of insects pass the winter in their third or *pupa* state—the change between the *larva* and *imago*, or perfect insect. Securely hidden in various crannies, or even in caves of the earth scooped out with laborious care, the slumbering being awaits the returning sunbeam to recall it to the full activity of life. If the days of winter are artificially prolonged, the change may never take place; and Reaumur kept some insects for many months beyond the time when their companions were sporting in the air, having passed through all the phases of their existence by simply keeping them in a cold cellar. If, on the contrary, artificial warmth be supplied, the changes are rapidly brought forward, and butterflies have fluttered in conservatories while the ground outside was enveloped in snow. That spring and summer bring with them life-quickenings influences, is therefore no poet's dream, but is evidenced to the student of natural science in the development of countless forms of organic life by the potent effect of the heat-rays of the sun.

The solar rays of heat produce a variety of remarkable effects upon inorganic nature. By warming the earth, the overlying air becomes warmed also. Being expanded, it becomes lighter, and its particles rise. In so doing, they create the necessity for others to fill the place they formerly occupied, and thus a current is set up. Such is the origin of wind. The mariner bends his sail to the breeze, and urged onward by its impulse, little dreams that the rays of sunshine contribute anything to his progress. This effect is best observed on the grand scale. A broad belt around the centre of our globe receives more solar heat than either of its poles. In

consequence, the warm, light air of this district rises into the upper regions of the atmosphere in enormous floods. Its place being supplied laterally below, produces the phenomenon of an ascending and a horizontal current of wind. The cold polar air flows over the earth, and seeks the equator; the equatorial air, fresh from the teeming luxuriance of the tropics, rising, bends over and seeks the poles, when it descends in a magnificent circuit, to repeat the same movements perpetually. The earth's motion affects the direction of these currents, and the system of aerial movements so produced forms the splendid phenomenon of the trade winds. Thus beautifully linked in one is the creation of God. The highly-oxygenised and warm air pouring upwards from the palm groves of the tropics, flies to mitigate the severity of the polar cold, and to supply these less-favoured regions of the north with that supply of oxygen their own scanty vegetation is not capable of eliminating. Again, the carbonic acid of the colder regions mingling with the horizontal flow, seeks the tropics, and feeds the abounding vegetation there. And all this truly noble succession of phenomena is dependent for its origin and continuance on the heat of the sun!

There is a more wonderful, though less perceptible influence of heat on nature than the development of the beautiful phenomenon of wind. It has been abundantly proved that when bodies receive heat unequally, currents of electricity are immediately set up. When a compound bar of bismuth and antimony is heated, this effect is produced in remarkable vivacity. The production, in fact, of electricity by heat has, by an ingenious arrangement, been rendered subservient to the admeasurement of the degree of heat; and the instrument which thus exhibits the production of electric currents by heat is rendered one of the most sensitive thermometers known in science. The heat of the hand is sufficient to excite an electric current of some intensity in this apparatus; even the passing by of the observer produced a sensible deflection of the index! It is certain that electric currents are for ever running in the earth's crust beneath our feet. These currents have been demonstrated in the metallic veins of copper mines. Their most remarkable application is in the electric clock of Mr Bain, an instrument which is set in movement by the otherwise insensible currents of the electric principle circulating in the superficial strata of the earth. The origin of these currents is various. They are undoubtedly dependent in part upon chemical decompositions constantly in progress in the earth's crust; but it is not improbable also that they are excited by the subtle influence of the solar heat.

III. We now turn to the consideration of the actinic element of the sun-beam; and pursuing the same general route of inquiry, let us examine into the influence of this principle upon the phenomena exhibited by the vegetable, animal, and inorganic kingdoms. In the seed buried beneath the surface of the ground, shut out from the influence of light, we behold the first evidence of the importance of the actinic principle to the vegetable world. It is an ascertained fact that the ever-active influence of this principle penetrates, like heat, to the little couch of earth in which the embryo plant lies hid. By an ingenious apparatus, Mr Hunt exhibited the influence of actinism upon germination, independently, or nearly so, of the light and heat of the solar beam. A box was prepared, in which was

placed a moist flannel, kept wet by an under layer of water. One half could be completely screened from the light, and the other half exposed to any influence which it was thought desirable to try. By means of a solution coloured blue, the rays falling on the exposed flannel were deprived of a large part of their light and heat. Seeds were then placed on the moist flannel, and the box was exposed to sunshine in a warm room. The seeds exhibited signs of germination within twenty-four hours; but no change was observable in those under the shaded part of the box. The seeds were found to germinate under the influence of the actinic rays in one-half the time of those placed in the dark. Other experiments of a more singular character were undertaken. The seeds of common cress were placed an inch below a somewhat clayey soil, and would scarcely germinate at all. But on directing the actinic rays upon the soil, their sprouting was hardly retarded. In a number of instances germination was induced by the agency of the radiations, which had permeated the blue glasses in a less time and at a greater depth in the soil than in comparative experiments, in which the seed was exposed to the full influence of light, and its associated radiations as combined in the ordinary solar beam. The converse of these experiments was then attempted: the actinic rays were cut off, and seeds were exposed to the full influence of light and heat. The seeds for several days showed no signs of germination; seeds actually in the dark germinated earlier than those in the light; and in one instance, the seeds exposed to the rays of light and heat were ten days later in their germination than those in the dark. The remarkable fact was thus developed, that the luminous principle is actually inimical to the excitation of vitality in the seed. A sufficient number of investigations carefully pursued, led to the general deduction, that the germination of the seed is more rapid under the influence of the actinic rays, separated from the luminous ones, than it is under the influence of the combined radiations, or in the dark. From these observations, the horticulturist may gather the philosophical principles involved in those proceedings which practice has led him to discover to be the most successful in the culture of plants. For example, seeds buried deep, out of the sphere of the influence of actinism, and also excluded from air, will not germinate at all. Again, seeds simply strewn over the surface, exposed to the glare of day, will scarcely germinate. But when placed a short distance below the surface, where the luminous rays have lost their power, where the actinic force still penetrates, and where air, moisture, and warmth exist, germination goes on actively, and the young plant soon appears above the soil.

The chemical and vital phenomena set in movement by the actinic rays are of a beautiful order. The starchy particles of the seed become converted into gum and sugar, upon which the young plant feeds. The tiny root peeps from the husk, and with mysteriously-directed powers plunges downward into the fertile soil. The slender plumule pushes upwards toward the light. The soil cracks and heaves, and the infant vegetable being emerges fresh and moist into the world of air and sunshine. With the unfolding of its first pair of leaves, and with the first lighting of the sunbeam upon their tender tissues, commences a series of chemico-vital phenomena wholly different from those of the preceding stage of its existence. The luminous rays now come to be of most importance to the wellbeing of the plant.

But it is remarkable that even after the plant has reared its head above the surface, if it is permitted to grow under the influence of the blue rays, it will for some time exhibit a luxuriant growth, and present in its early stages an appearance far superior to that of plants grown under white light. The leaves will be of a darker green, and altogether the plant will show signs of vigorous health, although it will be more succulent, and contain less woody fibre, than under other circumstances. A singular result occurs if the plant is still exposed to the actinic influence separated from that of light. The young stem, instead of solidifying, remains soft, and without increasing in diameter, continues to elongate until it has attained an enormous length. Nothing like this occurs under the influence of light or heat. It would appear probable that the actinic rays are instrumental in producing this result by their power of excitement acting in some inexplicable manner upon the roots, which form and supply some organizable matter to the system of the plant; and as there is but little power to decompose carbonic acid, there is not given to the plant at the same time that supply of carbon which it requires for the formation of the proper woody stem and the leaves. Gardeners, it is said, are in the habit of employing deep blue glasses to assist in the development of roots from cuttings, and with a successful result.

Although experiment has yet to reveal its nature, it cannot be doubted that actinism is influential upon the vegetable kingdom all through life. Its effects cannot be confined to the hours of vegetable infancy alone, although at this period they are most strikingly exhibited to view. Actinism, as we have yet to see, powerfully affects the decomposition of various chemical substances exposed to its influence in the glass vessels of our laboratories. In the delicate tribes of plants matters of various kinds are perpetually circulating. These are subject, it is true, to the vital force, and by it resolved into various compounds, which become further disposed of by the plant. But this very power of decomposition—the necessary attribute of life in plant or animal—is in all probability quickened and sustained by the influences stolen from the fertile sunbeam. And considering the potency of the actinic rays in effecting a variety of decompositions, it is not unreasonable to conclude that their influence is not unfelt by the plant in the development of the phenomena of its life. The conjoint influence of light and actinism are essential to the formation of colouring matter in plants.

The influence of actinism on the animal world is less known. Possibly the effects ascribed to light, previous to the recognition of its chemical principle as a distinct element of the sunbeam, upon the development of animal life, and upon the wellbeing of the body, are due to the actinic rays. The effect upon the human skin is remarkable, and is probably chiefly due to actinism. That the sun's rays were long considered to be connected with those remarkable varieties of complexion which are peculiar to the inhabitants of the globe, appears from various sources. In the word of inspiration we find recorded—'Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.' And in the ancient tragic poet of Phœnix, we read, 'the Ethiopians are coloured by the near-sun-god in his course with a sooty lustre, and their hair is dried and crisped with the heat of his rays.' The freckling of the skin appears due to some chemical influence excited by the solar ray, and the general tawny aspect

called sun-burning is in like manner an effect probably attributable to a similar cause. Viewing the actinic influence of the sunbeam as one of the sources of vital stimulus to the vegetable world, it may also be considered to exert a similar power over the conditions of animal life.

The actinic rays have chiefly been studied in their relation to inorganic substances. Science has revealed in this respect some truths as marvellous as fiction. Allusion has already been made to the chemical decomposition of a preparation of silver by light, as the earliest recognition of the actinic effects of the sunbeam. In their investigations on the chemistry of sunlight, philosophers have discovered that many other chemical substances are strikingly subject to the decomposing influence of actinic radiations. The gases chlorine and hydrogen, when mixed together in combining proportions, will not unite chemically in the dark. If, however, the jar containing the mixture is exposed for a short time to the influence of sunshine, they immediately combine, and generally with a violent explosion. Perhaps the most interesting decomposition effected by sunlight is one described by Sir John Herschel. If a solution of peroxalate of iron be kept in a dark place, it does not undergo any sensible change. If, however, it be exposed to the influence of solar light in a glass vessel, the solution soon presents a very interesting phenomenon. In a short time it develops an infinite number of bubbles of gas, which rise in the liquor with increasing rapidity, and give the solution the appearance of a syrup undergoing strong fermentation. This ebullition always becomes stronger, and almost tumultuous, when an unpolished glass tube is immersed in it with a small piece of wood; the liquid itself is afterwards thrown into ascending and descending currents, becomes gradually yellowish, turbid, and eventually precipitates protoxalate of iron in the form of small brilliant crystals, of a lemon-yellow colour. What is yet more remarkable, it appears, by some results of Dr Draper's, that certain bodies seem capable of absorbing the actinic rays, and then even in the dark behaving as if in sunlight. Chlorine exposed alone to sunshine seems to absorb the actinic principle, and now, when mixed with hydrogen, unites with it in the dark. This is highly mysterious. Are we to consider that, like the calorific and luminous principle, that of actinism is capable of entering into bodies, and there remaining for a certain time?

It is reasonable to imagine that these potent radiations fall not without effect upon the surface of the earth. And it has been actually ascertained that the sunbeam, in its gentlest glancing over the surface of bodies, produces a change of some kind or other in their nature or molecular arrangement. The actinic influence is felt by the rock and mountain not less than by the animal and plant. It is not necessary to call in the aid of chemistry to furnish us with her exquisitely-sensitive tablets for evidence of this fact. A polished plate of metal, of glass, of marble, or even a polished surface of wood, being exposed in part to the influence of sunshine, when presented to the action of mercurial vapour, will exhibit the fact, that a disturbance of some kind has taken place upon the portions illuminated, whereas no change can be detected upon the parts kept in the dark. 'We now know,' observes Mr Hunt, 'that it is impossible to expose any body, simple or compound, to the sun's rays, without its being

influenced by this chemical and molecular disturbing power. To take our examples from inorganic nature: the granite rock which presents its uplifted head in firmness to the driving storm—the stones which genius has effused into forms of architectural beauty—or the metal which is intended to commemorate the great acts of man, and which, in the human form, proclaims the hero's deeds and the artist's talent—are all alike destructively acted upon during the hours of sunshine, and but for provisions of nature no less wonderful, would soon perish under the delicate touch of the most subtle of the agencies of the universe.' It has been shown in a remarkable manner, by the discoveries of philosophers, that a counteracting influence exists. In our ignorance we are apt to imagine that for man, animals, and plants alone, night and sleep are needful. Science teaches us that the mountain and the dale require repose! We may not perhaps be able, in strict philosophy, to say with Dryden, that at night

'All things are hushed as nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat.'

But it is an unquestionable fact, that darkness and rest are necessary to nature in its inorganic forms scarcely less so than to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the early experiments on light-drawing, it was found that substances which received the solar impression by day lost them again during the night. Paper prepared by means of iodide of potassium exhibits this property very quickly. On receiving an image, it retains the impression for a few minutes, but it is then lost in the dark, and the paper may be reimpresed as before. At night, therefore, the chemical disturbances produced by the ever-active solar rays are undone. The molecular changes are repaired also: how, it is as yet impossible to say. When morning dawns, all creation is prepared to hail the returning luminary; not only the organized, but the inorganic kingdoms having been restored by the hand of gentle sleep.

The actinic radiations have been employed by man in one of the most delightful arts to which modern science has been the minister. The pictures now produced by the Daguerreotype and Calotype processes leave little to be desired. In point of fidelity—nothing; but we may yet look forward to improvements in the minuter, yet important particulars of equableness of detail and general expression. The general principles of photography in taking Daguerreotype pictures are very simple, and may be easily explained:—A highly-polished plate of silvered copper, the surface of which is scrupulously clean, is the tablet upon which the image is received. It is exposed for a certain period to the vapour of iodine, and is then transported to the apparatus by means of which the lenticular image is produced, and which is ordinarily merely a variety of the camera-obscura. The image falling upon this yellow surface becomes instantly impressed upon it, and if allowed to remain for a short time, produces visible evidence of its presence by its darkening effect upon the surface of the metal. In actual practice, a few seconds are sufficient to produce the desired change, and the plate is then removed from the dark chamber. Yet, the eye discerns no effect produced on the plate. But on

its being exposed to mercurial vapour, the latent image is beautifully developed. The vapour of the mercury attaches itself in the form of exceedingly minute globules to the surface, and the picture stands out in exquisite fidelity and truth. Contrary to the general impression, the *light* of the Daguerreotype in reality exhibit those parts upon which the chemical influence of the sunbeam has been exerted: the shadows are formed by the dark polished surface of the metallic tablet. The only process that remains has for its objects the removal of the undecomposed iodide of silver, and in so doing, the rendering the image permanent. This is effected by washing the tablet in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. The image produced by this means is without colour—that is, it is simply a drawing in black and gray. A number of minute details are necessary to insure the perfection of the process, which a prolonged experience can alone render evident. The introduction of tinting into photographic portraits has been highly successful in rendering them acceptable to the public. But it is needful to observe that art is in these cases the handmaid to nature. The sunbeam refuses as yet to lend its aid in the production of the delicate tints of colour which enliven Mr Kilburn's, Mr Beard's, or Mr Claudet's pictures; and these are consequently supplied by the brush and palette of the artist. The minute accuracy of the largest drawings thus produced can scarcely be imagined. They bear close examination with a lens, and for geometrical precision are unparalleled.

The Talbotype process is more complex, and demands a degree of nicety of manipulation and dexterity possessed by few. The resulting pictures are, however, extremely beautiful. Let us quote, from the account given in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' Mr Talbot's account of the process as pursued by himself:—'I select, in the first place, paper of a good firm quality, and smooth surface. I do not know that any answers better than superfine writing-paper. I dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. I then spread a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at a fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use. This paper, if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photographic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun; the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves. By alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it between times, I have succeeded in increasing its sensibility to the degree that is requisite for receiving the images of the camera-obscura. Having prepared a number of sheets of paper with chemical proportions slightly different from each other, let a piece be cut from each, and having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for a quarter of an hour. Then if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera-obscura.' The paper requiring then to have the undecomposed silver either removed or so fixed as to be unalterable by light, is washed with various solutions. The most successful appears to be the hyposulphite of soda. In the variety of this process called the Calotype, the chemical preparations em-

ployed are more costly, consisting of nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, gallic acid, and bromide of potassium. But the paper is exquisitely sensitive to the light if exposed for less than a second; chemical change is instantly set up, and the pictures exhibit a charming gradation of tone and fidelity of detail.

The pictures thus produced differ from the Daguerreotype in this remarkable particular: they are negative in their character—that is, the lights are represented by dark marks, and the shadows by light ones. To obtain a positive picture, a very simple contrivance is resorted to: the negative is placed over a piece of sensitive paper resting on a board below, and the papers are then covered with a glass plate, and exposed for a little time to sunshine. The result is, that only those parts of the sensitive paper are impressed with colour which correspond to the lights of the negative picture above it. In a word, a positive or true picture is produced on the second paper by the lights being represented by lights, and the shadows by shadows, as in nature. A large number of positive pictures may be procured by this simple means from one good negative. Various plans have been successfully pursued, by which it is found possible to produce a positive picture at first. But the application of these plans has not been found extensively practicable in actual use. The disadvantage under which both the pictures procured by the Calotype and Daguerreotype processes in all their varied modifications labour under, is the uniformity of their tint. A sombre, deep brown, characterises them, shading variously into black, purple, brownish blue, or possessing a reddish tint. Some photographers are sanguine as to ultimate success in the production of various colours by the influence of the solar rays. It is conceived that the discovery may yet be made by which the pencil of nature shall be caused to develop all the tinted glories of the landscape. Mr Hunt, among other photographers, is very hopeful of this result. The following curious circumstance is narrated by him:—‘In the summer of 1843, when engaged in some experiments on papers prepared according to the principles of Mr Fox Talbot’s calotype, I had placed in a camera-obscura a paper prepared with the bromide of silver and gallic acid. The camera embraced a picture of a clear blue sky, stucco-fronted houses, and a green field. The paper was unavoidably exposed for a longer period than was intended—about fifteen minutes; a very beautiful picture was impressed, which, when held between the eye and the light, exhibited a curious order of colours. The sky was of a *crimson* hue, the houses of a slaty blue, and the green fields of a brick-red tint. Surely,’ adds our sanguine experimenter, ‘these results appear to encourage the hope that we may eventually arrive at a process by which external nature may be made to impress its images on prepared surfaces in all the beauty of their native coloration?’ It is to be remembered, however, that the very principle which operates in the production of these pictures—the actinic—is not only distinct from, but is actually antagonistic to, the luminous principle—the cause of all colour.

A highly interesting and remarkable experiment connected with Daguerreotyping has been prepared, by means of which portraits could be taken in absolute darkness! The method of performing this marvel is by separating, through the instrumentality of a large prism, the actinic rays from those of light and heat. This being done, only those non-

luminous rays are suffered to enter the room where the sitter is placed. Being directed upon the features, from which they are again radiated, and are received upon a highly-sensitive plate in a camera-obscura, upon which, consequently, the image becomes impressed. On the early discovery of the photographic art, it was naturally imagined that in other and sunnier lands than ours, the images would be manifold more vivid and distinct than those procured by photographers in England. Singularly enough, in point of quickness of production the climate of England is a hundred-fold more favourable to the photographic art than the brightest region of the tropics. In the clear and beautiful light of the higher Alps, it has been proved that the production of a photographic picture requires many minutes more, even with the most sensitive preparations, than it does in London. We are told of a gentleman who, under the mistake just mentioned, conveyed with him to Mexico all the apparatus necessary for securing perfect Daguerreotypes of the edifices of that city. Greatly to his surprise and disappointment, his attempts were almost entirely frustrated; and it was only when the rainy season set in, and the intensity of the sun's light had been thereby abated, that he was able to obtain the object of his wishes. Travellers engaged in copying the antiquities of Yucatan have, from a similar cause, been compelled to abandon the use of the photographic apparatus, and betake themselves to the more obedient instruments—the pencil and the sketch-book. It appears from these curious facts, that in proportion to the intensity of the solar brilliance is the chemical influence of the sun's rays rendered less potent. Light and actinism have, indeed, been regarded as antagonistic powers, and these results seem to warrant the conclusion. One would imagine that the image of the sun itself would surely be the most strongly-marked of all others in the Daguerreotype plate; yet, on the contrary, the position of the sun is only indicated by a spot where little or no chemical change on the tablet has taken place.

It has been thought that, in addition to the three principles constituting the solar beam, to the phenomena of which our attention has in the preceding pages been called, a fourth also existed—namely, *electricity*. Mrs Somerville, in a series of experiments upon needles exposed to the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, developed several remarkable phenomena, which appeared to demonstrate the power of the solar rays to induce magnetism in them. Other experimenters obtained similar results. On the other hand, a number of observers repeating these experiments, and others of a like nature, were unsuccessful. It has been suggested that electricity, if connected with the solar beam, may be rather a result of the combined action of the principles—light, heat, and actinism—than a distinct and separate principle resident with them in its rays.

The science of the sunbeam, young though it be, has produced much fruit, if only in the exquisite phenomena of the Daguerreotype and Calotype. In the observatory at Greenwich, the magnetic needles are rendered self-registering by actinic radiations reflected by them upon a sheet of prepared paper. One of the largest practical illustrations of the good results flowing from the discoveries which this Paper has detailed, is to be seen in the magnificent palm-stoves at Kew. It being impossible to devise any system

of shades which would protect this immense structure and its valuable occupants from the scorching rays of the sun, the idea was thrown out, that, by attention to the colouring of the glass employed, it might be possible to affect this object without injury to the plants or unsightliness to the conservatory. The rays most active in producing the scorching effects are those which accompany and even lie beyond the red rays. These rays it was the object to cut off, yet at the same time to permit the free passage of all the luminous and actinic rays, and of the upper heat-rays. A number of experiments pursued by Mr Hunt at length gave the desired result, and a greenish-yellow glass was found which was opaque to the injurious, but freely transparent to all the beneficial rays. This glass was accordingly adopted; and if we may judge from a personal examination of the character of the exotic vegetation luxuriating in this immense structure, the experiment of its adoption appears fully justified by the excellence of the result. Strangely enough, horticulturists long since found by practice what a tedious course of experiments philosophically demonstrated—that plants thrive best under a glass of this tint.

As yet, philosophers are only on the verge of the science of which we have here attempted to present an outline. Some highly-interesting phenomena connected with the march of the seasons open up a wide field for future investigation, and promise a rich reward to the patience of the investigator. In early spring, when the moist soil heaves with countless vegetable beings pressing upward to the genial day, it is found that the actinic rays—those the most needful—are most abundantly present in the sunbeam; but as spring mellows into summer—as the puny plant increases in height and strength, and prepares to adorn itself with flowers—the luminous principle is in greatest excess; and by its influence the plant forms the woody-fibre necessary to its strength and solidity. And as summer dies away into the soberer time of autumn—when the earth is to yield her increase to the husbandman, and when the fruit must ripen on the bough—then the principle of heat is most abundant; and by its assistance the golden luxuries of the soil are ripened for the hand of the gatherer. Even in a single day the relative proportion of these principles seems to vary. Sunrise gleams upon the dewy soil, pregnant with actinic influence; mid-day shines with glorious splendour; and eventide glows with heat. All day long, however, the three principles are shed upon creation. Neither can be separated from the others without injury to the organized and even inorganic worlds. Combined, how perfect their adaptation to the wants of our beautiful creation! How eloquent the lesson inculcated by their varied phenomena touching the wisdom, power, and love of Him of whose almighty hand they are but the subservient instruments!

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE intense and general emotion which the intelligence of the premature death of Sir Robert Peel excited in all classes of society was an instinctive, and with many persons an involuntary, homage to the eminence of that distinguished man. The falling of the column revealed the largeness of the space it had occupied in the public eye, and men were startled by the magnitude of the void which thus suddenly flashed upon them. With the natural regret felt by generous minds on witnessing high hopes overthrown, the pulses of a yet manly and honourable ambition for ever stilled, the warm current of vigorous life arrested by the sudden grasp of death, there mingled a startled apprehensiveness of the consequences likely to result to the nation from the demise of a statesman who exercised so great and paramount an influence over its destinies, and whose name, whatever the merits or demerits of his policy, is indissolubly associated with some of the most important events in modern British history. That painful emotion will not speedily subside; but already there succeeds to the natural outburst of regretful encomium which followed the sudden withdrawal of a great man from the scene where he played so distinguished a part, the first faint whispers of the spirit of detraction by which he was in life pursued, and which, shamed into momentary silence, is again taking heart, and reviving aspersions by which it has so industriously sought to dwarf and stain a lofty reputation and a great memory. Be it our task, then, calmly to inquire if there be any reason to doubt of an ultimately favourable verdict of posterity on the acts and motives of Sir Robert Peel; a verdict, by the way, which if it be true that foreign nations are a kind of contemporaneous posterity, has never been for a moment doubtful. Happily, violence and passion, unreasoning clamour and abuse, will avail nothing to influence the judgment of the next generation. No contemporary condemnation of Sir Robert Peel pronounced by the voices, phrase-eloquent as they may be, of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, will be ratified by posterity. The award to which Time will give validity and enduring power will be spoken by other tongues than those of men who, once his parasites, have since become his unscrupulous calumniators; and from other tribunals than those presided over or influenced by persons who saw only in his fall from power a niche left vacant which themselves, if sufficiently bold and reckless, might hope to fill. A necessarily brief, but unreserved and faithful, tracing of the chief incidents of his life and political career will enable us to anticipate with

probable correctness the nature of that calm and reasoned judgment—whether it will confirm or reverse the emphatic declaration pronounced in the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington—a man whose blunt honesty of speech and keen insight into character no one will deny—that in every action of his life, Sir Robert Peel, above all other men he knew, was guided by a love of TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

The chief measures which the deceased statesman has been instrumental in placing on the statute book, mark, it cannot be denied, great and distinct epochs in the monetary, religious, and commercial policy of this country—the turning-points of a system which, suddenly abandoning the beaten but narrow and miry road, darkly-visible in the doubtful and fading light of decaying traditions, stepped confidently into a firmer and broader path, illumined by the lights of reason, common sense, and the spirit of social impartiality. These changes, whatever fond illusions may be indulged in by a few persons representing ages long past, and dreaming rather than living in the present day, are irreversible. No instance can be pointed out in which this country has receded from a policy urged upon the government by long, continuous, and peaceful efforts of the people, and slowly, reluctantly acquiesced in by the legislature. In such cases all the conditions and guarantees of permanence have been fulfilled, and an effectual reaction is out of the question. Mr Vansittart's dictum, that an incon-vertible one-pound note and a shilling were, and always would be, equal in exchangeable value to a guinea of full weight and fineness, is as capable of restoration to our statute book as the law forbidding an Irish Catholic to take part in the legislation of his own country. The same with the duties on corn: they are as dead as the close boroughs; and gentlemen who trade in delusion might as reasonably promise their followers a revival of Old Sarum as of the sliding scale. With these irrevocable departures from a narrow and restrictive policy, it has been the fortune of Sir Robert Peel to inseparably connect his name, whilst, unfortunately for his reputation, according to his adversaries, the precise measures relative to Currency, Catholics, and Corn—to use a quaint, alliterative phrase—upon which his fame as a statesman must ultimately rest, are precisely those which he had previously distinguished himself by denouncing and combating. In 1810 he voted for Mr Vansittart's currency absurdities in opposition to Mr Francis Horner. In 1819 he adopted Mr Horner's propositions, eliciting from the House of Commons explosions of hilarious mirth at the transparent folly he had before supported. Until 1829 he had uniformly, if hesitatingly, opposed the admission of Roman Catholics to equal civil rights with other subjects of the realm. In that year he not only renounced his opposition to those claims, but led the assault upon the exclusive Protestant constitution, of which he had till then been the favourite champion. Finally, in 1846, he recanted his previous opinions upon the Corn-Laws, and in the face of his bewildered and astonished party, gave legislative effect to doctrines concerning which they had chiefly gathered around him as their leader to denounce and oppose. It is by his conduct with reference to these three questions that Sir Robert Peel's moral and intellectual qualities as a public man must be chiefly tested, for his various administrative reforms, and his amendment of the criminal law and practice of the country, though sufficient, under other circumstances, to make the reputation of

SIR ROBERT PEEL

a great statesman, pale their ineffectual light before the guilt or greatness of such acts as these. Having thus broadly and unreservedly indicated the nature of the indictment preferred at the bar of public opinion against the departed minister, we proceed at once to call up the evidence of his entire life to answer the imputation of sinister and unworthy motives which it is presumed to involve.

Sir Robert Peel had little in the way of ancestral dignity to boast of. The family motto, 'Industria,' was the patent by which its wealth was created and its eminence established. About the year 1760, when calico-printing—first practised in this country on the banks of the Thames by some of the French, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—was introduced into Lancashire, the grandfather of the right honourable baronet, residing in Fish Lane, in the town of Blackburn, devoted himself at once, and with great usefulness and success, to the improvement of an art which now furnishes employment to hundreds of thousands of families. He was called 'Parsley Peel,'* from his first experimental and successful pattern having been a parsley leaf. The ironing, a substitute for calendering, was, says tradition, performed by one of Mr Peel's family; another account says by one Mrs Milton, a neighbouring cottager. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the beginning in life of the late prime minister's grandfather was a very humble one, and that it was by his own perseverance and commercial sagacity that he laid the foundation of the now princely fortunes of the Peel family. He early succeeded in establishing considerable and profitable spinning and printworks at Brookside, near Blackburn. Robert, his third son, appears to have displayed from his youth peculiar aptitude for business, and to have been early possessed of a notion that he should become the founder of a family. To realise this object, he tasked his energies during a long and busy life. The works at Brookside, he soon saw, afforded too narrow a field for the exertions of himself and brothers, and at his own request he was sent to his maternal uncle, Mr Haworth of Bury, where he was introduced to a Mr Yates, who, infected by the prevalent mania for cotton-spinning, weaving, and printing, had sold his business in Blackburn—he had kept the Black Bull public-house there—and erected works on the banks of the Irwell. He does not appear to have been very successful till fortune threw Robert Peel in his way, who married his daughter. The father and son-in-law entered into partnership together, and a rapid accumulation of wealth followed. Mr Robert Peel afterwards established extensive works near Burton-upon-Trent, and so vast a business did he transact, that it is said there were frequently not less than fifteen thousand persons employed in his factories. He ultimately purchased large estates in several counties, amongst which was Drayton Manor, near Tamworth, where the expenditure of his capital rendered him so popular with the inhabitants of that previously decaying borough, that his influence speedily superseded that of the aristocratic Townshend family, and he was returned as one of its representatives to par-

* The name of the family, which has given rise to so many undignified jests, is in reality of no mean significance. A castle was in former times called a *peel* or *peel-house*, and it was probably from a place consequently so named that the family derived its appellation.

liament. His son, the late baronet, was born February 5, 1788, at Chamber Hall, in the neighbourhood of Bury—the oldest of a family consisting of five sons and three daughters.

Mr Robert Peel had the prudence to keep himself aloof from active politics till he had realised a magnificent fortune; and his reputation for wisdom would not have suffered greatly had he persisted in that wise abstinence from public affairs. In politics he appears to have been governed by one dominant idea, which was, that Mr Pitt was the greatest of all possible ministers. Pitt and paper-money, Pitt and suspension of cash-payments, Pitt's war-policy, Pitt and the national debt, were the themes of his incessant eulogies—the formulæ of his political creed. He thoroughly believed Mr Pitt to be in very truth a 'Heaven-born minister,' and he exercised his literary genius in a work entitled 'The National Debt Productive of National Prosperity,' which has been long since charitably forgotten. He not only raised several companies of Bury Loyal Volunteers, of which he was the lieutenant-colonel, but in his martial ardour subscribed the munificent sum of ten thousand pounds towards the so-called Patriotic Fund, designed to assist the government in carrying on the war against France with vigour. To this circumstance, according to Cobbett—a very doubtful authority, by the way, in matters which excited his passions of envy or dislike—he owed the baronetcy, which was conferred upon him November 29, 1800. On one question only could he bring himself to oppose Mr Pitt. It was that of the slave-trade. His veneration for the great minister could not reconcile him to the abolition of that gainful traffic. No hand, not even that of Mr Pitt, should with his consent be stretched forth to restrain or puffish the African man-stealers. Such was the political Gamaliel at whose feet the late baronet imbibed those early lessons which in after-life it is so difficult to correct or eradicate. In this home-atmosphere he dwelt during school and college vacations, day by day instructed by loved and honoured lips in the theories and maxims of a narrow class and creed exclusiveness. Without intending any disrespect to Harrow or Oxford, it may be confidently assumed that his home-education was not likely to be corrected in a liberal sense by his scholastic studies and examples. Lord Byron supplies us with a glimpse, through his own self-glorifying spectacles, of the future premier at Harrow. 'Peel,' observes his lordship, 'the orator and statesman that is, or is to be, was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our class. We were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never. In school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. I think I was his superior (?), as well as of most boys of my standing.' Thus far his lordship. That, however, which is certain is, that Mr Peel greatly distinguished himself at Oxford, obtaining in 1808 double first-class honours—first in classics, first in mathematics. Mr Peel was the first man who achieved this success.

Thus prepared by educational and parental precept and example, Mr

Peel was thrust forward into public life by his proud and anxious father to commit himself to opinions formed for him by others, and to find himself in a few years hailed, boy as he was, as the champion of a party with which accident, not nature, had united him. He was just turned twenty-one years of age when, in 1809, he took his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Cashel. A few months afterwards, on the 23d of January in the following year, Mr Peel was selected by the Perceval administration to second the address in the Commons, in reply to the speech from the throne. The chief topic upon which the debate was expected to turn was the fatal Walcheren expedition, in which thousands of gallant soldiers were sent to perish in pestilential marshes, at the very moment that the Duke of Wellington was struggling against perilous odds for the deliverance of the Peninsula—the only field in which England could effectually encounter the military power of Napoleon, and where alone, as all sensible men saw, the continental struggle, as far as England was concerned, would be lost or won. Mr Peel's apology for that disastrous blunder was smart and lively enough, as far as mere phrase-making went, but of course essentially weak and worthless; not more so, however, than that of Mr Canning, who had not, like Mr Peel, the excuse of extreme youth and inexperience to plead for his heartless sophistries. One point in Mr Peel's speech is worth quoting, inasmuch as it supplies an authentic contradiction to Napoleon Bonaparte's assertion, when painting in fancy colours his own portrait at St Helena, relative to the great effect produced by his Berlin and Milan decrees, which not only forbade the admittance of British manufactures into any of the ports of the continent, but commanded the British islands to consider themselves in a state of fanciful blockade. 'England,' said Mr Peel, 'desires peace, not war; but she will suffer no indignity, and will make no unbecoming concession. With every engine of power and perfidy arrayed against us, the situation of this country has demonstrated to Bonaparte that it is invulnerable in the very point to which all his efforts have been directed. The accounts of the exports of British manufactures would be found to exceed by several millions those of any former period.' Mr Perceval was so pleased with, and so hopeful of, the young orator, that he, a few months afterwards, appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Home department.

In 1810 a Bullion Committee, as it was termed, was appointed by the Commons to inquire into the state of the currency, and to suggest such means as they might deem advisable for replacing the circulating medium of the country upon a sound basis. The suspension of cash-payments by the Bank of England in 1797, in virtue of an order in council—which council, by the way, so great was the supposed necessity for haste, sat on a Sunday—had been since continued from time to time by legislative enactment, and in this year of grace 1810, the depreciation in value of the inconvertible notes had become so great, as to alarm the more timid admirers of Mr Pitt's great scheme of paper finance: a guinea really exchanging for a one-pound note and from four to seven shillings. On the 8th of May 1811, the resolutions of Mr Horner, embodying the report of the committee, which in substance declared 'that the only certain and adequate security to be provided against the excess of a paper currency, and for maintaining the relative value of the circulating medium of the realm, is the legal converti-

bility, upon demand, of all paper currency into lawful coin of the realm,' were met by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr Vansittart) with counter resolutions, pledging the House to the audacious fiction, 'that the (inconvertible) promissory-notes of the Bank have hitherto been, and are at this time, held in public estimation to be equivalent to the legal coin of the realm, and accepted as such in all pecuniary transactions to which such coin is lawfully applicable.' Mr Vansittart not only called upon the House to affirm this resolution, in the teeth of facts as notorious as the existence of the House itself, but expressed a desire that they would pledge their *belief* that, as Philosopher Square would express it, an inconvertible one-pound note and a shilling must always, in the eternal fitness of things, be of precisely the same value as an unclipped, unsweated, golden guinea. This astounding minister further declared, that to talk of a metallic standard of value was simply an absurdity: a pound was an abstraction, depending for its exchangeable value upon the pleasure of the sovereign for the time being, who had an indefeasible right to clip, lighten, or debase the coin of the realm in such manner as to his or her wisdom might seem fit. In such an assembly it was not to be supposed that Mr Huskisson's merely common-sense exposition, 'that coin was of no value except with reference to the gold and silver it contained, and that paper was of no permanent value but in reference to the coin it represented,' would meet with favour or support. Prosaic realities could have no charms for men dazzled and bewildered by the Chancellor's flights of fancy. Mr Vansittart's resolution passed by a majority of two to one, the late Sir Robert Peel voting with his father in the *majority*. Assuredly it was more his father's vote than his own. That gentleman, it has been previously remarked, was vehement in his admiration of bank-notes, provided nobody was under any legal obligation to change them. He fully believed that Bonaparte had, chiefly by their agency, been kept at bay so long, and that to them—their unchangeableness that is—the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar, the passing of the Douro in the face of Soult's army by Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the impregnability of the lines of Torres Vedras, were all mainly attributable. His enthusiasm carried his son with him; and the late baronet endorsed Mr Vansittart's intrepid fiction by his vote. Subsequently to the passing of these resolutions, Earl Stanhope introduced a bill rendering it penal to refuse bank-note paper in payment, either at less than its nominal value, or *at more*, it was added with unconscious irony. Both the Peels, father and son, voted also for this bill, which was duly carried; and to use the expression of an inconvertible enthusiast, the constitution, which had been in imminent danger of shipwreck—*Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, Bill of Rights* inclusive—was again firmly placed on an imperishable basis of—paper!

On the 11th of May 1812 this ministry, the last formed upon the principle of unanimous and uncompromising hostility to the Catholic claims, was brought to an end by the assassination of Mr Perceval, who was shot by a madman of the name of Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. After some delay, the Liverpool administration was formed, and on the 12th of September, in the same year, Mr Peel accepted the important office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The injunction of Sacred Writ, not to place a blind reliance in the faith of princes, was too late remembered by Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, in the prison cell from whence he might never more depart, save to the scaffold. In 1812 the Catholics of Ireland were fain to acknowledge in bitterness of spirit the wisdom of this maxim of the inspired penman. The Prince Regent, not only when Prince of Wales, but till the restrictions on the regency had lapsed, permitted himself to be ostentatiously put forth as a friend to Catholic emancipation—as a great and generous prince who, once invested with the full prerogative and power of the crown, would instantly remedy the grievances and wrongs of centuries; but to the astonishment of that enthusiastic people, the chivalrous prince, when possessed of unshackled authority, was pleased to cast his emancipation predilections, if indeed he had ever seriously entertained them, to the winds, and to express his approval in very decided terms of the measures which successive Lord-Lieutenants had recourse to for the purpose of stifling all expression of Catholic feeling.

This tergiversation of the prince was attributed 'to the witchery of an unworthy secret influence.' In other and plainer words, the violation of the implied promises of the regent was said to be the consequence of the ascendancy which Lady Yarmouth (Marchioness of Hertford) had, it was alleged, obtained over the royal mind. From whatever motive or influence the feeling arose, it is quite certain that the prince had become thoroughly adverse to the Catholic claims, and remained so to the end of his days. Lord Eldon, writing to 'Dear Swire,' on the 13th of March 1813, says, after remarking upon the appointment of Dr Parsons to the see of Peterborough, 'He is a stout fellow, and right in all controversial points, on the Catholic question particularly; and my young master (the prince was about fifty years of age), who is as eager as his father was upon that, and of the same way of thinking, seems to me to be looking out for those who are able to support the church and state as we have had them in times past.' Thus if we are to believe Lord Eldon, the Catholic Board, which at the aggregate meeting, June 18, 1812, Lord Fingal in the chair, passed a resolution distinctly imputing the change in the prince 'to the witchery of an unworthy secret influence,' was in manifest error, the change in the royal mind having been the natural and legitimate result of the conscientious repentance of a pious prince.

It was at this very crisis that Mr Peel, a mere boy in age, and of yet more juvenile politics, was appointed chief Secretary for Ireland! That which must grieve intelligent men is the contemptuous audacity of such an appointment, rather than the comparative failure of a young man pushed to an unearned and bewildering pre-eminence. Mr Peel nevertheless, enviroined as he was by difficulties, conducted himself with much decorum. He kept scrupulously aloof from the vulgar orgies of the Lord-Lieutenant (the Duke of Richmond); effected valuable reforms in his own office; supported the National Board of Education established by the Whigs; and so quickly adopted a more liberal and enlightened course, as to extort from Mr Grattan in 1814 the high praise 'that his measures "for the better execution of the laws of Ireland" had been introduced with a candour and temper that did him honour, and were equally mild and judicious.' The Irish constabulary, known to this day amongst the commonalty as

'Peelers,' owes its efficiency to his admirable organization of the force. His recognition of 'the exuberant loyalty' of the Orange section of the nation, whose character and aims he appears to have at first mistaken, may be excused when it is remembered how the youthful secretary—Orange Peel, as they delighted to call him—was fêted and fawned upon by the chiefs of that party, especially as no act of his tended to augment the power and pretensions of a confederacy who, because their spiritual belief was held to be purer than that of their neighbours, were always clamouring for a monopoly of worldly privilege and enjoyment. Mr Peel was early, and, it will hardly be denied, coarsely and unjustly, assailed by Mr O'Connell, especially on occasion of the celebrated but abortive *refo* project. It was one of Mr Pitt's schemes for consolidating the legislative union of England and Ireland to concede a qualified emancipation of the Catholics, on condition that the crown should have a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops—an arrangement, it should seem, something in the nature of a *concordat*; and the Liverpool administration appointed a commission, at the head of which were the Lord-Lieutenant and Mr Secretary Peel, to examine if such a measure would be consistent with adequate security to the established church. The contemplated arrangement was, it appeared by Quarantelli's rescript, viewed approvingly at Rome; but Mr O'Connell and his friends declared that, although conscientious Catholics, they were no 'slaves of Rome,' and vehemently denounced the project as a disgraceful compromise of an indefeasible British right. 'And whom,' exclaimed the Irish tribune, 'are we to have at the head of this commission issued by that sulky and sullen enemy of the Catholics, the Duke of Richmond? Why, that ludicrous enemy of ours, who has got in jest the name he deserves in earnest, "Orange Peel;" a raw youth, squeezed out of the workings of I know not what factory in England.' Mr Peel revenged himself for this sarcasm, on Sir Henry Parnell's motion in favour of the Catholic claims, by quoting a number of violent passages from Mr O'Connell's speeches, interspersed with a running commentary of his own. These elegant extracts appear to have made a considerable impression on the House, and Sir Henry Parnell's motion was negatived by a considerable majority. Mr O'Connell was excessively wroth, and the first time he again spoke in public, made use, with a good deal of ostentatious defiance in his tone and manner, of the following language:—'Mr Peel would not dare in my presence, nor in any place where he was liable to personal account, to use a single expression derogatory to my character or honour.' Mr Peel immediately sent Sir Charles Saxton, Under-Secretary for Ireland, to Mr O'Connell, to say that he waived his parliamentary privilege, and held himself personally responsible for what he had uttered in the House of Commons. Mr Lidwell, O'Connell's friend, could not arrange with Sir Charles Saxton who should be the challenger, his principal declining to call out Mr Peel, though perfectly willing to meet him if challenged to do so. To end the matter as quickly as possible, Mr Peel sent Colonel Brown with a directly hostile message; but the new envoy so blundered his foolish business, that Mrs O'Connell divined what was going on, and applied to Sheriff Fleming, who held her husband to bail to keep the peace within the United Kingdom. A meeting was subsequently arranged to take place at Ostend, where Mr Peel and the two seconds safely arrived; but Mr

O'Connell was arrested as he was passing through London by a warrant issued by Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough, and bound in heavy sureties not to leave the kingdom. In this compelled absence of one of the principals, the two seconds exchanged shots, happily without effect; and Mr Peel, who appears to have been extremely anxious to shoot at somebody, expressed a wish for a separate duel with Mr Lidwell. This, however, was demurred to by that gentleman as altogether unreasonable, and the duellists returned home unscathed. 'It was with reference to this affair that Lord Norbury indulged, a short time afterwards, in an amusing, but, in a judge, unseemly jest, at Mr O'Connell's expense. Mr O'Connell was addressing his lordship, who seemed to pay but indifferent attention to what he was saying. 'I am afraid, my lord,' said O'Connell, pausing in his argument, 'that your lordship does not apprehend me?' 'I beg your pardon,' promptly replied the facetious judge, 'I do perfectly; and indeed no one is more easily apprehended than Mr O'Connell *when he wishes to be.*'

In 1817 a vacancy occurred in the representation of the university of Oxford, in consequence of the elevation of Mr Abbott, who had for many years filled the office of Speaker, to the House of Lords by the title of Lord Colchester. By the active influence of Lord Eldon and other zealous opponents of the Catholic claims, the much-coveted seat was conferred on Mr Peel, who at the time sat for the borough of Chippenham in Wiltshire. When Mr Canning arrived at Oxford, a few days after the vacancy was announced, he found the election virtually settled, and of course declined entering upon a fruitless contest. There can be no doubt that Mr Peel was solely indebted for this honour to his anti-Catholic opinions. In other respects Mr Canning was held to possess higher claims to the distinction, but his 'pro-Popery' leanings, to use the jargon of the time, forbade him to entertain any hope of success. Mr Canning is said to have felt the disappointment acutely, a seat for the university having been an object of his earliest and fondest ambition.

In the following year Mr Peel resigned the Irish Secretaryship, and did not again take office till 1822, when he succeeded Lord Sidmouth in the Home Office. The intervening years he, however, employed in active political life. In 1818 he was appointed chairman of a new Bullion Committee, and in May 1819 it was his duty to bring in a bill in accordance with the committee's report to compel the Bank of England to fulfil its obligations by a resumption of cash payments within a specified period. This was his first important recantation of opinion, and it will be agreed that he made it in a remarkably bold and open manner. The elder Peel had not, however, in the slightest degree modified his views upon this or any other subject. At a meeting held on the 8th of May at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, the veteran admirer of Pitt and paper-money was called upon the table by Mr Bainbridge, the chairman, to open the proceedings. He unfortunately commenced—he probably could not help it—with a high-flown panegyric upon the character of Mr Pitt, which called forth a storm of hisses from the auditory. After stammering out a few sentences, to the effect that cash payments would cause the downfall of the constitution and the entire ruin of the country, he withdrew in high dudgeon. Mr C. Pearson was one of the speakers, and he drew a

picture of the distresses of the working-classes in those good, old, highly-protected times, both startling and instructive. Seven shillings a week, he averred, were the ordinary wages of a manufacturing workman who toiled sixteen hours a day, and had perhaps a wife and children to maintain. 'By evidence,' said Mr Pearson, 'taken before a committee of the House of Commons, it has been demonstrated that the working-classes are labouring under difficulties too great for human nature long to endure. Those who have read the evidence to which I allude will have seen that the poor of Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Nottingham, are condemned, by the vile system of which the Bank-Restriction Act is the parent, to a life of hopeless misery.' Mr Owen of Lanark contributed his quota of wisdom, by assuring the meeting that 'if the resumption of cash payments were attempted, it would no longer be possible to continue even the present low rate of wages to the labourer.' The Socialist sage, however, suggested consolation to the afflicted admirers of a fictitious currency: 'Cash payments,' quoth he, '*cannot* be resumed, for there is not sufficient specie in the world for the purpose!' This announcement ought in all reason to have calmed the anxieties of the partisans of an irresponsible bank, but it did not; and after some peculiar oratory from Messieurs Hunt, Wooler, and Cartwright, the meeting, having first passed a resolution in favour of cash payments, broke up in disorder and confusion.

A few evenings afterwards Mr Peel rose in the House of Commons to move the resolutions of which he had given notice, which it will be seen did not in the slightest degree interfere with the legitimate uses of representative paper-money; they merely repressed the abuse of non-representative paper, by enacting that the issuers should, upon demand, redeem their promises to pay in coin of a settled weight and fineness. They were in substance as follows:—On and after the 1st of October 1820, the Bank should be compelled to redeem their notes in gold of standard fineness, at the rate of not more than £3, 19s. 6d. per ounce, if the notes tendered for payment amounted in value, in one tender, to sixty ounces of that gold; on the 1st of May 1821, at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce, on the pre-cited condition; and finally, on and after the 1st of May 1823, to pay all their notes on demand in standard gold, at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d. per ounce. Previous to his son addressing the House, the elder Peel made a curious and characteristic speech. He complained of the conduct of the persons who had disturbed the assembly at the London Tavern. 'The gentlemen,' remarked the worthy baronet, at once mounting his favourite hobby—'the gentlemen who opposed me at the meeting of which I have spoken were indignant at my mentioning the name of Mr Pitt. My impression is certainly a strong one in his favour; I always thought him the first man in the country: and to see the noble lord (Castlereagh) and my honourable friends on the one hand, and Messieurs Hunt and Cartwright on the other, united to pull down the fabric erected by the immortal Pitt, is at once ludicrous and painful.' After a few intermediate sentences, this venerable gentleman alluded to the changed opinions of his son, whom he somewhat superfluously called his 'near relation:—'To-night,' he said, 'I shall have to oppose a very near and dear relation. But, as I have a duty to perform, I respect those who do theirs, and who consider that duty to be paramount to all other considerations. I have mentioned the name of

Mr Pitt. My own impression is certainly a strong one in favour of that great man. All of us have some bias, and I always thought him the first man in the country. I well remember, when the near and dear relation alluded to was a child, I observed to some friends that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner Mr Pitt had done, was the man of all the world the most to be admired, and the most to be imitated; and I thought at that moment, if my life and that of my dear relation were spared, I would one day present him to his country to follow in the same path. It is very natural that such should be my wish, and I will only say further of him, that though he is deviating from the right path in this instance, his head and heart are in the right place, and I think they will soon recall him to the right way.'

Mr Peel's face, during the delivery of his father's speech, must have been worth looking at by a man of melancholy temperament. He appears to have quickly recovered from it, for almost immediately afterwards he rose and made the first really able speech of his parliamentary life. It was the first utterance of his own opinions—the free expression of a mind self-emancipated from one at least of the carefully-instilled prejudices of his nonage. The recantation was thorough and explicit; and substituting the name of Horner for that of Cobden, we might almost fancy we were listening to the great valedictory speech of 1846. 'Here,' said Mr Peel, after explaining the purport of the resolutions, 'I feel myself bound to state that, since I have entered the committee, my own opinion has undergone an entire change. I went into the inquiry determined to dismiss all former impressions that I might have received, and to obliterate from my memory the vote which I gave some years since when the same subject was discussed. I resolved to apply to it my undivided and unprejudiced attention, and to adopt every inference that authentic information or mature reflection should offer to the mind. The statement I am about to make is, I can assure the House, made without the slightest scruple or remorse. I voted against the former resolutions proposed by Mr Horner; and it is now my duty, as an honest man, to admit that they represented the true nature and laws of our monetary system, and to declare my concurrence, with very little qualification, in all their principles. I am ready to affirm them; and I feel neither shame nor repentance in paying this tribute to the memory of one with whom I indeed differed on general politics, but whose character and talents no one more highly respects than myself.'

Mr Peel's ridicule of the abstract-pound philosophers was not only eminently rich and pertinent—so much so, that he could not forbear treating the public, in his Bank-Charter speech of 1843, to a second and diluted edition of it—but admirably adapted to the capacities of his audience. 'The main question,' said Mr Peel, 'is this: Can we go on safely without a standard of value? All the witnesses examined by the committee agreed that we could not, except one, a Mr Smith; who, on being asked if there should be no standard, said he would retain the "pound." Upon being further asked what a pound was, he said it was difficult to explain, but that there was no gentleman in England who did not know what a pound was! He added that a pound was a standard which had existed in this country eight hundred years—three hundred years before the introduction of gold coin! I confess,' continued Mr Peel, 'that I can form no idea of a

pound, or a shilling, as detached from a definite quantity of the precious metals. I have the same difficulties to encounter as had Martinus Scriblerus in following the metaphysical speculations of his tutor, the philosophic Crambe. Being asked if he could form an idea of a universal man, he replied, that he conceived him to be a knight of the shire, or the burgess of a corporation, who represented a great number of individuals, but that he could form no other idea of a universal man. Still further to puzzle him, he was asked if he could not form the universal idea of a lord mayor. To which he replied, that never having seen but one lord mayor, the idea of that lord mayor always returned to his mind, and that he had therefore great difficulty to abstract a lord mayor from his gold chain and furred gown; and that, moreover, unfortunately the only time he saw a lord mayor he was on horseback, and that the horse on which he rode consequently not a little disturbed his imagination.' Upon this, says the history, Crambe, like the gentlemen who can form an abstract idea of a pound, swore that he could frame a conception of a lord mayor not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, feet, or any body whatever; and this, he contended, was the true universal idea of a lord mayor.'

Those who have heard the late baronet, may conceive the shouts of laughter which an illustration like this, delivered in the right honourable gentleman's best manner, must have elicited from the House. The resolutions were affirmed, and a bill founded on them passed both Houses without encountering any serious opposition; and that bill has never been suspended or modified since. Out of doors, especially in the money-mongering circles, the outcry was terrific; so much so, that between one settling day and another the funds fell within a fraction of 10 per cent. Poor Cobbett—whose mental vision, powerful and microscopic as it was, ever looked upon one only, and that usually the wrong side of a question—denounced 'Peel's Bill' from America, where he at the time temporarily resided, with merciless ridicule and invective. His famous declaration—that should the bill be carried into effect, he would cheerfully consent to be roasted on a gridiron, whilst Peel stirred the coals, and Canning stood by to make a jest of his groans—is now remembered only as one of the amusing crotchets of a powerful but undisciplined and erratic intellect. Cobbett never forgave the success of 'Peel's Bill;' and, when member for Oldham, in the reformed parliament, moved that an humble address be presented to his majesty, praying him to strike Sir Robert Peel's name off the list of privy-councillors, for having been instrumental in passing that measure. This thoroughly-absurd proceeding, especially from a man like Cobbett, who had ever blindly opposed the use of paper-money, however guaranteed or restricted, was supported only by three other members, and after an overwhelming speech from Sir Robert Peel, was expunged from the journals of the House. After all, perhaps, Cobbett's notion of the effect of the bill was not much more absurd than those of many of his supporters. The 'Times,' for instance, of the 27th May 1819, remarking on the success of the bill, augured immense results from its under-working powers. Governmental extravagance, it opined, now that money could not be manufactured *ad libitum*, would be no longer possible. What the new system would effect might be estimated by what

that which it superseded did *not* effect. 'If,' quoth the leading journal—'if we had been now in the year 1819, in that state which, under a proper system of economy we may be in a year or two, America would not have dared to take Florida without our leave, nor Spain to give it; and General Jackson would have sooner hanged himself than shot Ambrister.' Time has put both alarmists and optimists out of court, and since the constitution has not, as prophesied, gone out with the unchangeable notes, we may console ourselves that their disappearance has not enabled this country to bully others into compliance with the whims and caprices of its governors—who, with reverence be it spoken, have not always exhibited the wisdom of Solomon.

We have now to record an important event in the life of the late honourable baronet. On the 8th of June 1820 he was married at Upper Seymour Street, London, to Julia, youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd. The portraits of this lady, engraved from an admirable likeness by Sir Thomas Laurence, have made the public familiar with the graces of her person; and to those of her mind her distinguished husband has made on several occasions feeling allusion. The bride was in her twenty-fifth, the bridegroom in the thirty-third year of his age.

It was soon apparent that the resolute casting off of one of the mental bandages in which he had been swathed, was not without its effect in loosening the hold on Mr Peel's mind of other early-riveted fetters. On the 28th of February 1821, Mr Plunkett, in one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Catholic disabilities. After solemnly enumerating the names of the departed statesmen, Fox, Grattan, Ponsonby, Romilly, Whitbread, who had supported the Catholic claims—walking, as he expressed it, in long unbroken funeral procession before the sacred images of the dead, he appealed in the following words to the distinguished member for the university of Oxford:—'I am well aware,' he said, 'that there is no statesman likely to be more influential on the subject, and I may add that there is no person whose adherence to what I must call unfounded prejudices is likely to work such serious injury to the country.' Mr Peel was evidently startled by this direct appeal to his good-sense and patriotism. He visibly trembled, as if under a suddenly-awakened sense of the responsibility he was incurring by his opposition to claims so heralded and sanctioned. He thus replied to that earnest adjuration as soon as his shaken self-possession was restored:—'Does the honourable and learned gentleman suppose that I view the existing state of things with complacency? No: I never could hear those names mentioned which are arrayed in such high authority against me, and feel altogether satisfied. . . . I can most conscientiously assure the House that no result of this debate can give me unqualified satisfaction. I am of course bound to wish that the opinions which I honestly feel may prevail, but their prevalence must still be mingled with regret when I know that the success of those opinions must inflict pain on a large portion of my fellow-subjects.' On a subsequent occasion, when speaking on Sir Francis Burdett's motion on the same subject, he perhaps still more distinctly revealed his staggering faith in the soundness of his early impressions:—'I must own that if I were

perfectly satisfied that concession would lead to peace and harmony, if I thought it would put an end to animosities, I for one would not, on a mere theory of the constitution, oppose the measure when concession would secure such immense practical results.' Mr Peel also spoke openly, and with undisguised alarm and displeasure, of the Duke of York's famous declaration against the Catholic claims, which occasioned such obstreperous joy amongst the ultras of the ascendancy party; and in other ways unmistakably evinced a desire for a compromise, which, however, he was not as yet sufficiently matured in resolution to propose himself. After this it certainly appears somewhat strange that Mr Peel should have been looked upon as the uncompromising champion, under all circumstances, and in all eventualities, of Orange exclusiveness! Unlimited confidence in his resolute intolerance continued, albeit, to be felt or simulated; and his and Lord Eldon's presence in the cabinet was as loudly as ever proclaimed to be a sufficient guarantee that Catholic exclusion would be at all risks and perils steadfastly maintained.

A great change was at hand. In 1827 Lord Liverpool was struck by apoplexy, and an almost entire change of ministry was the immediate consequence. Mr Canning was appointed Prime Minister, and the Duke of Wellington, the Lords Eldon, Bathurst, Westmoreland, Melville, and Mr Peel declining to serve under him, withdrew from the cabinet. Mr Canning owed his appointment, it was rumoured at the time, to the influence of the Marchioness of Conyngham; and Lord Eldon's letters, since published by Mr Horace Twiss, in his life of the Chancellor, leave no doubt that it was so. Lord Eldon, moreover, as the following extract of a letter addressed to his brother, Lord Stowell, in September 1823, amply testifies, had long anticipated the ministerial catastrophe which had now arrived:—'The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham in the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The king is in such thralldom, that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon "*ne cede malis*," it is better to go out than be turned out.—Yours affectionately,

ELDON.'

In another letter written at the same period, he says, 'What makes it worse is, that the great man of all (the king) has a hundred times most solemnly declared that no connections of a certain person (Canning) should come in.' This angry lord also attributed, we may here mention, his not obtaining the office of President of the Council in the Duke of Wellington's cabinet of 1828 to 'a certain lady having interposed her all-powerful veto.' This passage occurs in a note dated January 30, 1828, addressed to his daughter, Lady F. J. Banks. These strange revelations did not meet the public eye till many years afterwards; and Mr Canning's elevation, however he had preached it, was generally looked upon as damaging to the cause of Orange ascendancy—why, or how it is somewhat difficult to understand. The honourable premier not only repeated in the House his determination to resist all, or any reform in the representation of the people, and to oppose the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but announced that the Catholic question itself was indefinitely adjourned, and would at no time be introduced as a cabinet or governmental measure. This condition, it was

hinted at the time, had been assented to by Mr Canning as the price of office; and with perfect truth, for we find, again quoting Lord Eldon's 'Life,' that on the 28th of March 1829, George IV. emphatically assured the ex-chancellor, who had paid him a visit, which is stated to have lasted four hours, to induce him to withhold his consent, even at the eleventh hour, to the Catholic Relief Bill, 'that Mr Canning had engaged that he would never allow him (the king) to be troubled about the Roman Catholic question.' The new premier's excuse before the public for the ostentatious postponement of claims he had so long and eloquently urged was widely different from the true one; and was, it will be admitted, very felicitously, or, at all events, very curiously expressed. The mind of the people of England, according to him, was slumbering upon the question, and he feared to awaken that somnolent bigotry. 'No consideration,' he said, 'should induce him to run hostile to the quiet, tacit mode of resistance which prevailed in England. He valued a week of peace in England before the accomplishment of any theoretic or practical (*sic!*) advantage whatever; and,' continued the gifted orator, 'it never shall be said that I, the advocate of freedom of conscience, have ever attempted to force conscience to consent to freedom.' How many pleasant illusions a peep behind the scenes destroys! This charmingly-turned phrase, whatever the meaning of it may be, was greatly cheered, and it was held by the unanimous consent of all parties that Mr Canning's occupancy of the premiership was 'a great fact' in favour of the Catholics—a moral promotion of their cause, with which, if they were not the most unreasonable people in the world, they could not but remain abundantly satisfied. Curious! And what perhaps is still more so, to this day we hear and read abuse of Sir Robert Peel for having prevented Mr Canning from carrying an emancipation bill, in order to appropriate at no distant day the glory of the achievement to himself! The opposition of Mr Peel was in truth of the mildest kind, although that of some of his followers, ever *plus royaliste que le roi*, was violent and absurd enough. In his explanatory speech, May 1, 1827, Mr Peel stated that, long before, upon finding himself in a minority on the Catholic question, he had told the Earl of Liverpool that he thought an effort should be made to settle that question, and had tendered his resignation to further, it should seem, that object. Mr Peel's impression appears to have been, that an arrangement of the Catholic claims was very desirable, and would become imperative; but that he should personally prefer being in opposition when the measure was carried, and it may be reasonably presumed that the chief dissatisfaction felt by him with the new cabinet was, that the premier had bound himself not to attempt the settlement of an embarrassing claim, which the member for the university of Oxford knew must be sooner or later adjusted, and possibly he might even then dimly foresee, at the sacrifice of his own reputation for party faithfulness and consistency. Mr Peel did not exhibit the slightest personal virulence towards Mr Canning, and it subsequently appeared that he had remained on terms of friendly intimacy with that gentleman till the day of his decease. The only real opposition arrayed against Mr Canning's cabinet was that of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, which was indeed bitter and unrelenting. In one of the most withering denunciations that political enmity, aided by consummate oratorical talent, ever hurled at an

antagonist, Earl Grey demolished, one after another, every pretence to enlightened liberality put forth in behalf of the new premier. For the last thirty years, according to Earl Grey, there had been no inroad upon civil liberty which had not been urged and advocated by Mr Canning. Especially his jibing denunciations of parliamentary reform and reformers, and his present abandonment of the one sole virtue of his political life, the advocacy of Catholic emancipation, were dwelt upon with an eloquent virulence seldom equalled, never perhaps surpassed. This speech immensely damaged the cabinet, and if political opposition had anything to do with Mr Canning's death, Earl Grey must assuredly bear the weight of the accusation. 'Men,' observes Rosalind, 'men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' In the same spirit we may fairly assert that the notion of an old stager in politics, like Mr Canning, having been 'hunted to death' by words however bitter—he, too, that had always been so liberal with taunt and invective towards others—is consummately absurd. 'Coralie,' boasts the French coxcomb in the farce, 'Coralie died of love for me and—a defluxion on the chest;' and Mr Canning died of Earl Grey's speech and—acute inflammation of the intestines.

Mr Peel concluded his explanatory speech on this occasion with the following memorable observations:—'I have the satisfaction of knowing that every institution, civil and military connected with my office, during the last five years, has been subjected to close inspection and strict review, and that I have been able to make such temperate and gradual reforms as I thought consistent with their general and permanent good. I have also the gratification of knowing that every law found on the statute book when I entered office, which imposed any temporary or any extraordinary restriction, on the liberty of the subject, has been either repealed or allowed to expire. I may be a Tory, I may be illiberal, but the fact is undeniable that those laws have been effaced. Tory as I may be, I have the further satisfaction of knowing that there is not a single law connected with my name which had not for its object some mitigation of the severity of the criminal law, some prevention of abuse in the exercise of it, or some security for its impartial administration. I may also recollect with pleasure, that during the severest trials to which the manufacturing interests have ever been exposed, during the winters of the last two years, I have preserved internal tranquillity without applying to this House for extraordinary and exceptional measures.'

Mr Canning died after possessing the premiership for about four months only. The right honourable gentleman's health had been long declining. Lord Eldon, writing to his daughter, February 18, 1827, of Lord Liverpool's sudden attack of apoplexy, thus alludes to it:—'Heaven knows who will succeed him. I should suppose Canning's health will not allow him to undertake the labours of the situation: but ambition will attempt anything.' This highly-gifted and much-lamented gentleman expired in great agony at Chiswick, in the same room where Mr Fox had died. It is not a little curious and suggestive, that the London newspaper which most vehemently supported the charge which Lord George Bentinck and Mr D'Israeli, after a silence of eighteen years, brought against Sir Robert Peel, of having 'hunted' Mr Canning to death, was the paper—the only one, he it stated, for the honour of the English press—which insinuated that Mr

Canning had died an atheist, because there happened to be no minister of religion in the death-chamber when he expired!

After the death of Mr Canning, an administration, headed by Lord Goderich, maintained a rickety existence for a few months; but not venturing, after the battle of Navarino, to meet parliament, dissolved itself, and was succeeded by the Duke of Wellington's ministry, in which Mr Peel held his former office of Home Secretary. All went smoothly enough with the new cabinet till the 26th of February 1828, when Lord John Russell introduced a bill to repeal the test and corporation acts. Mr Peel opposed the motion, but in such a way as to show that his mind was well-nigh completely purged of the bigotry with which it had been early leavened. 'If,' said he, 'this motion be defeated, any emotion of triumph will be greatly abated by the reflection that a class of persons for whom I have the highest respect will be grieved and disappointed by such a result.' Lord John Russell's proposition was carried by a majority of 44; and on the 18th of March the bill was adopted by the government, and successfully carried through both Houses.

This great blow at intolerance was the precursor of a yet heavier one. The 'great apostacy,' as many gentlemen yet love to designate it, was at hand. The Irish Catholic Association had become extremely formidable, and how to put it down with a House of Commons that was constantly passing an Emancipation Bill, which the Lords as regularly threw out, might well make a minister responsible for the tranquillity of the country pause and hesitate. The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel saw no possible course of action save putting down the association by force--provoking civil war, in fact, in opposition to a principle repeatedly affirmed by the House of Commons, or the frank concession of the Catholic claims. From the first alternative even the war-accustomed soldier shrank, and how much more likely was it that the pacific civilian should recoil from so terrible an enterprise? The cabinet unanimously determined that a Relief Bill should be proposed as a government measure, and the Duke of Wellington, with indomitable, iron perseverance, wrung a reluctant assent from the king to its introduction. His majesty afterwards told Lord Eldon that he had been as much really coerced into consent 'as if a pistol had been held to his head, or that he had been threatened, in case of refusal, to be thrown from a five-pair-of-stairs window.' Mr Peel wished to retire from office, at the same time agreeing to support the bill with all his might; but the duke declaring that if the Home Secretary withdrew from the ministry, he could not hope to overcome the difficulties of the situation, Mr Peel consented to remain, and undertake the management of the bill in the Commons. Thus resolutely, unshrinkingly, did Mr Peel sacrifice private and public attachments to a sense--tartily awakened if you will--of imperative duty, voluntarily descended from the lofty pedestal to which he had been raised by the suffrages of a numerous and influential body of his countrymen, and cast at their feet, not in anger, but in sorrow, the partisan crown which they had placed upon his brow, content to suffer calumny, misrepresentation, every species of insult and abuse that the malignity of irritated and unscrupulous opponents could shower upon him, rather than persist in a course which, however gratifying

to his self-love, and apparently essential to his personal importance, would risk, he was now painfully aware, the tranquillity and safety of the country. It seems impossible to imagine any motive save a pure and honourable one for this great sacrifice of party and personal interests. The subsequent immense and tumultuous meetings on Penenden Heath, and in numerous other places, testified how easy it would have been for Mr Peel to have arrayed the well-meaning but bitterly-prejudiced people against the claims of the Catholics to equality of civil rights. Happily he chose the better path, and achieved a task vainly essayed by other, and, it may be in some respects, greater men—with infinite self-subduing effort, well expressed by himself on the introduction of the measure, accomplished it—

‘Tis said with ease, but oh! how hardly tried,
By haughty souls to human honour tied,
Oh! sharp, convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!’

Mr Peel in his speech mainly rested the defence of his conduct upon the repeated divisions in successive Houses of Commons in favour of the disputed claims, and consequent impossibility, in the face of the dangerous power that had been recently organized in Ireland, of carrying on the government of the country with vigour and efficiency. ‘Such,’ said the right honourable gentleman, ‘is the conclusion to which I found myself compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances; and I will adhere to it, ay, and I will act upon it, unchanged by the scurrility of abuse—by the expression of opposite opinions, however vehement or however general—unchanged by the deprivation of political confidence, or by the far heavier sacrifice of private friendships and affections. Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and fore-judging the prospects of the future, again I declare that the time is come when this question must be settled.’ On the House dividing, there appeared in favour of the measure 348, against it 160. The number of peers suddenly converted by the ministry to a sense of the necessity of concession was unexpectedly large, the second reading of the bill having been carried in their lordships’ House by a majority of 105. On the 13th of April the royal assent was reluctantly signified to the measure. Lord Eldon, whose intolerance was of the sincerest kind, wrote the next day the following distracted note to his daughter, Lady F. J. Bankes:—‘The fatal bills received the royal assent yesterday afternoon. After all I have heard in my visits, not an hour’s delay! God bless us and his church!’ God bless us indeed! The constitution, which had somehow remained behind the unchangeable bank-notes, was clean gone at last! As his lordship pathetically expressed it, ‘the sun of England was [once more] set for ever.’ It is surprising how many times, even in one’s own recollection, this curious phenomenon has occurred; so frequently, indeed, that most people have become not only reconciled, but rather pleased with it—the result perhaps of habit, which is, it is said, a kind of second nature.

Mr Peel, with his accustomed candour—*candid* Peel, as he has been called by certain wittlings, believing not unnaturally that they enunciate a joke by the expression of a serious truth—disclaimed for himself any honour that might attach to the successful carrying of the Emancipation Bills, ascribing it to those men—Romilly, Grafton, Canning, Plunkett, and others—who had

during so many years unsuccessfully urged the measure upon the consideration of parliament.

Mr Peel sat for the close borough of Westbury during the passing of the Emancipation Bill, and for the remainder of the session, he having deemed it a point of honour to vacate his seat for the university of Oxford. Sir R. H. Inglis, at the election which ensued, was returned in his stead, though considering how vigorously the 'drum ecclesiastic' was beaten to summon the partisans of intolerance to the rescue of truth, about, it should seem, to be jeopardised by act of parliament, by the narrow majority of 755 to 609. Mr Peel's father died the following year at the good old age of eighty, and reconciled, we believe, to his son's change of opinion. At all events, he made no alteration in the disposition of his vast property; and the late baronet succeeded not only to the title, but to a magnificent fortune. Whether any serious risk of partial disinheritance had been incurred or not is of course only known to the parties personally concerned: it was, however, commonly rumoured at the time, both in the press and in society, that the Home Secretary had perilled fortune as well as political eminence by his conduct on the Catholic question.

Very fortunate for this country it was that this great remedial measure had been conceded before the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1830. As it was, that great event excited a movement in this country which led to very important consequences. The Duke of Wellington's cabinet, which had struggled on with tolerable success during the remainder of the session, found itself in a minority in the new parliament, necessarily summoned on the demise of the crown, by a combination of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, on Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a committee on the civil list: the minority of course resigned, and the famous administration of Earl Grey succeeded to power.

Sir Robert Peel, as acknowledged chief of the Opposition—his eminent debating talents having been pronounced indispensable by the wiser heads of the party, his 'apostacy' was at once forgiven—opposed with fervour and much misapplied eloquence the great Reform measure of the Grey cabinet. His speeches, however, did not go the length of denying the necessity of some effectual reform of the representation of the people. His chief objections were directed towards points—essential ones unquestionably—of detail. One of them is now admitted to have been reasonable and valid—namely, that the ten-pound qualification would injuriously diminish the number of voters in small provincial towns, whilst it unnecessarily, according to him, augmented it in large towns or cities. When the Duke of Wellington, on the refusal of the king to create a sufficient number of peers to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords to the passing of the Reform measure, attempted to form a cabinet, Sir Robert Peel refused to associate himself in so mad a project, and the duke abandoned the enterprise. The bill passed in its integrity; and Sir Robert Peel soon afterwards declared his frank acceptance of it *with all its consequences*. Those consequences, according to him, were, that the balance of the government by means of the antagonism of parties, more or less influenced by public opinion, was no longer possible, and that the popular will, as embodied in the votes of the constituencies, must be for

the future paramount. As a corollary to this creed, he held, and subsequently exemplified his belief in his measures, that it would be found wiser to yield to the impulses of popular opinion than wait to be overthrown by its compressed, but when at last inevitably liberated, overpowering force. In the reformed parliament, Sir Robert Peel, according to Sir R. H. Inglis—charitably forgetful of 'the treason to the church'—gave by his speeches 'fame and dignity' to its proceedings; and the ministry, vehemently assailed by Mr O'Connell and others, gladly accepted his occasional support. Earl Grey retired, and the premiership was grasped by the confident, but light and inexperienced, hand of Lord Melbourne. A feeble and vacillating administration of public affairs followed till towards the close of the year 1834, when the death of Earl Spencer, and consequent removal of Lord Althorp to the House of Lords, determined the king—who had, moreover, been greatly scandalised by some of the pranks of Chancellor Brougham—to dismiss his ministry, and ultimately, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington, to call Sir Robert Peel to his councils. The missive of the sovereign reached the baronet at Rome on the 26th of November, and he at once hastened homewards to clutch the glittering prize, so unexpectedly proffered for his acceptance. In his address to the electors of Tamworth soon after his arrival in England, Sir Robert Peel enunciated with sufficient clearness, though in somewhat periphrastic periods, the policy he intended to pursue. He would *not* advise the crown to rescind the commission that had been issued to inquire into and report upon the workings and the modes of election of municipal corporations; he would reform the church—temperately of course; and, in brief, he would endeavour to act faithfully in what he conceived to be the spirit of the Reform Act; and he emphatically protested against the doctrine, that, because he had opposed that measure, he was thereby incapacitated, now that it had become the law of the land, to administer the affairs of the country under its control. The dissolution of parliament which followed, although it added greatly to the Conservative ranks in the House of Commons, still left the minister in a minority there; and he was beaten on the very threshold of the session by the election of Mr Abercrombie to the Speakership, in place of Mr Manners Sutton, afterwards created Viscount Canterbury. Sir Robert Peel was ultimately expelled from office by a vote of the House declaratory in effect that any future surplus of Irish tithe, after the due maintenance of the established church of that country had been provided for, should be devoted to general educational purposes. The eloquent and zealous promoters of this resolution have since practically repudiated it. It, however, sufficed to replace them on the Treasury bench, and Sir Robert Peel was once more in opposition. The ability, the high moral courage he displayed during this brief tenure of office went to the hearts of the country; and even William Cobbett, forgetting for once in his life his bitter antipathies, remarked with something of sadness in his 'Register,' the fruitless exertion of talents 'of which the country might well be proud.' The premier evinced on two occasions during this short ministerial reign a surprising infirmity of temper, which elicited the best; and, we believe, only joke—always excepting his essay on the immense aggressive forces of Russia—that can be fairly attributed to the honourable and gallant member for the city of Westminster, General de Lacy Evans.

Dr Lushington having uttered some disparaging words of the minister, received a peremptory note requiring a satisfactory apology, or the usual alternative amongst gentlemen; as the phrase runs. The doctor, like a sensible man, apologised. Next Mr Hume, having remarked in his place in the House of Commons that he would not have acted in the manner Sir Robert Peel had, received a written missive, after the rising of the House, demanding a retraction. Mr Hume, an altogether pacific and sane individual, explained to the challenger that the words were used in a purely parliamentary sense, and the quarrel had no further result. General Evans, who appeared to think that nobody but regular professors of the sword ought to indulge in such fire-eating tastes, was greatly scandalised at the premier's behaviour, and the following evening remarked upon it in the House of Commons. 'The right honourable gentleman,' said the gallant officer, 'is a regular fire-eater. First he sends a hostile message to an ecclesiastical judge, and then he challenges that entirely peaceable and prudent gentleman, Mr Hume; and I sincerely advise the pacific member for Durham (Joseph Pease, the Quaker) to be very careful of his words, or as sure as fate he will be the next person called out by the warlike premier.' The general's witticism was immensely enjoyed by the House, and by no one apparently more than by Sir Robert Peel himself.

Soon after the right honourable baronet's ejection from office on this occasion, the great banquet at Merchant Tailors Hall was given him by 300 members of the House of Commons. It was on this occasion that he infused such vitality and ardour into the Conservative organization of the country—at the same time giving it a legitimate and healthy direction—by his emphatic warning, that the Reform Bill, which had deprived him of power, was a great and irresistible fact; and that the battle of the Constitution must thenceforth be fought in the Registration Courts. His advice to 'register—register—register,' was promptly acted upon; and the constituencies were greatly increased—not, as the sagacious baronet clearly foresaw, in an exclusive and sectarian, but in a liberally-conservative and moderate direction. In the following year Sir Robert Peel was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow university, beating Sir John, now Lord Campbell, by a considerable majority. His inaugural speech was accounted one of his happiest oratorical efforts, remarkable alike for practical wisdom and the purest eloquence.

The Conservative party, under Sir Robert Peel's judicious guidance and advice, grew daily in parliamentary and popular strength, so that he was not unfrequently obliged to repress the intolerant zeal and folly of its more audacious members, who reckoned too confidently on the increasing power of the party. In one especial instance he effected a remarkable service. The English Corporation Reform Act had been so grossly mutilated by Lord Lyndhurst and a majority of the peers, as to render it altogether nugatory as a remedial measure. The Melbourne ministry were thoroughly at a loss how to proceed when it came back to the House of Commons: to accept such an abortion in place of their own fair-proportioned offspring was manifestly impossible, but could *they* hope to induce the Lords to rescind their amendments? Sir Robert Peel, who had left town—it was near the close of the session—immediately hastened back to their assist-

ance and rescue, assisted by speech and vote to disallow the most objectionable of the peers' amendments; and Lord Lyndhurst was obliged—for 'the duke,' as usual, ranged himself on the side of Peel—to reluctantly acquiesce in the restoration of the bill to something like its former state, and the measure as it now exists passed. The eager ultra men of the party were greatly exasperated; and denounced in unmeasured terms the treacherous conduct, as they termed it, of their great but unmanageable leader. That 'Peel had no pluck' became a received and favourite phrase with them, and but for a haunting consciousness that they were powerless without him, he would unquestionably have been deposed. As it was, they sullenly acquiesced; and the continued vacillations, the infirm and abortive purposes of the cabinet—the constantly failing revenue, vainly propped by an increase of Excise taxes, and other clumsy and ineffective expedients—revived their hopes of ultimate triumph, and with the increasing hostility of Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary tone and action, reconciled them somewhat to his previous moderation and forbearance. The famous 'ladies-of-the-bedchamber' interlude took place during this period, in which the only party that appears to have acted with perfect dignity and good sense was the Queen herself. The cabinet, on being thrown into a virtual minority on the Jamaica Constitution-Suspension Act, withdrew, the male portion of them, from her majesty's service, leaving, as Lord Brougham humorously expressed it, their better halves behind them; and Sir Robert Peel, with sufficient adroitness, caught at the circumstance to relieve himself from the acceptance of office at an inopportune moment. His time was not yet come; and perhaps no man has ever displayed more sagacity than the right honourable baronet in seizing upon the right hour for the right work. The reinstated ministry staggered on as well as they could till 1841, when, alarmed at the deficiency of the revenue to meet the expenditure, they hastily caught up, as a last resource, an eight-shilling fixed duty on corn, and proposed it to parliament in lieu of the sliding-scale; hinting at the same time very intelligibly, that if parliament raised the duty to ten or twelve shillings, they would acquiesce, and resign themselves to continuance in office. This proposal obtained neither the confidence nor the support of the Free-trade party, and Sir Robert met it by a motion of want of confidence in ministers, which was carried by a majority of one! Parliament was dissolved, and in the new House of Commons the want-of-confidence motion, renewed as an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, was carried by a majority of ninety-one.

Sir Robert having thus, and greatly by the aid of the agricultural party, stormed office, was immediately invested by the Queen with the direction of affairs. His cabinet was strengthened by the accession of the same time Whigs, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and a more powerful ministry, in a parliamentary and party sense, never perhaps existed in the country. The new premier succeeded to office at a critical and disastrous time. The revenue was several millions below the expenditure: two bad harvests in succession, with other concurrent causes, had produced appalling distress in the manufacturing districts: the most frightful destitution prevailed in Paisley, Glasgow, Manchester, and other centres of trade. Foreign affairs wore an equally gloomy aspect. France, exasperated, alienated by the vigorous and successful expedition against Mehemet Ali, expressed both in

the Chambers and the press the bitterest hostility towards this country; the American Maine boundary dispute was ripening rapidly into an open quarrel; the Chinese war was apparently as far as ever from a termination; and, to crown all, news not very long afterwards arrived of the military disasters in Afghanistan! Sir Robert Peel faced these difficulties with energy and resolution, though keenly sensible of their magnitude and weight. 'What have you done with the revenue I left you?' exclaimed the premier, addressing the late ministers, who objected to the Income Tax, by which he proposed to meet his financial embarrassments. 'In the year 1835 you, the ministry, found the affairs of the two great empires in this state:—In the United Kingdom the surplus of income over expenditure was £1,376,000; in India, £1,556,000. You had then a nett surplus approaching to three millions! How have you left matters? You say I overstate the difficulties. Can you deny that you found a surplus of three millions, and have left a deficiency of five millions? On the 5th of April 1842, the deficit of the revenue of the United Kingdom, compared with its expenditure, was £2,570,000; of India, £2,430,000. The difference then against this country and its credit is eight millions as compared with 1835!'

Although Sir Robert Peel had offered the best defence of a sliding scale of corn duties of which it is susceptible, he did not, it was early apparent, enjoy the entire confidence of the chiefs of the Protectionist party. They appear to have felt a lurking suspicion that a man of Sir Robert Peel's sagacity could not for ever continue blind to the injustice of taxing one class, and that the most numerous and most helpless in the community, for the support of another class; and they knew by repeated example, that, once convinced he had been in error, no consideration on earth would induce him to forbear acting upon that conviction! The Duke of Richmond declared, immediately after the result of the elections was known, that if the minister did not please the agricultural members, they, by whose aid he would be placed in office, would turn him out again. To this taunt Sir Robert quietly replied, that he should take office to give effect not to the opinions of others, but to his own. His first reformation of the sliding-scale confirmed the suspicions entertained by the Protectionist party, and his Grace of Buckingham openly refused to disgrace himself by an alliance with so dangerous and deceptive a minister. Indeed it was soon evident to all men not wilfully blind, that the tendency of the ministerial policy, quickened doubtless by the rapid development of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was towards an abolition of the taxes on food. The ministry from the first was one of progress—slow perhaps, but marked and determined in its direction; and if it be objected that the prosecution of Mr O'Connell was harsh or unnecessary, it cannot be denied that Sir Robert Peel manifested by his Maynooth grant, about which such a hubbub was raised, a strong desire to conciliate the Catholic population of Ireland. At length, towards the close of 1845, immediately after the failure of the potato-crop had been ascertained, the astounding announcement appeared in the 'Times' newspaper that the Conservative cabinet had determined on abolishing the corn-duties—on capitulating, as Protectionist writers termed it, with the Anti-Corn-Law confederacy. This news, partially disbelieved at first, was afterwards confirmed, but only as far as the Prime Minister and a majority of the cabinet were concerned; for the Duke of Wellington and

Lord Stanley having refused their consent to the proposition, Sir Robert Peel tendered the collective resignation of the cabinet, which her Majesty, on the 6th of December, reluctantly accepted. There can be no doubt entertained that Sir Robert Peel was anxiously desirous that the repeal of the corn duties should be effected by his political opponents, who, by the voices of Lords John Russell and Morpeth had announced their conversion to the doctrine and necessity of total repeal two or three weeks previously; but again, as in 1829, he was doomed to the task of reversing the policy of his party, and for the same reason—that no other man than himself could be found capable of reversing it.

Lord John Russell, earnestly supported by her Majesty, attempted to form a ministry; but after consulting with his proposed colleagues, and carefully surveying the situation, abandoned the effort in despair, thus virtually confessing himself unequal to the task of repealing the obnoxious laws, even with the cordial assistance of Sir Robert Peel *out of office*. The right honourable baronet was immediately resummoned to the royal councils, and his powerful and ever-faithful friend at a pinch, the Duke of Wellington, who could alone enable him to o'erleap the barrier of the House of Lords, having returned to his aid, Sir Robert, confident of success, again threw all personal motives, all personal ties, all considerations of power, office, patronage, to the winds, in order to carry a measure which time and circumstance had convinced him was essential to the permanent welfare of the country. The Duke of Wellington, who must be held to be as good a judge of what constitutes personal honour as most men, expressed himself in his explanatory speech 'delighted with his right honourable friend' for re-suming office under such circumstances, and avowed his determination to support him by every means at his command: the other members of the administration concurred in the duke's opinion and resolve, with the exception of Lord Stanley, who went into opposition; and the minister met parliament at the head of a united cabinet with his corn law repeal measures ready in his hand.

It has been said of Burke with partial truth—

'that he narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

The precise converse of this proposition is true of the late Sir Robert Peel. It is manifestly absurd to deny the purity and disinterestedness of his motives in thus acting, and the reasonable solution of his conduct is this—that, unlike gentlemen whose youthful illumination of intellect enables them to discern accurately, and to decide justly, every incident and experience of the longest life, Sir Robert Peel grew wiser as he grew older: in other words, that knowledge with him was not intuitive and spontaneous, but the result of observation and experience. All men are not gifted with *a priori* intellects; and Sir Robert appears in this respect to have been less fortunately gifted than such gentlemen as the honourable member for Lincoln, whose gray hairs seem to cover the precisely same amount of wisdom as the curly locks of their boyhood; whose motto, like that of the Latin Church, is *semper idem*; and who pridefully acknowledge with the returned French *émigrés*, 'qu'ils n'ont rien oublié, ni rien appris'—have neither forgotten nor learned anything.

'Power,' said Sir Robert Peel in defending his change of opinion on the Corn Laws—'power to effect great objects is really valuable; but for my part I can say with perfect truth, that even for those objects I do not covet it. Still I am ready to incur its responsibilities, to bear its sacrifices; to affront its perils; but I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. I will not stand at the helm during dark and tempestuous weather, if that helm is not allowed to freely traverse; and I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel now by observations taken in 1842.' He thus addressed himself to the taunt of inconsistency—'I will not withhold the homage due to the progress of reason, and to truth, by denying that my opinions on the subject of Protection have undergone a change. It may be supposed that there is something humiliating in making such an admission. Sir, I feel no such humiliation; but I should feel the deepest humiliation if, having changed or modified my opinions, I declined to acknowledge the change for the base fear of encountering the charge of inconsistency.' Parliament deferred to the advice of the minister; and after a protracted struggle of nearly six months' duration, the commercial measures of the cabinet were carried through both Houses of Parliament by large majorities, and received the cheerful and personally-given assent of the sovereign. Sir Robert Peel, as he had always anticipated, was overthrown by a division of the House upon the Irish 'Arms Bill,' in which Liberals, Whigs, and Protectionists, united to deprive him of power. It was a curious circumstance that the corn-duties repeal bill finally passed the Lords on the same evening, the arrival of the masters in Chancery to make the announcement to the Commons having interrupted Mr Charles Buller's speech upon the Irish Bill. As soon as the vociferous cheers of the members greeting the consummation of the minister's crowning triumph had died away, the honourable gentleman continued his speech, and the House a few hours afterwards expelled that minister from power! Ibrahim Pacha was present under the gallery, and must have been sadly puzzled, one would think, to reconcile the congratulatory cheers with the vindictive division!

It was during this debate that Mr D'Israeli, after reciting a more than ordinary number of carefully-arranged sneers and sarcasms—impromptu made at leisure—relative to Sir Robert Peel's deficiency, not only in moral, but intellectual qualities—an accusation, by the way, which excited far more general and derisive laughter without than party cheers within the House—again alluded to the charge respecting Mr Canning, who, according to the honourable member, was 'an eagle,' whilst Sir Robert Peel was only 'a vulture;' and Mr Canning, moreover, 'rode the Commons as Alexander did his horse Bucephalus, both, in the days of Gatton and Old Sarum, when the pulse of England beat higher than it does now, worthy of each other!' The peroration of the present leader of the gentlemen of England suggested, as the best excuse doubtless that could be given for the coming vote on the Arms Bill, that it had been brought about by a general desire amongst honourable gentlemen of all parties, to avenge the very mild opposition which Sir Robert Peel, following *longo intervallo* in the wake of the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, offered to Mr Canning's administration. 'He must feel,' said the honourable member—'he must feel that it is a Nemesis that dictates this vote and regulates this decision,

and that is about to stamp with its seal the catastrophe of a sinister career.'

The value of this diatribe can be best estimated by those who remember the speeches of Mr D'Israeli in 1841—fourteen years after Mr Canning had been 'hunted' to death. The honourable gentleman at that time complimented Sir Robert Peel, 'that, placed in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he had adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times;' and he emphatically remarked, that Sir Robert 'was indeed a great man, who had never employed his influence for factious purposes, never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office, and he (Mr D'Israeli) looked anxiously forward to the time when the right honourable baronet would have an opportunity of establishing a government which would have the confidence of the education, the property, and, as he thoroughly believed, of the great body of the nation.' What can one say after this, except to repeat the opinion expressed by Lord Chancellor Eldon, in one of the letters already quoted—'the devil of it, there is no consistency in anybody'—not even in Mr D'Israeli!

On the 30th of June 1846 Sir Robert Peel resigned the power which he had wielded to such important, and, in the opinion of the vast majority of the nation, to such magnificent results. Never had he appeared so great and puissant as when casting off power—never half so formidable in the hour of triumph as in that of apparent defeat. The robes of office cast aside, he seemed to dilate in unfettered pride and strength. During the speech in which he recounted the achievements of his great administration—the flourishing state of the revenue—restored amity with France—the successful conclusion of the Chinese war—the triumphant effacement of the reverses in India—the honourable settlement of the Oregon dispute, of which the official announcement had that day reached him from Mr Pakenham, as if to gild his fall with superadded glory—the reduction he had effected on the interest of a considerable portion of the National Debt—the success of his financial measures generally—and finally, and above all, the erasure from the statute book of the obnoxious Corn Laws—a more than Roman triumph seemed to pass before the eyes of his entranced and admiring auditory. The commanding tone was that of a conqueror rather than that of a minister whose staff of office had just been broken in his grasp, as he not only pointed with pardonable exultation to the triumphs of the past, but traced with victorious, authoritative finger the course which his successors *must* pursue, so firmly and irrevocably had he launched the vessel of the state in the track which common sense, enlightened philosophy, and generous patriotism had pointed out.

Yet in this moment of triumphant laying down of office, Sir Robert Peel cheerfully and thoroughly recognised the claims of the men who had borne the heat and burthen of the day, and marshalled and disciplined the forces which, his great claim to honour, he had led to victory—a victory which, but for him, must have been indefinitely postponed. 'The name,' said he, 'which ought to be, and which will be associated with these measures, is not mine, nor that of Lord John Russell: it is that of a man who, acting, as I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, and with untiring energy,

by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it is unaffected and unadorned—the name which will be associated with the success of these measures is that of Richard Cobden.’ This act of justice performed, he thus eloquently as modestly preferred his own claim to the generous thoughts of his countrymen :—‘ I shall leave a name severely censured, I fear, by many honourable persons, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principle of Protection, as important to the interest and welfare of the country—I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who, from less worthy motives, maintains Protection for his own benefit ; but it may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.’

Enthusiastic cheers greeted the delivery of these words—words which will dwell in the national heart when the calumnies, the insults indulged in by the great minister’s opponents, are utterly forgotten, or remembered only with a smile of pity and regret that Englishmen could have been found to utter them. His prophetic ear had already caught the far-off echoes of the time in whose all hail! the rancorous party-clamour raged against him was destined to be drowned, extinguished, lost! He fell from official power into the arms of the people, whose enthusiastic plaudits accompanied him, on the evening of his resignation of office, to his residence in Whitehall Gardens. The spontaneous feeling of gratitude and respect which prompted those plaudits has since widened, strengthened, deepened, and will become more and more vivid and intense as the moral grandeur of his motives—the unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit which dictated his public conduct—pierce through, and consume in the clear and brilliant light of that truth and justice which, we are assured by an illustrious authority, has ever inspired his acts, the calumnious misrepresentations so unsparingly heaped upon him. By his humbler countrymen, that testimony to the moral worth of the departed statesman was not waited for, nor needed. They felt instinctively that he must be pure and single-minded, as he was intellectually vigorous and great; for what had he, raised aloft upon the bucklers of a powerful and wealthy party, to gain by stooping from that dazzling height, to raise up the humble and the lowly from the mire into which ignorant and partial legislation had so long trampled them? This feeling of sympathy, of reverence, manifested by far higher eloquence than words can reach in the mute sorrow of the anxious crowd who hurriedly gathered in boding silence round the mansion of the dying statesman, to hear the sad bulletins which chronicled his passage to the tomb, is even now all but universal. Especially in the great centres of the busy life of these kingdoms is the feeling of regret and sympathy sincere and profound—a sure warranty not only that the hope so affectingly expressed by Sir Robert Peel—that his name would be remembered with expressions of good-will by his working, hard-handed countrymen—will be amply fulfilled, but that the principles which his death may be said to have consecrated will be maintained in their integrity by the strength, the energy, and the intelligence of the country.

The period, just four years, which elapsed since the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from office until the 29th of June last—when an accident, the sudden restiveness of a usually quiet horse, resulted in the loss of a life not much past its meridian *—were years of unostentatious public services in parliament, and private efforts, which, from the elevation of his social and moral position, necessarily partook of a public character, to advance the wellbeing of those sections of the community with whom his individual life was more especially connected. In parliament the Encumbered Estates Bill, by which it is hoped that a real Irish proprietary may be substituted for a fictitious one, is mainly due to his suggestion; and the hasty efforts recently witnessed to amend the defective rules and sluggish processes of the Courts of Equity are distinctly traceable to the sudden alarm which his contemptuous denunciation of their cumbrous inefficiency excited in the gentlemen of the long robe. His support of the ministry by whom he had been supplanted was, by their own confession, generous, sincere, unostentatious; and the last speech he ever uttered, when reluctantly compelled to oppose them or sacrifice his own convictions upon a question of great importance, breathed a spirit of the utmost forbearance, conciliation, and respect. In his private capacity he was especially zealous to promote the interests of agriculture, with which his own fortunes were so intimately bound up. Although refusing to promote the interests of the cultivators of the soil at the expense of other classes of the community, he was eager to secure for them the real and permanent advantages derivable from an intelligent combination and exercise of capital, industry, and skill. Sir Robert established at Tamworth a school for the superior education of the children of the middle classes—thereby evincing, even more than by his bold institution of the Irish provincial colleges, how anxious he was that knowledge should keep pace with privilege. He once remarked that the repeal of the Corn Laws was the greatest educational measure ever passed. Of course he alluded to the increased means and leisure which the abolition of the taxes on food would afford parents—especially those of the working-classes—to educate their children.

Sir Robert Peel, anxious as he ever showed himself to advance the material interests of the people, to keep Great Britain in the van of other nations by the aids which scientific discoveries and enterprise afford, was

* The accident which resulted in the death of the right honourable baronet occurred on Saturday evening, June 29—scarcely ten hours after he had taken part in the protracted debate on the merits of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. Sir Robert left Whitehall Gardens shortly before five o'clock, on horseback, attended by his groom. Proceeding through the Park, he had called at Buckingham Palace, and was riding up Constitution Hill, when he met some ladies of his acquaintance, who were returning home on horseback from their afternoon's ride. These ladies were attended by a groom, who rode a somewhat skittish horse; and when Sir Robert approached him, the animal on which he was riding began also to plunge and rear. The effect of this action was, that Sir Robert was instantly unhorsed, and fell heavily on his face in the road. Although rendered insensible by the fall, Sir Robert for the moment retained hold of his bridle; and the horse being thus suddenly checked, came down with force, his knees striking the right honourable baronet about the centre of his back. From the time of the melancholy occurrence up to Tuesday morning, July 2, faint hopes were entertained of his recovery; but during the day the symptoms became more alarming, and at nine minutes after eleven o'clock, the distinguished statesman breathed his last in the presence of nearly all the members of his family.

equally zealous to foster and promote the arts which refine and elevate mankind. The cultivation of gifted intellect, in whatever branch of art exercised, found in him a munificent, ardent, and enlightened patron. No man has done more, perhaps none so much, to diffuse a taste for the elevating influences of art by rendering the national collections of the works of genius accessible to the body of the people. He ever strenuously reprobated the assertion that the working-classes of Great Britain could not be safely trusted, like the peoples of the continent, with unrestricted admission to ornamental grounds, or to museums, and galleries of curiosities and art. 'It is not,' he once exclaimed, 'the intelligent artisan, but the vulgar rich, who deface and injure statues, pictures, and ornamental trees.' The celebrities of literature, irrespective of party distinction or party services, ever found in him a warm sympathising friend rather than patron. Southey and Wordsworth were awarded a pension of £300 a year each: Tennyson, £200 per annum: McCulloch and Tytler the same: James Montgomery obtained £150 annual pension; and the widow of Thomas Hood £100 yearly: Mrs Hemans he placed on the pension list, and procured situations for her sons under the crown: Frances Brown, the blind poetess, was pensioned from a fund which custom places at the disposal of the wife of the prime-minister: and a son of Allan Cunningham obtained an appointment at Sir Robert's hands, from respect to the genius of his father. In science his patronage was extended towards Faraday the eminent chemist, on whom a pension of £300 a year was bestowed. Mrs Somerville, the author of the 'Connection of the Sciences,' was equally fortunate; the geologist, Dr Buckland, he created Dean of Westminster; and Professor Airy owes to him his appointment as Astronomer-Royal. Others, eminent in science and literature, and who stood not in need of extraneous aid, he encouraged in their onward path alike by his cordial attentions and friendly hospitalities.

The late baronet's collection of paintings is extensive, as well as admirably selected, and he was especially a munificent patron of native artists. Lawrence, Wilkie, Collins, Roberts, Stanfield, Haydon, and many others, received liberal commissions from him. The sudden and terrible death of the last-mentioned gifted but wayward artist, who, on the 23d June 1846, was found with his white hairs dabbled with blood, lifeless, self-destroyed, at the foot of his painting of 'Alfred and the first British Jury,' uplifted a corner of the usually impenetrable screen with which the late Sir Robert Peel veiled from the crowd his genial and extensive charities. At the inquest held on the body by Mr Wakley, Haydon's diary, a sad transcript of his withered hopes and deepening calamities, written, it may be truly said, in the blood of his own heart, was read, and from it we extract the following passages, as given in the 'Times' of June 25, 1846:—

'June 16.—Sat from 2 to 5 o'clock staring at my pictures like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —, and to —, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered the "Duke's Study" to —. Who answered first? Tormented by D'Israeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

"Whitehall, June 16.

"SIR—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send as a contribution for your relief from those embarrassments the sum of fifty pounds. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL."

'That's Peel! Will — or — answer?

'June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from — or —. And this Peel is the man who has no heart!'

This, it will be remembered, is the chance revelation of a generous act, performed when the donor was himself exposed to the jibing tongues of relentless and exasperated adversaries; and when the defence of self, it might have been supposed, would have engrossed all his thoughts and sympathies.

Our brief pencilling of this distinguished man draws towards a close. The reader will judge for himself of the degree of honour to be awarded to a man who, early placed in a false position by being prematurely committed to the advocacy of opinions which his mature judgment convinced him were pernicious and unsound, one by one cast off the trammels of early prejudice, and always at the sacrifice of the purely selfish object which the herd of politicians regard as their highest prize and reward—party honour and distinction. It is, it seems to us, his especial glory to have always risen above personal considerations when the welfare of his country was in issue, and to have ever held allegiance to a party subservient to the infinitely higher duty of advancing the interests of a people.

His sudden death has elicited a general expression of sorrow from generous hearts throughout Christendom; the graceful tribute rendered to his memory by the monarch and parliament of the United Kingdom was cordially and spontaneously echoed by the National Assembly of France, in this the faithful interpreter of the voices not only of that country, but of Europe. Perhaps no British statesman ever so thoroughly conciliated the good-will of other nations as did the late baronet; and this from no unworthy truckling to foreign states, for although a sincere lover of peace, it was not peace at any price, peace with dishonour, he desired or would accept of. This, his determined and peremptory attitude and language on the Prichard and Oregon disputes, amply testified. The secret of his popularity abroad seems to have been, that while sensitively jealous for the honour of his own country, he was ever scrupulously alive to that of others, and constantly bore in mind that, as regarded foreign nations, words from one in his position were to a great extent equivalent to deeds.

The oratory of Sir Robert Peel was in some respects inferior to that of the great masters of parliamentary eloquence. As a speaker, he was not so sonorous and stately as Pitt, so varied and discursive as Brougham, glittering and epigrammatic as Shiel, nor logical and brilliant as Macaulay; but in persuasive effect upon a miscellaneous auditory like the House of Commons, he was immeasurably superior to either of them, and for ready debating powers he had confessedly no equal in that assembly. The singular fascination of his manner was greatly enhanced by the charm of a rich and finely-modulated voice; and no one could hear him speak for five

minutes upon an important subject, without feeling that he was listening to an orator marvellously skilled in the art of influencing the convictions and swaying the wills of his audience. A still higher praise is, that however excited by debate, he never addressed a spiteful or ill-natured remark to an opponent; and even when coarsely attacked himself, disdained to retort in kind upon his assailant. 'I have no time to waste in bandying personalities with the honourable member,' was his calmly-contemptuous notice of a cartload of abuse hurled at him on a memorable occasion. He wisely left his vindication to time and the suffrages of his countrymen. Greater, more brilliant statesmen, in a certain sense—men of showier gifts—there may have been: the fervid declamation of Chatham—the stately periods and haughty vehemence of Pitt—the nervous eloquence of Fox—the glittering rhetoric of Canning—will always perhaps excite in a numerous class of minds stronger feelings of admiration than are usually associated with the name of Sir Robert Peel. But should domestic confusion and peril, such as the continent has lately suffered under, and which we, thanks to the timely settlement of the exasperating corn-law question, happily escaped, menace this country, the national mind will sorrowfully revert to the calm, conciliating, moderate statesman, whose practical wisdom adapted itself readily and with marvellous sagacity to the exigencies of the time, whose clear prescience discerned the portents of approaching night and storm whilst the summer sun was still high above the horizon, and whose patriotism shrank from no labour, hesitated at no sacrifice, required for the safety or well-being of the country he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Death, suddenly and unlooked-for as it came, found not the eminent and still active statesman unprepared. His house had been long since put in order, his family thoroughly instructed in his wishes and commands, contingent on his decease. Those wishes and commands vividly illustrate the simplicity and singleness of his ambition, and the sovereign contempt he felt for the fripperies of show and titles. His remains were to be placed, without funeral ostentation or parade, in the modest resting-place at Drayton-Bassett Church, beside his father's; and when her Majesty, with the graceful consideration by which she is distinguished, offered to 'embrace' the family of her departed minister, the respectful reply of Lady Peel informed the queen not only that she herself desired only to be known by the name her husband had borne, but that he had left his family a solemn injunction to accept of no title that might be offered them in recompense for the services it might be deemed that he had rendered the state. The much-coveted 'blue ribbon' he had twice in his life declined—we can easily imagine with what supreme though veiled indifference and contempt. Such toys are for the common herd of politicians; his was an infinitely higher ambition—that of so writing his name upon the history of his country, that it should in all time be remembered with emotions of good-will and esteem by the people from whom he sprung, and to promote whose permanent and substantial welfare he had cheerfully sacrificed ease and health, endured unwearying obloquy and reproach, and finally turned exultingly away from the enthralling allurements and vanities of power.

Of the private or domestic life of this eminent person we have no mission to speak here. It may be gathered from the glance of unutterable anguish which we have all been informed was seen to pass between Lady

Peel and the dying man, when his bruised and pallid countenance met hers, as he was borne across the threshold he was never more to pass with life; from the profound affliction of every man who was honoured by his friendship; and from the tears and blessings of the population of all ranks who followed his body to the tomb in Drayton-Bassett Church, whose emotion could scarcely have been greater had death swept off the best-beloved of every family amongst them, so individual and intense was the expression of grief and sympathy.

Sir Robert Peel has left, besides his widow, a family of seven children -- five sons and two daughters. The eldest, Robert, the present baronet and member for Tamworth, has been long connected with the Swiss embassy; Frederick represents Leominster--his speeches on the admission of Jews to parliament and on other occasions exhibit good promise; William, the third son, though only twenty-five years of age, is a captain in the royal navy, in which service he early distinguished himself -- 'a very promising youngster indeed,' Admiral Napier, who had seen him under fire at Acre, pronounced him to be in the House of Commons some years ago; John Floyd Peel is an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards; and Arthur Wellesley Peel, the youngest son, is still at college. Miss Peel married, a few years since, Viscount Villiers, the eldest son of the Earl of Jersey: Eliza, the youngest daughter, is unmarried. There is yet nothing accurately known of the disposition of the vast personal property of the deceased baronet, but it will be no doubt, after the example of his father, found to be equitably distributed among his children.

